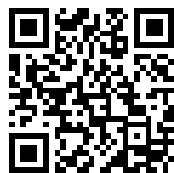

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AUNT JUDY'S
MAY-DAY VOLUME.
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY,
AUTHOR OF "PARABLES FROM NATURE," ETC.



ILLUSTRATED
BY F. GILBERT, J. A. PASQUIER, A. W. COOPER,
&c. &c. &c.

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EDITOR'S ADDRESS.



THE second half of a second year has opened, and the Editor of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* craves a few minutes' hearing. She has, first of all, to offer heartfelt thanks to the many who have in various ways expressed their cordial approval of the result of her labours. Such praise is all the more gratifying that it has been so frequently the decision of mothers of families who have welcomed *Aunt Judy* to their hearths, as a wise and safe, as well as amusing, companion; a fit associate for those who have yet to be trained—over whom, therefore, literature has so powerful an influence for good or for evil. She is proud, too, to say, that these utterances of satisfaction have not come from Old England only. Unknown correspondents from across both oceans have testified to the shouts of welcome which greet *Aunt Judy* on her arrival in those distant lands; and the “three cheers” the Editor asked for in the opening number have been freely given.

But she has now to say, on the part of herself and the publishers, that she wants “*one cheer more.*” She grudges no labour, and the publishers do not grudge expense, either in adequate payment of contributors, or the tasteful issue of the publication. But the absence of “sensational” tales—the endeavour to instruct in virtue, without drawing loathsome pictures of vice—while it makes *Aunt Judy* a treasure in the eyes of judicious parents, restricts her circulation to the judicious and the domestic. Her mission—if any—is an enduring one. She looks to taking a place on the family shelves. She hopes to be there when the New York children who wrote lately that she was the “*loveliest magazine in the world*” shall be grown up. She feels it possible that when they shall themselves be mothers in their turn they may take her down, and say of her to another generation, “Your magazines of the present day are very clever, and very nice, my dears,

but show me anything better than the *Aunt Judy* we used to love, if you can!"

And there are—we venture to say it—tales, poems, and graver papers in our pages, fresh, unhackneyed, and heart-stirring, which will be as acceptable to that other young generation as to the present. It is to a permanent popularity, therefore, that we look—if to popularity at all—and this is, we admit, a daring aim, though, we trust, not a hopeless one. Indeed, we honestly believe that we have already obtained such a position in many hundreds of families. Those—may we say it?—very high in the social scale who tell us they “wonder how they existed without us,” will not, we venture to think, change their opinion so long as we are true to ourselves.

Now, then, may we not ask something in return? If our labours are thus really appreciated by the wise and good—and we believe the fact with the grateful delight which steals over the heart of all honest labourers in a good cause—may we not without presumption ask that such appreciation shall be made known more widely? A success which just enables us to live, without actual anxiety, is surely no adequate compensation for continuous monthly labour, and an outlay which would like to be free to extend itself a little farther rather than be forced to contract?

Practically, we would suggest, therefore, that *Aunt Judy's* many nephews and nieces, who wish her continuance and prosperity, should open a little campaign this winter in her favour, by making her more generally known in other circles of their friends. For the thousands who know and esteem her now, there are other thousands who have never heard her name; and if her monthly banquet be really so good as friends, known and unknown, at home and abroad, declare—wholesome, as well as pleasant to the taste—it is surely not too much to ask of those who are enjoying the feast that they should call others in and assure them they are safe at our table. If our friends, young and old, will do this, and give us the “*one cheer more*” so necessary for our encouragement and comfort in opening a fourth half-year, they may rest assured that our efforts to please them and improve ourselves shall be unremitting. We never mean to purchase popularity by sinking our claim to permanence, but we will listen to any suggestions, and be glad of any hints for the improvement of a publication intended quite as sincerely to benefit others as ourselves.

We cannot do better, in conclusion, than defend both our position and our hopes by the words of an anonymous friend, who wrote to us as follows a few days after the issue of our first number: "My object" (in writing) "was to congratulate you on the enterprise of the Magazine, and give you my best wishes for its great success. When childhood has slipped away, in remembrance of its sweet innocence and unselfishness we at least love to see it hedged round—a little Paradise, with mountains like those round Jerusalem, like those which girt Eden—barriers of love and wisdom against prejudice and foolishness."

We will mention here that in another part of this number will be found "*Aunt Judy's Answers to Correspondents.*" From a habit of replying personally to letters whenever that course was possible, or in the least degree reasonable, we have allowed a number of anonymous letters &c. to accumulate in our bureau. Hereafter we shall avoid this by earlier attention. We have, at any rate, endeavoured to make amends at last for all that has been neglected hitherto.

We proposed giving our readers a carte of the ensuing half-year's entertainment; but it is more easily talked of than done. We can speak indeed of the more than usually romantic tale, "The Gipsies; or, Ellie and Walter," which will run through the six numbers, and of some special tales of desperate though true adventure. Moreover, when pretty "Cloudland" has brightened up, we can promise another fairy tale from another pen—that of Viscountess Enfield; and we can open our show proudly in this first number, and say, "Behold Hans Christian Andersen!—the oftener he returns the better." But to tell of all we know of besides would take too long a time, and to tell of what we only hope for would be to run a risk of disappointing friends. And beyond all these even there may be treasures on their road to us which the next postman's knock may bring. . . . There! we were right in so saying! It has just brought us the promise of a Christmas tale from "Wonderland"—"Fairyland,"—what you like best to call it. But the word *Wonderland* will, we are happy to think, suggest to our readers the name of the contributor, *Lewis Carroll*. This satisfies us more than ever that we should do no justice to our half-yearly volume by any attempt to anticipate what it will contain. At any rate, we feel sure our readers will admit that the first instalment is of excellent quality.


MARGARET GATTY.

B 2

THE GIPSIES; OR, ELLIE AND WALTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN ON STILTS.

NDER the elm trees in the grassy lawn at Langton Moss sat two children, one a girl of ten, the other a boy of eight or nine years of age. They were surrounded by toys and books, which lay on the ground near them, and their maid was not far off, but was very busy, first with her crochet-needle, and secondly in conversing eagerly with the gardener, whose wife was her particular friend, and who was ill.

The little girl had dressed her doll before coming out, and now sat with it on her knee, while her brother occupied himself by cutting out something with a penknife from a piece of wood.

"Did you hear what Lucy said to the gardener just now?" said Walter to Ellie.

"What, about the wake at Chorley?"

"Yes; shouldn't you like to go to it? There are stalls with all sorts of toys and nice things, and a wild-beast show, and roundabouts, that one sits upon and turns round on, oh so quick! and music, and dancing on stages."

"No," returned Ellie. "We have plenty of toys, and books, and nice things at home. One thing I should like to see, and that is the gipsies."

"Oh, they are only brown people, and thieves, and fortune-tellers; and papa says they do harm in the woods. They break down the trees and kill the game. But I should like to see them too. Lucy says they know everything. They told her she was to be married in a year, and so she is to be."

"It was very naughty of her to talk to them," said Ellie; "mamma told her not to."

Walter began to cut his piece of wood again, and Ellie to give her doll some refreshment from a wooden repast spread out near her on a large table about six inches high.

At last the sounds of merriment from the village where the wake was held again drew their thoughts to the amusements going on there.

"It is very dull here," said Ellie. "Wilhelmina will not eat; she is not hungry."

"I should think not," said Walter, rather scornfully. "I think it's dull, too. I shall be glad when I'm out of petticoat government, with a little sister and her dolls for my companions."

"A *little* sister, indeed!" said Ellie.

"Well, little or big, let us go to the side gate. I hear music going down the lane. We can see between the bars. The gate is locked, I know."

Off they set, running very fast, lest Lucy, in some pause in her gossip with the gardener, should remember that they were under her care and forbid them to go. As they ran down a gravelled path leading to the door, the shrill sounds of a fife and the roll of a drum grew louder and louder, and just as Walter said it was a pity the gate was so high that they could only just get a glimpse of the players, they were astonished to see a man's face looking down upon them from the other side of the gate.

Both the children stood still in surprise and alarm: the man must be so very very tall to see over the gate; they thought he was coming over.

The man laughed.

"Don't be frightened, little Busnee," said he, showing a set of very white teeth. "I'm not coming to visit you to-day; perhaps some day I may take a step over the gate or the wall."

"You daren't," said Walter, flushing up. "It's our ground, and papa will have you taken up."

"Yes, if he can catch me," said the man, moving on; but his head and shoulders were seen over the wall till he was hidden by the plantation.

The two children were startled by the sudden apparition of the man, but they still wanted to see the rest of the procession, and put their rosy little faces close to the bars of the gate, and saw two boys playing the drum and fife, and some women and men besides, with nothing more remarkable in their appearance than eyes of extraordinary blackness, and very long, narrow, and very white teeth, and sharp features, with complexions between yellow and brown. At the end of the train

came two little children riding on wooden horses called velocipedes, which are pushed along by the feet of the rider. They were very pretty children, and Ellie whispered to Walter that the little girl was beautiful, like a fairy. Walter whispered, in reply, that he had never seen a fairy. He held Ellie's love of fairy tales in great scorn, being himself a very matter-of-fact person.

The two children who followed the elder gipsies were very gaily dressed: the girl wore a blue and silver frock, richly covered with spangles. Her hat was white, with blue feathers in it, and floating ribbons of silver and blue.

The boy looked still more absurd. He wore a dress of pink and gold, like the pictures you see of knights, when not in armour, and he had also a very smart head-dress in the shape of a pink and gold cap and white feathers.

They looked very fine, and not so shabby and dirty as such children usually are; they laughed and sang snatches of songs in some language which, not being English or French, Ellie knew nothing about.

They were soon out of sight, and the fife and drum were not audible after the party had turned the corner of a lane leading into the high road, and Ellie and Walter, not being any longer in fear of a giant's looking over the gate at them, began to converse in their usual tones.

"I wish I was a gipsy," said Ellie. "How nice it must be to wander over the country in the pleasant summer-time and sleep under the green trees, or in one of those nice tents they have, with faithful dogs to guard one!"

"And it must be jolly to ride into towns and villages in such grand dresses, with everybody to admire one. How merry the two children looked!"

"Yes; but I did not like the man who put his head over the gate. He was very rude," said Ellie.

"I dare say he's kind enough to those two pretty children," returned Walter.

"Very likely, Walter. But I don't think I should like to go into the towns and be stared at. I should like the country part of gipsying very much, except for the stealing," said Ellie.

"Oh, but I dare say these gipsies don't steal. They only expect people to give them something to play for them at fairs and wakes. I'll bet you anything these people are quite above stealing; and only

see how splendid the children's clothes are! They can't want to steal, and not the worst people would do it for pleasure. I'm sure I should like to go about like a gipsy, and be out of Lucy's hands, and that stiff-starched Miss Pratt. I detest her!"

"I'm sure I don't like her either," said Ellie, with rather less bitterness, however, than Walter. "She's so strict, and so precise, and mamma's always away now."

The tears came into Ellie's eyes as she said this; she had a much softer disposition than Walter, although she was the elder.

All this conversation, and much more of a rather discontented and rebellious character, passed as Ellie and Walter Stanmore returned to their favourite play-place beneath the great elms in the grounds of Langton Moss.

The maid was still busy conversing with the gardener; but when she saw the children returning, she scolded them very much for having gone away, and then resumed her amusing gossip with the gardener.

Miss Pratt, the governess, had gone away for her summer's holiday quite suddenly. Her sister was ill and she wanted to nurse her. Colonel and Mrs. Stanmore were absent; they had been absent now for some weeks. Mrs. Stanmore had been ill. She suffered from a very painful disorder, and had been obliged to go to London to consult some medical men there, so that Ellie and Walter were unavoidably left to Lucy's care.

The relief from Miss Pratt they considered to be in itself a real pleasure, and their cousin Roger was coming from school to spend the holidays at Langton Moss, so that but for the "domineering," as Walter called it, of the nurse Lucy, all would have been as pleasant to them as the absence of Colonel and Mrs. Stanmore would permit it to be.

CHAPTER II.

COUSIN ROGER'S ARRIVAL.

"HALLOO, little ones!" cried out a loud and merry voice that rang pleasantly over the lawn and through the neat shrubbery at Langton. "Halloo, little ones! here I am, come to take care of the piccanninies!"

"Oh, Roger, I'm so glad!" cried out the two children together, as they jumped up and ran to meet their cousin.

Roger was a strong and rather broad-set boy of between thirteen and fourteen. He had clear, merry brown eyes and a ruddy, healthy-looking face, and appeared very strong and very good-tempered.

And so in fact he was; but he had a very determined spirit. He boasted that he always carried out his plans, and always did what he had resolved to do.

Still, though he was domineering and despotic, he was always so good-humoured and full of fun that no one was angry with him for ruling. His playfellows scarcely indeed felt that they were ruled; but it seemed as if they had chosen to do what he wished of their own accord.

Walter and Ellie Stanmore almost worshipped Roger. Ellie was gentle and easily persuaded, although she did not quite understand or constantly practise the duty of obedience. Many children, and many grown-up persons too, are thus. They allow themselves to be led by others in order to save themselves the trouble of thinking and the unpleasantness of being responsible, but are often quite firm and resolute against the prudent advice or the commands of their true friends.

Walter adored Roger as the type of all that was grand and bold in a boy: he was his hero; and was he not at Eton? What, Walter would like to know, was greater than that?

So they shook hands with Roger till he said they had loosened the joints and would spoil his bowling for all the next half, and then they sat down to converse.

"Isn't it jolly," said Roger, "to be here, and to have it all to ourselves?"

"But we haven't," said Walter, piteously.

"I wish mamma was here," said Ellie, piteously too.

"Why, what's the matter? I thought this was going to be the very jolliest time—and Miss Pratt away too."

"Yes; but Lucy is to take care of us, and we can't bear her," said Ellie and Walter almost in a breath.

"Halloo, you there! Lucy, or whatever else your name is," shouted Roger. "You may go in, you're not wanted. I'm to take care of these children, and I don't want to learn crochet—so you and your frillings may go in."

"I beg your pardon, Master Marlborough," said Lucy; "it's I as is to take care of Master and Miss Stanmore, and of you too, sir——"

"Me too! that's a capital joke! I'm a nice Miss Roger, to be taken care of by nursey. Why, I've been two years at Eton—mind that, Miss Impudence!"

"My name's not Miss Impudence, sir; it's Miss Lucy Simmons, and I'm not going to be called out of my name, I can tell you, Master Marlborough," said Lucy, reddening very much. "But I'm going in now to my tea, and I shall expect Miss Ellie and Master Walter and you too, sir, to come in to yours when I call you."

"Well, that's good," said Roger, starting up and jumping upon a mound of grassy earth that was heaped up about the roots and trunk of an old tree. "Now then," shouted he, "this is to give notice to all my liege subjects that I declare war from this moment against Aunt Stanmore's nursemaid, who is not Miss Lucy Simmons, as she impudently says, at all, but plain, *very* plain Lucy Simmons, and I vow to conquer her or to perish in the attempt. Long live the Queen!"

"Hurrah! long live the Queen!" shouted Walter. "Come, Ellie, shout with us."

So Ellie shouted with the boys, "Long live the Queen!" and Lucy would probably have been very angry, as indeed she had some reason to be, if the servants' tea-bell had not rung at that moment. As it was, she ingloriously retreated before the declaration of war was followed by any act of hostility.

"That woman's a perfect tyrant," said Roger; "but I'll soon show her that I'm master here while the holidays are going on."

"And she does not care one bit for us," said Walter; "she goes on poking at her stupid crochet-needle, or talking to the gardener, or reading her novel or something. I wish I was one of those gipsy children I saw as they were going to the wake at Chorley. I say, Roger, mustn't it be jolly to go about in the summer and see all the country and the towns, and go to all the wakes and fairs, and ride in velocipedes?"

Roger was now treated with an account of the passage of the gipsy train along the lane that bordered the wall of the grounds, of the splendid dresses of the children, and the laughter and the songs.

"Oh, mustn't it be jolly to lead such a free life! No Miss Petticoats to rule and bully *them*," concluded Walter—"and they seemed so happy! Not penned up here, with a few books and toys, as we

are, ruled by Pratt or Lucy in school-time and holidays, but roaming about and playing and singing all day long, and sleeping under the pleasant trees, or in a nice warm tent if the nights are cold."

"It must be very jolly, indeed," said Roger, resting his face on his hand, while his elbow was on his knee, in a very thoughtful attitude.

A silence ensued, which was broken by Ellie. "What are you thinking of, Roger?"

"I've an idea," said Roger, looking very wise. "But I'm not going to say anything about it just now, especially as I'm very hungry. When is Miss Simmons going to be polite enough to let us have our tea?"

It was some time before that event took place, and Roger lost no opportunity during the meal, at which Lucy waited on them, of teasing her, and saying provoking things, to which she, being naturally rather pert, was not slow to answer in a way which pleased Roger much.

He evidently wished to make his cousins dislike their attendant more and more, and when she left the nursery he asked Walter and Ellie if they did not feel ashamed of themselves for being slaves to such a rude, uncivil mistress?

"We won't be slaves," said Walter, colouring; "I won't be governed by a petticoat, will *you*, Roger?"

"No; Britons never, never will be slaves!" sang Roger at the top of his voice, and Walter and Ellie soon joined in the chorus, and afterwards learnt to sing the choruses to two or three school songs. In fact, they became so merry and happy that they quite forgot, for awhile, that they were slaves, and intended to shake off the yoke.

The weather—it was August weather, for the Eton holidays are always late—was bright, clear, and sunny. The grounds of Langton Moss were extensive, and the plantations shady and pleasant.

There was a little pony-carriage, in which the children might drive out if they pleased, with James, the groom, for their attendant. The pony was well adapted for the saddle, as well as for harness, and it was called Walter's pony, and could be used at any time. Colonel Stanmore, however, had forbidden them to go out of the grounds without the groom to attend them, and they were at the same time forbidden to make him in any way a companion while within the grounds of the Moss.

Toys and books were almost without limit, so that you would have

thought that Walter and his sister and cousin would have found enough to amuse them during the holidays.

But Roger was a great lover of adventure, and the frequent absences of Lucy, who certainly, for a tyrant, left them pretty much to their own devices, enabled him to nurse up his "idea," and at last to impart it to his cousins.

They were sitting one afternoon beside a little pool in which a number of gold and silver fish were playing amongst white and yellow water-lilies, when Roger said, "I think it would be the jolliest fun in the world. But we must take care Miss Simmons, plain Miss Simmons, does not suspect us of any plan."

"But mamma," said Ellie—"what would mamma say?"

"Oh, stuff about mamma!" said Roger. "A pretty mamma, to be sure, to leave you two, and even me as far as she could, to be ruled and governed and tyrannised over by that thing, with her round cap and her high shoulders and her turned-up nose!"

"But what would she do if she came back and found us gone?" said Ellie.

"Why, Ellie, you're a downright goose. You must have wings hidden under your jacket. Here's your mamma gone to London to amuse herself, and have her swing at parties and things, and here you want to spoil the fun by becoming mammy-sick all at once."

"No I don't, Roger," said Ellie, who stood in the greatest awe of her cousin.

"Then you're *not* a goose," returned he, patronisingly.

"But, Roger," said Walter, "must we take our provisions with us? and where can we get them? We have only our meals——"

"I tell you what," said Roger, dogmatically, "we must be resolute and self-denying. We must put by some of our breakfasts and dinners and teas."

"Put by our tea?" said Ellie.

"Nonsense, stupid!" said Roger. "I mean the eatables, of course. We can get water anywhere. And, Ellie, you'd best begin, and show you're of some use by making three bags for us to stow away our provisions in. We must lay them on our knees while we eat our breakfasts and dinners, and stuff all we can into them. Then we must hunt out three of the best baskets you've got, and pack them up, and muster all our cash, and be off."

"But we shan't want any cash; we shall have plenty to eat in our baskets," said Walter.

"And how long will it last us, Walter the Witless?" said Roger. "You've no idea how hungry it makes fellows to be out in the woods and on the moors; we shall eat up all we take with us in less than no time. We shall have to fish; you must take your fishing-rod, old fellow. I shall be able to catch enough, if we keep near the river."

"Oh, but I don't mean to let you fish! I shall fish myself—it's my rod."

"That's a good joke! Why, you can't throw a line—how should you?"

"Oh, but I have! I fished with papa at Stockton Lea, and I'm sure once I had a nibble."

"Oh—oh!" cried Roger, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Walter the Witless, you'll be the death of me. So we three hungry souls are to dine upon a nibble! one that you're sure you had, too! which means you fancied you had it. Oh! that's the richest joke!"

Ellie laughed, for it was difficult to resist laughing too when Roger did so. But Walter did not like to be laughed at, and he looked more than a little sulky, and repeated, between every peal of laughter, his resolution to use his rod himself, or at least not to lend it to Roger.

At last Roger found that he had expended more laughter than the excellent joke was worth.

"No, then," said he in a provoking tone, "it shan't part with its rod, nor lend it to naughty cousin Roger; and it shall go and tell Miss Lucy Simmons what a bad boy he is, and how he wanted to help the poor little slaveys; and she's heartily welcome to all the strawberries and cream that she didn't think wholesome for him to eat much of, so she took it away! He'd rather she had it, wouldn't he, good baby?"

"Roger," said Walter, starting up and reddening, "how dare you call me a baby, or say I'd tell tales?"

"Blab you mean," said Roger, coolly.

"Well blab, then. It's a great shame; and I'm not going to be a slave. You know I agreed to the gipsying; I——"

"Oh, but you'll be obliged to *stay* and be a slave. You were *going* to be free, but I shall have nothing more to do with it now. As you won't lend me your rod, I'm off."

"Off!" said Ellie.

"Off," repeated Walter.

"Off the bargain, I mean. It's quite as well; I'm very comfortable here, as far as I'm concerned, and I shall go back to school. There are no maids and babies at Eton."

"But I don't like to lend anybody my rod," said Walter, his sudden anger checked by Roger's giving up the cherished scheme at once, but still resolved to show some spirit.

"Then I give up the plan, as I said," returned Roger.

"Wouldn't a bow and arrows do?" said Ellie. "We could shoot birds, and light fires to cook them with two bits of wood and some dried grass, as the Indians do."

"Oh, isn't that capital!" said Roger. "Why, you can't hit those great staring targets that I've seen you try at for ever so long. How can you think you could shoot birds, goosey? No, we'll give it up. Let us talk about something else."

[*To be continued.*]

THE HORN-BOOK.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



HERE was a certain man who set himself to writing new dog-grel for the Horn-book—two lines to every letter, as in the old one: he fancied the old rhymes were too hackneyed, and that something new was needed for the rising generation. His new Horn-book was as yet only in manuscript, and he had placed it by the side of the old printed one, in the great book-case, full of such a multitude of books, some so learned, others mere books of amusement. But the old Horn-book would not endure peaceably the new Horn-book as a neighbour; he had sprung down from the shelf, giving his rival a push that stretched him on the floor, scattering the loose leaves all about. As for the old Horn-book, he lay open at his first page, the most important of all, where stand displayed all the letters, large and small. That page contains within it the essence of all the books that ever were written; it contains the alphabet, the wonderful army of signs that rule the

world: a marvellous power, in sooth, have they! It all depends on the order in which they are commanded to stand; they have power to give life or take it away, to gladden or to sadden. Individually they mean nothing; but marshalled, ranked in order by a mighty chieftain, what can they not effect?

And now, there they lay, turned upward, and the Cock which was pictured at the beginning of the alphabet beamed out with feathers, red, blue, and green. Proudly he bridled up and ruffled his plumes, for he knew how great was the power of the letters, how honourable his position.

So, finding the old Horn-book had fallen open, he flapped his wings, flew forth, and perched on a corner of the book-case; there he plumed himself with his beak, and crowed long and loud. Every single book among them all—and they were all wont to stand night and day as in a trance, so long as no one was reading them—every single book was roused by his trumpet-call; and then, when they were all wide awake, the Cock spoke out loudly and clearly about the insult that had been shown towards the worthy, venerable old Horn-book.

“Everything is to be new now-a-days,” he complained; “children are so wise now, they can read before they have learnt the alphabet. ‘Oh, they want something new!’ declared the man who wrote those stupid new verses that now lie sprawling on the floor. I know them well enough; more than ten times over have I heard him read them aloud, he admired them so much. Saving his presence, I prefer my own, the good old rhymes, with Xanthus for X, and with pictures belonging to them. I will fight for them; I will crow for them! Every book in the book-case knows them well. But I will just read out these absurd new rhymes. I will try and read them patiently, and then I know we shall all agree that they are good for nothing:

“‘A.—*Air*.

The Air spreads round us far and wide,
Above us, and on every side.’

“Could anything be more insipid?” commented the Cock. “But I will go on:

“‘B.—*Bear; Boat*.

The Bear roams lonely; lo, a Boat!
Men hunt him for his good warm coat.

“*C.—Columbus.*

Columbus seeks America's shore,
And the earth grows twice as large as before.

“*D.—Denmark.*

Denmark is a bonnie land;
God shield it with protecting hand?”

“Now, that is just what some folk will consider so fine and patriotic,” quoth the Cock. “I don't; I can find nothing fine here. No matter :

“*E.—Elephant.*

The Elephant walks with a stately stride,
Crushing the jungle on either side.

“*F.—Fair.*

Fantastic sights are in the Fair.
Let us see the monkeys and dancing bear.

“*G.—Gold.*

Gold! gold! bright red gold!
Heavy to win, and light to hold.”

“I have heard something very like that before,” objected the Cock :

“*H.—Hurrah.*

Hurrah ! 'tis an easy word to say;
But where is the deed that deserves hurrah?”

“I should like to know how many children will understand that!” exclaimed the Cock. “I suppose they will put on the title-page, ‘Horn-Book for Big People and Little’; but the big folk have something else to do besides reading Horn-book rhymes, and the little ones won't be able to understand them. There are limits to everything. Well, what now ?

“*I.—Iceland; Island; Ida; Isaac.*

Iceland, an Island, lies in the sea,
And Ida and Isaac shall go there with me.”

“Perfectly absurd!” declared the Cock :

“*K.—Kitten; Kitchen; Knitting.*

Whilst in the Kitchen we were sitting,
That frolicsome Kitten tangled my Knitting.”

“As bad as the last!” interjected the Cock. “I don't approve of double rhymes :

“ *L.—Lion ; Land.*

Slowly the Lion paces the sand,
With solemn step, in the Nubian land.

“ *M.—Morning.*

Duly this Morning the sun uprose,
But not for the noisy cock's loud crows.'

“Personalities!” exclaimed the Cock; “coarse enough, too. But, thank you, good man, I am in tolerable company; I don't object to being named along with the sun. Let's try a little further:

“ *N.—Negro ; Night:*

Black as a Negro, black as Night:
For where is the soap that can wash him white?

“ *O.—Olive.*

The best of all leaves, which is it?—I know!
The dove's own Olive begins with an O.

“ *P.—Patience.*

Patience, Prudence, Peace, and Plenty.
Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.

“ *Q.—Queen.*

A quiet Queen went in quest of a Quill,
For aught I know she is seeking it still.

“ *R.—River ; Reeds.*

The rapid River runs along,
Reeds and Rushes list his song.

“ *S.—Swine.*

Proclaim it not, tho' all the Swine
That in the forest feed were thine.'

“Bear with me, my friends!” said the Cock. “I really must stop and crow a little. It tries one's strength, reading so long; I must get breath.” And then he crowed, shrill as a brass trumpet; it must have been a real pleasure—for the Cock, at least, he always enjoyed it. Then he went on:

“ *T.—Tea-kettle ; Tea-urn.*

The Tea-kettle doth to the kitchen belong,
Yet the Tea-urn sings not a better song.

“‘U.—Upsal.

Upsal is a stately town :
In the map you'll find the name set down.

“‘V. W.—Vine ; Wine.

Oh, graceful doth twine the bonnie green Vine,
And from its juice we make good Wine.'

“Now, it is quite impossible,” quoth the Cock, “that he can have found anything new for X instead of Xanthus. Nay, what have we here?

“‘X.—Xantippe.

The sea of marriage has rocks of strife,
As Socrates found with Xantippe, his wife.'

“Well, let him take Xantippe, if he likes. He is welcome. Xanthus was ever so much better :

“‘Y.—Ygdrasil.

Under Ygdrasil tree—an ash, they say—
Sat the gods in council every day ;
But the tree is dead, and the gods are fled.'

“What business had he to make a third line of it ? Who wanted more than two, I wonder ? And understand it I don't. But here we come to the last ; that's a comfort :

“‘Z.—Zephyr.

Sweet Zephyr, the gentle wind from the west.
Oh, that is the breeze that I love the best !'

“Well, there's an end of it—in one sense, at least ; I wish we could hear the end of it in the other sense. But, no ! it will be printed and sold and read, instead of the noble old rhymes in my book. What says the assembly, learned and unlearned, collectively and individually ? What says the Alphabet ? I have spoken ; now let others act !”

The books stood still ; the book-case stood still ; but the Cock flew back to his place at great C in the old Horn-book, and looked proudly around. “I have spoken well—I have crowed well ! The new Horn-book can do nothing like it. It will die of a certainty ; it is dead already—it has no Cock !”

A DREAM OF THE WAR.



FORGET-ME-NOTS grow by the stream,
 Their blue eyes look up to the skies:
 I think I have seen in a dream
 As blue and as beautiful eyes.

The brooklet flows murmuring on,
 Its little waves glitter and gleam:
 In my dream I have seen such a one,
 But it was not a brook in my dream!

By the side of the brooklet I lay,
 And gather'd the little blue stars,
 While I thought of the men far away
 Who were fighting for me in the wars,—
 Who were fighting for me and for you.
 'Mid dangers that well might appal:
 All hearts should to soldiers be true,
 For they offer their lives for us all.

He came with his poor wooden leg.
 His arm was tied up in a sling.
 He never attempted to beg,
 But look'd just as proud as a king:
 He was young—and my heart bled for that;
 He was poor—tatter'd coat and torn boot;
 Two fingers went up to his hat,
 And he gave me a soldier's salute.

"Ah, soldier," I cried, "is it so?
 Have you come from the wars far away,
 Where you fought for me bravely, I know,
 And your life was so gallant and gay?
 Poor, wounded, disabled, alone,
 But how inexpressibly dear!
 Take all I can give—'tis your own:
 Food, shelter, and raiment are here!"

He look'd at me sadly, and smil'd;
He said, "To my home I must creep :
I have got such a dear little child
I only have seen in my sleep!
My wife thinks the moments are long,
She watches and waits in our cot:
She lov'd me when stately and strong;
She will love me more now—will she not?"

"I do not believe I shall die,
Though carried as dead from the fight."
I eagerly cried, "Nor do I—
I pray'd for you morning and night;
In every church through the land
Have prayers for your welfare been said."
He answer'd, "I don't understand,—
Who cared if I liv'd or was dead?"

"Ah, soldier! you fought for us all,
Each woman and child was your care,
And England replied to the call,
And thought of each man in her prayer.
In churches and homes where we knelt,
And prayers with our very hearts made,
For every soldier we felt,
For every soldier we pray'd!"

To hearts that are loyal and brave
The praise of their country is sweet:
The brooklet flow'd on like a wave,
The forget-me-nots fell at his feet.
My heart seem'd to flutter and beat,
The brooklet to glitter and gleam,
The forget-me-nots fell at the feet
Of the soldier I saw in my dream!

EÓINÉIN.

THE PALACE IN CLOUDLAND.

A FAIRY TALE.

By L. M. G.

CHAPTER I.

OF THINGS IN GENERAL.



THE King Takiteesi governed the kingdom of Oudamou, and the Queen Grimgroula governed the king. It was in the days when there still were fairies, and it was a country which you will not find in the map. The three little princesses, Morna, Nona, and Una, were daughters to the king and step-daughters to the queen, and they were very beautiful, with blue eyes and golden hair. The king, their father, was very fond of them, and he would laugh and play with them when the queen was not by; but as soon as Grimgroula's step was heard at the door, he would pull a long face, and try to look as if he had been lecturing them. The princesses were not surprised that he turned grave when the queen came in; for as they were very much afraid of her themselves, they thought it natural that everybody else should be so too. Grimgroula was very severe towards her step-daughters, and their lives would have been very unhappy, but for a promise made them long ago by a friendly fairy, giving them the hope of escape some day. At the birth of Morna there had appeared a powerful fairy, who, standing with outstretched arm by the young princess's cradle, had uttered these words:

"Tangled is thy childhood's lot—
Seek not thou to cut the knot:
When the twist hath ceas'd to twine,
Cloudland Palace shall be thine."

Having said thus, the fairy vanished. At the birth of Nona she appeared again, saying the same words. When Una, the youngest, came into the world, the same fairy paid a third and last visit, and, looking gravely at the three princesses, she said:

“Threefold twist begins to twine,
Spin the coil and spin it fine :
Best and bravest of the three
Cloudland’s merry queen shall be.”

Soon after this the queen, the mother of the princesses, died ; and when the new queen, Grimgroula, came in her place, the coil of the princesses’ lives began to tangle indeed.

Now the attendants who were present on each occasion of the fairy’s visit, and heard the promise, told the princesses of it while they were still very little ; and the sisters used to comfort each other with talking about it when they were in scrapes with the new queen, which was nearly every day, and they thought it would be such great happiness even to live in the Palace in Cloudland, that they never quarrelled who should be queen. And the matter was well known at Court, and those who were kind among the courtiers and ladies would talk to the princesses about it. The old king, too, when he saw his daughters ill-used by the queen—made to learn lessons that were too long, and to wear clothes that were too short, and to eat dry crusts on Sunday—would try to comfort them by saying, “Never mind, my dears ; it will be all right when you get to Cloudland Palace.” Then the princesses would entreat him, with tears, to tell them the way to the Cloudland Palace, and when they should go there ; and the king was obliged to confess that he did not know. For the fairy (probably on purpose, for fairies are provoking) had omitted all mention of where Cloudland was, or how or when the princesses were to get there.

But the Queen Grimgroula grew sick and tired of hearing all the talk about the Cloudland Palace. She pretended not to believe in it, and would tell the princesses, with a scornful look, that there was no such thing, and that they had better mind their work and not build castles in the air. But all the while she did believe in it, and was scheming how she might cheat her step-daughters, and get the inheritance for her own ugly baby. And the more she thought of this the more wicked she grew, till at last she could not bear the very sight of the princesses ; and though she was not quite cruel enough to kill them outright, she resolved to hide them out of the way, so that they should never be heard of more.

Now the capital of Oudamou was a great city, and the king’s palace was a strong castle with great walls and ditches round it, and great

vaults and dungeons below it. And one day the queen was very kind to the princesses all the morning, so that they did not know what to make of it; but they did not venture to be quite happy, for there was a look in her eyes when she smiled that wasn't altogether pleasant. And in the afternoon she said to them :

"My dears, if you will come to me this evening, at half-past eight o'clock, in the large vaulted chamber under the keep, I will show you a most beautiful magic lantern."

But she meant to shut them up and to leave them, and she chose this hour because it was the time when the king was taking his nap after dinner and would know nothing about it.

Then the princesses curtsied and said, "Thank you, madam," and looked as pleased as they could; but when the queen was gone, they turned great frightened eyes upon one another without speaking, and went with one accord to tell their nurse Edda.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THAT A FAIRY GODMOTHER MAY BE A QUESTIONABLE ADVANTAGE,
BUT THAT A GOOD NURSE IS AN UNQUESTIONABLE ONE.

EDDA, the nurse, was so big that anybody seeing her for the first time might have been afraid of her. She had a foot like an elephant's, and her body was like the trunk of a great tree, and it took a great many yards of muslin to make her a cap. But nobody in reality was afraid of Edda; on the contrary, the whole Court laughed at her and made fun of her; and because she had very few words, and used what she had very sparingly, she was generally known by the name of "the silent fool." When Edda was born, a fairy had offered to be her godmother, and to give her any gifts (within reason) which her mother should ask. Her mother was a foolish woman, and these were what she asked for: She desired that her child might have beautiful black eyes and beautiful white teeth, and might have the powers of a fairy, and might live at Court. Now the fairy was a cross-grained fairy, and something put her out of humour before the day of the christening; so, though as in honour bound she granted all these gifts, she took care to make them, all but one, of no value whatever. Edda had indeed beautiful black eyes, but then over them grew shaggy red eyebrows, and over those a thick crop of fiery red hair. She had beautiful white teeth, but they

stuck straight out of a huge and shapeless mouth. She went indeed to Court, but so strange was her manner and so ungainly her figure that she never rose any higher in it than to be the princesses' nurse, and to be called "the silent fool." There was one promise more. She was to have the power of a fairy; but even this gift was given her with a quirk in it. She was only permitted to enjoy one such power at a time, and that only from sunset to sunrise, and on the condition of using certain spells on every occasion; by day she was to be no fairy at all. This awkward arrangement of things led poor Edda into many a scrape; for either she would forget her incantation, and when she had set herself to some difficult fairy task would suddenly find out that she was but a poor common mortal, or else she would fail in doing her work in the appointed night-hours, and the daylight would come and find her in some helpless position, at the top of a tree, in a chimney, or down a well. And so, having had many mortifications and been much laughed at, Edda, after she had grown up, scarcely ever used her fairy powers; and it came to be very nearly forgotten and disbelieved in at Court that she was a fairy at all.

Edda was sitting in her own room when the princesses came to find her. It was a large room in a tower, and the most uncomfortable one in the whole castle. She had hardly anything of her own in it except her bed, which was a foot and a half too short for her; but Edda did not care for herself—she thought only of her beloved children. Her room was full of their playthings and their clothes; and as the queen never would let them have any new ones, nearly all her time was spent in mending the old. So Morna, Nona, and Una came in; they told their tale with very grave faces, and with a very grave face Edda listened. When they had ended, she answered by such a prodigious wink as would have alarmed anybody who was not accustomed to it. The princesses were accustomed to it—they knew it meant that something serious was in the wind; but they knew that it meant also that *Edda would see about it*, so they felt quite safe.

Then Edda rose up and gave them their supper as usual, and while they were eating it she went away. She was gone a long time, and the evening was coming on, and the three little princesses began to grow terribly frightened. Eight o'clock struck, and they looked at one another pale and trembling, for they thought every minute that one of the queen's sticks-in-waiting would come to fetch them. A

quarter past eight struck, and the princesses began to cry. The door opened, and they all shrieked—but it was Edda. She had in her hand three new sacks. She went to the window and watched till the sun was quite below the horizon; then, bowing three times, she said in a low deep voice:

“Maiden moon, all silver white,
Planets gleaming diamond bright,
Spirits pure that rule the night,
Give me STRENGTH till morning light.”

Then she came back to the princesses, and put each one of them into a sack, and, slinging the youngest on her back, she tucked the others one under each arm. Then she went down the stairs of her tower and crossed the courtyard, and as she crossed it she met the queen's chamberlain coming to fetch the princesses, and she trembled. But Fal-lal, the queen's chamberlain, was an indolent dandy, and had a way of walking along with his chin in the air, and affecting not to see anyone about him. He was not, however, such a fool as he looked. He knew that mischief was on foot, and he had no mind to lend his help to it. So when Edda passed, he not only cocked his chin higher than ever, but he shut his eyes up tight, and pretended to be quite taken up with listening to the strains of the bagpipe with which the king's piper was soothing his Majesty to sleep. So Edda and her packages passed him unnoticed; and she went on till she got to the great gate, and there the sentinel challenged her.

“Who goes there?”

And Edda made answer, “The keeper of the king's piggery, bearing three pigs as a present to the Prime Minister on his birthday.” And the sentinel was quite satisfied, and he let down the drawbridge, and Edda passed on.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING THAT HALF A FAIRY IS BETTER THAN NONE.

EDDA walked on and on—all through the twilight and into the dark—all through the city and out into the country—all through the country and out into the desert, far far away from all habitations; and she carried the three princesses, and made no more of the load than if they had been three little kittens. Then she walked many miles

through the desert, and came into a mountain country very wild and solemn; in the midst of this there was a little silent valley, and here it was she at last drew breath, and, putting down the three sacks upon the ground, she let the princesses out. They were very tired with the jolting, and quite bewildered at being turned out in the open air in the dark; but Edda was quite calm and cool, and no more tired than if she had walked but a hundred yards.

"Where—where are we?" gasped the princesses in a breath.

"Far away from the queen, and safe, my dears," answered Edda, and it was quite a long speech for her.

"And where are we going?" asked they.

"To Cloudland, please the fairies," answered Edda again.

"And do you know the way?"

"No." On this the princesses began to complain that they were very hungry, for they had been too much frightened to eat much supper the evening before.

"I will fetch you something to eat," said Edda, for she knew of a town only twenty miles off, and as she was so fresh she thought she should soon be there and back again. Then she added in the bass voice she always used when she meant to be obeyed, "Stay quietly all together on this grass-plot under the tree; do not cross the stream till you see me again." And off she went.

But Edda was reckoning without the quirk in her lot. Alas! before she had gone many miles, there appeared a pale streak of light in the east, and she felt that her strength was forsaking her. She hurried on; but soon up rose the sun, and in a single moment there came over her all the weariness of her long night's march and heavy load. All in a moment it came, and very, very terribly weary she was. Her limbs refused to move another step, her eyes to keep open another moment; she fell heavily to the ground, and a slight shock of earthquake disturbed the slumberers in the nearest town. Then all her senses became wrapt in a deep sleep, and if a cannon-ball had gone off close to her ear, Edda would not have awoken.

Now the little princesses, left to themselves, crouched down close together under a tree, and, having chattered a little while, they fell asleep. Before long, however, they awoke very hungry and cold with the chill of the morning; and they felt very discontented that Edda had not come back. As it grew light they got up and began to amuse

themselves by looking about them, and all they saw was wonderfully new and strange. They had never been before beyond the gardens of their father's castle, and had never seen any mountains or open country. They had no idea the world was so large. The place where Edda had left them was a green plot of ground almost enclosed by the windings of a little stream, so narrow that they could have stepped over it. The side that the stream did not shut in was fenced by a great rock, so that there was no way out of the plot but by crossing the stream, and this Edda had forbidden. Near the rock was the great tree under which they had slept. They found, to their joy, that it was a fig-tree with ripe figs upon it; so they made their breakfast on them, drank out of the stream, and washed their faces. After that they could not think of anything more to do; so they began to grumble.

"Edda will never come back," said Morna. "She must be gone home again to bring us food and clothes, and the queen will take her and put her in prison, and never let her out."

"No," said Nona; "I think she is gone to try and find the way to Cloudland, and she has lost herself, and will never come back." But Una shook her head.

"*Edda will come back,*" she said.

Then they began to play at Hide-and-Seek among the bushes to pass away the time; but after half an hour they tired of it and sat down, feeling still more puzzled and still more frightened and still more cross that Edda did not come back. Una alone was not cross, and she still shook her wise little head, and said that Edda would come back. Then Morna and Nona said they would go up a hill they saw at a short distance, and see whether anything could be seen of Edda, or anything of the way to Cloudland. The hill was beyond the stream, and Una besought them not to go, for the warning rang in her ears, "Do not cross the stream till you see me again;" but her sisters only laughed at her. So they crossed the stream, and they went up the hill, and when they got to the top they both screamed with joy. "Look! look! there it is! There is Cloudland. I see the very palace!" and they pointed out to one another a mountain peak on which the clouds were indeed resting. "We have only to climb that, and all our troubles will be over. Let us go and fetch Una, and all go up together." So down the hill and back to Una all out of breath they ran, and, telling her what they had seen, bade her jump up at once and come with them.

"Oh, sisters, I dare not go without Edda," said Una, very sorrowfully. "Edda told us to stay here, and she is never wrong."

"Edda is wrong *this* time," said the sisters; "if she had only known the way to Cloudland was so close, she would never have gone away for a paltry breakfast. Come—quick, quick!"

"No, I will stay here," said Una, without stirring, and in a low and frightened voice, for she was afraid her sisters would be angry. They were angry, and called her an obstinate little griffin. Then seeing her sad little face they each turned back and gave her a kiss, and ran off, hand in hand, leaving her sobbing bitterly. They ran merrily to the top of the hill once more, and paused to take breath. There still they saw the great peak with the calm clouds resting on its crest; but somehow the climb up it did not look so easy as it had done before, and Nona began to turn faint-hearted. Looking in another direction she saw a wide plain stretching to the horizon, and she cried, "Oh, sister, I have found out an easier way into Cloudland! Look out there: you see the edge of the world, and where it ends Cloudland begins; we have nothing to do but to run over this smooth plain and step straight into it; and it is not very far—that great tree is about half way."

Morna, however, was still quite certain that the mountain was the best way; for though it looked easy enough to get to the edge of the world, she thought there might perhaps be an ugly chasm, as big as their father's moat, between the earth and Cloudland. But as this was only a guess, of course Nona thought nothing of it; and they argued a good while, and at last they quarrelled, and each said she would take her own way.

So Morna and Nona turned their backs upon one another, and each took her own way.

[*To be continued.*]

KING WISEACRE AND THE SIX PROFESSORS.



THE good old King Wiseacre sat in his study in his high-backed arm-chair. His face was careworn and bore an expression of bewilderment, for he had nine daughters, about whose bringing up he was much disquieted, and he had been trying for many years to make up his mind to adopt some system of education. The king's dressing-gown was sorely worn across the shoulders and along the lower part of the sleeves, with fidgeting about trying to get into an easy position; but as the back of the chair was too straight and the arms too high, he never succeeded in being comfortable. The sceptre was very shabby with constant nervous handling, and the Grand Vizier said that a new one must soon be bought, as well as a new globe—for the globe was full of dents, which the king had made by drumming it with the end of the sceptre. But alas! there was no one at Court who knew where the sceptre and globe were bought; and the king feared that, if he sent for new ones, he should not be able to match the old ones exactly, so the old sceptre and globe were kept in use from year to year.

The king was alone in his study, for he had sent the Lord High Book-binder and Principal Librarian to his Majesty (who was all one person) to the back kitchen on very important business; and the Grand Vizier was gone out to buy lollipops for the princesses. As for the princesses themselves, some were playing at Hide-and-Seek in the front garden, some were feeding the chickens in the back garden, and some were in the kitchen watching the cook while the dinner was being got ready.

The good King Wiseacre was at his wits' end; for though he had for years advertised in the *Universal Herald of Wisdom and Palladian Mercury* for teachers and professors to tell him how to educate his nine daughters, yet whenever any presented themselves he insisted on questioning them in his own royal person, and the end of it always was that they were sent away because he did not approve of their plans. Meantime the princesses were growing up, and the worst of it was that they were all growing up together, so to speak, for they were all trins, and consequently near of an age. Their mother had died shortly after the birth of the last set, and they had been allowed to

pick up what knowledge they could about the Court, and had never even had a nursery governess, for the king could not find one to his mind; so, as I said before, the king was at his wits' end, while the princesses went on growing up.

It was long since any professors had answered the king's advertisements, for his treatment of all those who had ventured to do so was so well known that no one cared to go to the palace. But on this particular morning, while the king was sitting alone in his study, there was much excitement downstairs about a new arrival of professors. No one cared to tell the king that they were come, till at last the little page in buttons, whose name was Artaxerxes, and whose business was to black the boots and shoes and clean the knives and forks, was prevailed upon to go. So he ran upstairs to the study and knocked at the door. The king did not say "Come in," for not only did he not hear the knock at the door, but he was so engrossed in his own thoughts that he had forgotten there was a door. When Artaxerxes had knocked several times without getting any answer, he concluded the king was asleep, and put his head in at the door. At this intrusion the king looked up.

"What is it, Artaxerxes?" he said, in a peevish tone.

"Six professors have come to see your Majesty about their Royal Highnesses' lessons," said the boy.

"Show them up, *alphabetically*, as usual," said the king.

"They won't come *alphabetically*," replied Artaxerxes. "They say they have a regular order of their own."

"Then they may go away again," said the king, and Artaxerxes ran off; but before he got to the first landing the king jumped up and ran after him, calling out that, as professors were now so scarce, these might come up in what order they liked.

Then Artaxerxes went down the rest of the stairs, and found the professors all standing in the order that they meant to go up to the king in; for they were all one family, and each was the son of the one before him, so that each made no objection to what his father proposed, and they all agreed very well. They said they would go up by ages, and the eldest was standing in front, with a bald head and a white beard down to his knees. He gave his card to Artaxerxes, who showed him up to the study, and, having put the card before the king, left the two together.

"Mathematics?" said the king, looking at the card and raising his eyebrows. "That's a queer name for a professor."

"Queer or not," replied the old man, "Mathematics is my name; and I have come to offer my services in instructing the princesses, your daughters."

"What do you teach?" asked the king.

"All things relating to numbers," answered the old man.

"Can you do the Rule of Three?" said his Majesty. "My Majesty can, but their Royal Highnesses, my daughters, cannot, and I do not mean them to either."

"Why not? It would be very useful to them," said the professor.

"What good would it be?" demanded the king.

"It would teach them, among other things," said Mathematics, "how much extra dough they must get if they want to make puddings for six extra people, and how much more flavouring they must put in the hashed mutton when the hash is half as large again as usual."

"That they can learn from the cook," said the king.

"But I taught the cook, and they had better get their knowledge direct than second-hand," said Mathematics. "Besides, I should teach them Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division, Simple and Compound; and then they would be sure to want to learn Fractions and Decimals, and after a while Algebra and Euclid, and the Integral Calculus, and the Differential Calculus, and the Infinitesim——"

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the king, frightened—"no more of this." And his Majesty jumped up to ring the bell.

"Why don't you have the bell-rope over the back of your chair?" asked Mathematics.

"It's not long enough," said the king. "I once thought of having it lengthened; but my daughters could not calculate exactly the price they ought to pay for the stuff to lengthen it, and rather than run the risk of being imposed upon, I put up with the present arrangement."

"If I had had the teaching of your daughters there would have been no difficulty," said Mathematics.

But here Artaxerxes came to answer the bell, bringing with him the second professor, who, he thought, must be required.

"Take this man away," said the king; "he uses bad language." And Mathematics went away with Artaxerxes.

The professor who had now made his appearance said his name was

Astronomy, and the king asked him what he taught. He answered that his business related to the motions of the heavenly bodies, and more particularly to the solar system, to which the earth and the moon belong.

"What's the good of that?" broke in King Wiseacre. "I don't want my daughters to be star-gazing and moon-gazing; and as to the earth, it's easy enough to know all about that."

"Not so easy as you think," said Astronomy. "You can't know much about the earth without learning something about the system to which she belongs. But, by-the-bye, what has become of my father?"

"I have sent him away for using bad words," said the king.

"They weren't bad; my father never uses bad words," said Astronomy, curtly. "Your Majesty did not understand them."

"No; and therefore they must be bad," said the king, in a tone of conscious triumph.

"Well, bad or good," continued Astronomy, "I fear that if you decide upon employing me we shall not be able to get on without a few lessons from my father to start with."

"I don't see much good in either of you so far," retorted the king.

"The good of me," said Astronomy, "is not only to give a proper knowledge of our system—a knowledge which everyone should possess—but also to prepare your daughters for what my son would have to teach them. He deals with a very important branch of education, and you will find it hard to get on without him. Besides, I can tell when there is to be an eclipse, and I can teach all about the tides."

"What's your son's name?" asked the king.

"Physics," answered the professor.

The king rang the bell again, and told Artaxerxes to bring up Professor Physics.

I should have observed that Professor Astronomy's head was not quite so bald as his father's, nor his beard so long or of so snowy a white. He was, however, quite an old man, as you may fancy, for you will find, if you calculate, that the youngest of the professors was his great-great-grandchild.

Professor Physics, who now entered, had hair all round his head, but was bald at the top. His beard was grey, and did not reach below his waist.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" inquired the king, in a voice that was, to say the least, uninviting.

"That depends a good deal upon whether my father and grandfather are to be employed about your daughters' education," said Physics.

"How disgustingly dependent you all are!" said the king. "I like independence. The only independent one among you is Mathematics, as far as I can see, and he certainly will not be employed by me—he uses bad words: I have not decided about Astronomy. But what is your particular object in life?"

"I teach everything that concerns weight, heat, sound, light, electricity, galvanism, and magnetism," said Physics.

"Some of those names sound pretty," said the king; "but they cannot all mean much, for I am unacquainted with anything that some of them can refer to."

"I could explain them all, if you would listen," said Physics.

"No, thank you," said the king, in a tremble lest he should have to hear the explanation; "but if you like to give me an example in every-day life where you could teach my daughters, the princesses, something useful, you may proceed."

"With pleasure," said the professor. "It is not many days since I saw two of their Royal Highnesses playing at see-saw. The heavier princess had her end of the see-saw down on the ground, and was keeping the lighter princess up in the air. Suddenly a beautiful butterfly flew across the garden, and the heavier of their Royal Highnesses jumped up to catch it. Of course the see-saw went down at the other end, and the lighter princess fell off, and knocked her head."

"Oh dear!" said the other, "I am so sorry; I thought you would have stopped up in the air till I got the butterfly. What a stupid see-saw! We must have a new one."

"Now, if I had had a share in the education of your daughters, they would have known at once that that end of the see-saw would not stop up by itself with the princess on it."

"Good!" grunted the king; "but I dare say there are other people besides you who could teach them that."

"I doubt it," said Physics. "Besides, as my father said of me, they must learn of me before they are fit for my son's hands."

"Artaxerxes," said the king, "call the next professor. I shall know your son's name when the next professor comes up, for I see you come by ages."

"Professor Chemistry!" said Artaxerxes, opening the door, and



THE SEE-SAW

ushering in a middle-aged man with strong grey hair all over his head, and a very moderate beard only four buttons down his waistcoat.

"Good morning," said the king. "I hope you have something more valuable to say than your father and other ancestors have found: otherwise I fear there will not be much result from these interviews."

"I hope so, too," said Chemistry, "for our family pride themselves on a continual advance, it being an accepted fact with us that each of us is more interesting than his father, and more full of knowledge. The reason of this of course is that each of us is obliged to know not only his own business, but also the affairs of all his ancestors, though we do not encroach on each other's subjects in teaching."

"It seems to me," said the king, "that if it is necessary to learn so many things it would be much better for one person to teach them all. Too many cooks spoil the broth, as you know."

"Very likely, but we are not too many," said Chemistry; "we are exactly the right number. However, I suppose you want to know what I teach, so I will tell you at once. It is through me that men learn what things are made of: I don't mean what material dresses, furniture, &c., are made of—any one can see that; but what are the various substances of which all materials are themselves made up. I can even tell what air and water are composed of; and, on the other hand, I can tell, if you give me two or three ingredients, what substance they can be made into by mixing them together. I am also very clever at detecting poisons. I can tell whether any fruit or vegetable contains them, and when a person has died I can find out whether he has been poisoned."

Here the Grand Vizier entered with a large quantity of lollipops, which, as I said, he had been to buy for the princesses. As he placed the lollipops on the table, and sat down panting in a chair (for he was very stout, and had been running to get in by dinner-time), Chemistry turned pale.

"For instance," he said, "I can tell you that these beautiful green bonbons are coloured with arsenic, which you very well know is a deadly poison. If their Royal Highnesses take many of those they will not require much further education."

"You are ignorant!" the king burst in, rather fiercely. "Those bonbons are made by the first manufacturer in the kingdom: he is, in fact, my Majesty's own cough-lozenge maker. Let the next professor come, Artaxerxes."

And the next professor came. He was a young man, apparently in very good health. He was very handsome, and had nice brown hair and whiskers and moustache, but no beard, for he shaved his chin. His eyes were very clear, and he looked like a young man determined to get on in the world; and, in fact, he had been getting on very well latterly.

"Your name?" inquired King Wiseacre.

"Biology," answered the young professor.

"*Buy*-ology!!" screamed the king. "Why, sir, do you suppose my daughters want to know anything that you can teach? No! I am thankful to say they are all excellent market-women—even the youngest three."

"You mistake," said the young man. "Your Majesty is evidently not aware how my name is spelt."

"Spell it," said the king.

"B I, bi, with a bi; O, with an o; L O, lo, with a lo; G Y, gy, with a gy," replied the professor without hesitation.

"It can't be," said the king. "I don't think your name is in any of my books of reference. Artaxerxes, go to the back kitchen and tell the Lord High Bookbinder and Principal Librarian to my Majesty, that if he has finished making that calf-skin into vellum for the binding of my Majesty's manuscript catalogue of rare black beetles, I shall be glad to see him."

Artaxerxes ran, for he saw the king was getting angry; and he returned immediately with the Lord High Bookbinder and Principal Librarian to his Majesty, calf-skin and all.

"Be so good," said the king, "as to get me down Johnson's Dictionary, and see if you can find 'Biology' in it. Spell it again."

"B I, bi, with a bi; O, with an o; L O, lo, with a lo; G Y, gy, with a gy," repeated the professor.

The Lord High Bookbinder and Principal Librarian to his Majesty turned to the right page, and answered that "Biology" was not there.

"Then we will have nothing to do with him," said the king. "Call the next professor—the last of the lot, I am thankful to say."

While Artaxerxes was gone for the last remaining professor, Biology drew the Lord High Bookbinder and Principal Librarian to his Majesty aside, and explained to him that though his name was not in Johnson's Dictionary, he was all right and respectable, and was in fact concerned in business well known under other names. He said that Botany, Zoology, Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology were all

branches of his business, and that he was by far the most important of the professors then present. He said that without him the sick would have no one to cure them, and the animal and vegetable kingdoms no one to study them; and he would have said more had not Artaxerxes arrived with the last professor.

This was a beautiful youth with deep grey eyes, fresh complexion, and long fair curls; he had no beard or whiskers to speak of, and did not *look* much like a professor.

"You are too young!" exclaimed the king; "but what is your name?"

"Sociology," said the boy. "But before answering any further questions, allow me to ask how my ancestors have sped with your Majesty."

"Most of them badly—some *very* badly," answered the king; "and if, as I fancy, you are a more objectionable person than the rest of them, I shall have to put you under arrest. My Lord High Bookbinder and Principal Librarian, this person's name, is, of course, not in Johnson's Dictionary, and I very much doubt whether it is in Webster's. Be so good as to see."

After looking at Webster's Dictionary the Lord High Bookbinder and Principal Librarian to his Majesty replied that the king's suspicion was well founded, and that the boy was certainly a *most* improper person. Sociology protested that his aims were quite what they should be; that he had in view nothing but the good of mankind, and that his teaching was founded on that of his ancestors. He said he taught morality for one thing; but the king exclaimed that it was an insult to his daughters to suppose they wanted to be taught morality; and by this his Majesty was so exasperated that he scarcely heard the conclusion of Sociology's speech, in which he went on to enumerate, among the subjects of his teaching, history and many other important and respectable branches of learning. At this point the princesses, with various Court officials, arrived, attracted by the sense that something unusual was going on, for the king's voice had risen to an immoderately loud pitch. His Majesty wheeled round, and, seeing the Lord Chief Turnkey among the throng, commanded him to arrest Sociology at once, and keep him closely confined.

The boy, however, turned calmly, and said that the king might listen or not, as he thought fit, but that even his Majesty's power did not extend to the exercise of violence on any one of the six professors. The king called with redoubled fury on his executive officers to arrest

the whole six, and these, seeing that it was now time to assert themselves, drew up close together (for they were all there now). They stood so firmly in their order that none cared to assail them, and there was an expression of confident superiority on all their faces which bespoke powers far higher than had been calculated on.

Louder and louder grew the king's commands to arrest; closer and closer pressed the six professors; and farther and farther from them shrank the astonished Lord Chief Turnkey.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed three of the princesses. "Why, they are *growing together*!"

"So they are!" said three more.

"Oh, how nice! it's like a pantomime!" exclaimed the whole nine in chorus.

And sure enough they were growing together. Closer and closer they pressed; and as the spaces between them lessened and disappeared, King Wiseacre's grey hairs leapt up stiff on his royal head, and shot his crown right out of window into a neighbouring kingdom; for his Majesty saw that as the professors pressed together their limbs began to change from shape to shape, and disappear like clouds, till at length there was no seeing where one professor finished and another began. Then, as everybody thought that the whole were becoming an unintelligible mass, a mightier form began to dawn; and the astonished king, princesses, and Court saw that the six professors had changed to the semblance of a giant, who took a comely shape, and gradually increased in height and beauty till he stood before them in perfect power and distinctness, with arms folded on his breast, and with a face combining all expressions of knowledge, and wisdom, and dignity, and benevolence.

All fell on their faces, awed by the grandeur of the presence, and at length the large lips parted, and the marvellous voice broke forth.

"Hear," said the giant, "O king of a land languishing for want of knowledge! I came to you as six professors that you might not be intimidated at the vastness of what I had to propose. But you have spurned my counsel, and now behold my back shall be towards you and towards your land. All human knowledge is in me, and all that can advantage mankind would I have taught your daughters—not forcing on them what is unnecessary, and not allowing any departure from what is necessary. Had you left them to the six professors


whom I was and shall be again, they would have become skilled in the learning which should have fitted them for the duties of life, and rendered them worthy of praise and honour in the world. But seeing that you care not to seek the knowledge which you call new-fangled, preferring to stumble in the glimmering twilight, darkness shall be your portion, while I turn to those who will listen and be taught!"

And the breath of the giant had melted the palace walls like snow, so that the blue sky overhead and the wide plains around were in view. Then the giant turned majestically about, and threw up his arms towards the setting sun; and as he passed from among the throng a shadow fell upon that land, which broadened and deepened with his receding steps. Wherever the face of the giant turned was light; but the shadow shall lie black and heavy upon that land until the king and his daughters shall themselves arise and pray that the mighty face may be turned upon them again.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

"WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN TO DO?"

(NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE.)

" HAT are the children to do?" That's a capital idea, I declare! Mother, do you hear? 'What are the children to do?' It's actually in print!—See here!"

As he spoke, Harry held out a number of *The Little Corporal* (an American newspaper for children) to his mother, tilting his chair as he did so, that he might stretch his arm farther back. But it was in vain: mamma's sofa was a long way off the round table where the children sat, and where Harry was seated, though he had been many "halves" at school, and was now in that bird-of-passage condition—at home for the holidays.

So mamma shook her head, to signify she could not see, on which Harry sprang up, and was at her side the next minute. He was very energetic when he once started upon a subject, and rather piqued himself on bringing back the last news from the neighbouring town, to which he walked once or twice a week now, to have his hair cut, and look round at the newspapers. And, to-day, he had met with *The*

Little Corporal, and, on turning over its pages, was much inclined to think little English children far behind American ones in ingenuity and cleverness. "Mother!" cried he, giving the paper an impressive slap with the back of his hand, "this is exactly the very thing we wanted to know. 'What are the children to do?' I never heard anything so good! If you'd only been in the nursery this afternoon, and seen——"

"That's *too* bad, Harry!" shouted an indignant voice from the round table, and Ada began to whimper.

"You see how it is," pursued Harry—"not that I'm going to tell stupid nursery-*tales*, but it's an undeniable fact, isn't it, mother? that it would be an excellent thing if people *did* know what to do with themselves on a rainy afternoon, without—well—suppose we say tearing each other's hair, you know—eh, Ada?—I only put it in a general way, my dears, so don't be offended," concluded Harry, making a bow to the whole party at the round table.

"If *The Little Corporal* has taught people how not to be dull in dull weather, it has solved one of the great difficulties of life," observed mamma; "let me see."

Accordingly she looked, and found in its pages—first, a statement of the world-wide difficulty, "What are the children to do?" and then a proposal that all children should write to the Editor, and tell him what they in particular did on rainy afternoons and long winter evenings, by which means there would be gathered together a long list of things done in different families—and possible to be done there—fore—and so one set of children might take hints from another, and give hints in return. Besides, as *The Little Corporal* justly observed, there would be the writing of the letters to do, more than anyone had had before. It was really a good idea. And it was no wonder Harry was impressed by it, for there had been a sad squabble in the nursery that day; and, although nurse had said Master Harry was so aggravating, he made bad ever so much worse, and she wished to goodness he was back at his lessons again, still it may be doubted whether the peace would have been perfect even had he been absent.

Moreover, young people's brains soon take fire when they are excited, and Harry's were particularly apt to get into that state. "The longer I live, mother," said he, with the utmost seriousness, and as if he was fifty; "the longer I live, the more I see the difficulty; one child

wants to go one way, and one another, and it's never pleasant to give up. Besides, nothing can go right on a rainy day—at least, nothing does. Coming back from school, you know, where all sorts of things are going on all day long, one feels this so much. It seems here as if everybody was asleep and dull; to tell you the truth," here he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I wonder the little ones are as quiet as they are. You and father don't feel it, of course, because—well—because you're old, you know; but just think of the children yonder, poor little animals!"

He turned to look as he spoke, and so did mamma, and their eyes met those of the "poor little animals," staring at them with all their might, an open-mouthed grin on their faces, too, as if they were trying to catch the words of their betters, flying. Then, finding themselves stared at in turn, the grin ran into a giggle, and the giggle broke into a laugh.

"Oh, bother! I didn't mean *that* sort of thing, of course," observed Harry. "There, nonsense, you children!" he shouted. "Can't I talk to mamma without your watching? Go on as you were before!"

"What?" said little Ada, in rather a vague spirit of inquiry.

"I don't know what you mean by 'what,'" muttered Harry, rather testily, for it teased him to have his current of thought interrupted; "you are doing nothing, of course. Go on doing nothing."

The voice of command gained the point. The children dropped their eyes, with a pout; the eldest, Barbara, shrugging her shoulders, as she stooped over the paper on which she was drawing; Lucy opening her drawer, to hunt up something to amuse herself with; little Ada hugging once more her everlasting doll into the nap that it never would take.

"A curious beginning of assistance, Harry," smiled mamma, "to stop *what* the children were doing, and then scold them for not going on doing nothing!"

"But what's the good of their interfering?" exclaimed Harry. "They can't think of anything fresh to do of themselves; it is we who must help them."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand," said mamma; "I only want you to see how carefully reforms should be conducted: it does not do for public benefactors to be reckless of private feelings, remember that! which being understood, let you and me lay our heads together, and see what can be devised."

"Stop! I'll put it all right in a minute," said Harry.

And he did. He had bought a curious sort of top at the town, but had not taken it out of his pocket till now. Now he produced it, carried it to the round table, taught Lucy how to spin it, set it going himself, amidst shouts of admiration, and then returned to his mother.

"Now then for our two heads together, mamma," said he.

"Well—in the first place, follow *The Little Corporal's* advice," was her answer. "Write to some competent authority, and ask what the children are to do, and tell what you do yourselves. You have plenty to tell as well as ask, you know. Only you must not write to a *Little Corporal* at New York—it is too far off. Let me see; suppose you write to 'The Mighty World,' by means of the four drawers of the round table—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, you know?"

"Oh, mother! do you mean that stupid old game? I'm so sick of it! Even the children don't play at it now!" And Harry looked really crestfallen.

"I meant nothing of the sort!" cried mamma. "No, no, Harry, I am not napping quite so far as that! But, inasmuch as those four drawers have represented the four quarters of the world to the children, ever since they can recollect anything, I consider their round table like King Arthur's

" an image of the mighty world,"

and think you may all appeal to it as such for assistance. Stoop down, while I whisper the conclusion. If you and Barbara will write letters to 'The Mighty World,' for yourselves and the little ones, asking what you are all to do on dull wet days, *I will take care you get answers.* I don't choose to say any more."

"Capital!" cried Harry, springing to his feet in excitement. "Capital! Oh, I see it all! but I won't let a thing out. Look here, mother! I'll tell them—what a splendid idea!—that if they put their letters into the front of the drawers, and keep them close shut for twenty-four or thirty-six hours—you shall fix the convenient time—the letters will go out at the back, and so down the trunk of the table, and so out through the floor into 'The Mighty World,' who will, of course, send answers in due time. Mother, they'll believe every word of it!" cried Harry, enthusiastically, in conclusion.

"Aye! and then by-and-by, when you tell them something true,

they'll think you're 'humbugging' as now, Mr. Harry! Excuse me, son of my heart! we will not confuse the juvenile mind by giving out rhodomontade as fact. When we rhodomontade at all, we will do it altogether, and 'make believe' throughout. Your plan reminds me of the old unscrupulous nurses of fifty years ago, who would invent any amount of what you boys call 'crammers' to frighten children into being good."

"Oh, mother! I wasn't going to frighten them," interrupted Harry.

"No, no, dear, I know. This 'humbugging,' too, is one of your school fashions, and I give no judgment about school matters, only I won't allow *that* one here. Now come and see if we can't manage without."

Mamma hereupon whispered for some time to Harry, after which that young gentleman got up, went back to the round table, sprang upon his chair, and called "*oyez*," he was going to make a speech. The children were silent at once, and Harry told them in his speech, that he and mamma, having duly considered the great question, "What are the Children to do" on wet days? felt sure "The Mighty World," of which the round table, with its drawers for the four quarters, was an image, must be able to help them if properly, appealed to. He then announced that they must write to the "Mighty World" to ask for assistance, and added that mamma had assured him if the letters were written and sent to the four quarters in the drawers, and the drawers kept shut for twenty-four hours afterwards, answers should be found in them at the end of that time: more he was not permitted to say. The day before the first of a new month, therefore, the drawers must be cleared of rubbish, and the letters put in, and on the evening following they might expect to find some answers or help when they opened the drawers again.

Harry's speeches were always effective, and this time there were abundant shouts of delight. He was clapped, he was even kissed. There were to be no more wet afternoon quarrels, no more hair tearing, no tears, no more whimpering and scolding, but games and charades, and all manner of jolly things—Ada even thought barley-sugar kisses sometimes, perhaps—out of the wonderful drawers. What was not "The Mighty World" capable of?

And as the following day was the last day of the month, they went to bed, saying, "What fun we shall have to-morrow!" To-morrow

brought first, however, not fun, but rather troublesome work, viz. the clearing out of all the drawers (and it is to be feared mamma was secretly chuckling at that part of the business all the time); for though children like to turn things out of a drawer, sorting them and tidying them away is a different affair. Nevertheless, with Barbara's patient help, even that was accomplished, and a large portion of the contents sent to amuse a child in the village, after which the new evening's amusement commenced—the writing the letters; Harry and Barbara acting as scribes for the others, like the letter-writers who sit at the corners of Eastern streets.

That was a happy evening, and led to others at least equally so; and for the benefit of other children, the correspondence and its results are now made public.

THE MIGHTY WORLD AND HER CHILDREN.

LETTERS.

"DEAR MIGHTY WORLD,—Tell me how to amuse Baby when Nurse wants to count the clothes. He does fidget so.

"Your very affectionate little friend,

"ADA."

"If you please, I think I should like some charades, or riddles, or buried cities, or something of that sort; and, as Lucy says she would like them too, send more than one, if you can.

"BARBARA AND LUCY."

"MIGHTY WORLD,—I know you have everything one wants if one could only get at it. Send me a game—not a sickly thing, mind, that I can only play with little children; and I know draughts, and backgammon, and chess—so don't send those. I want something good enough to play with boys, remember! or Cousin Hester when she comes to see us.

"HARRY."

ANSWERS.

(To Ada.)

"Pass the forefinger of your right hand lightly round Baby's face, as he sits in front of you. Start from the forehead, where the hair begins to grow, and make the circle by the cheeks and chin, and so back again. Say softly and deliberately, meanwhile:

"This—is—the house—the little old—gentleman—lived in."

"Then touch Baby's eyelids, one with your thumb, the other with your forefinger; and, pressing them very gently, say:

"These—are the—windows—of his—house."

"Then lay hold of the tip of his nose with your thumb and forefinger, and say:

"This—is—the door—of his—house."

"Then lay the first and second fingers in succession on his lower lip, upper lip, and nose-tip, and say:

"These are the *steps—up to the—door:*" the words in italics being said at the three finger-touches.

"Then draw your finger round his chin:

"This is the garden round the house."

"Then dive or dash into the hollow *below* his chin with your hand, or pop your head there, if you can, to give him a kiss; and call out very fast:

"This is the little duck-pond underneath!"

"And there will be—oh, such a scrimmage and giggling! and Nurse will shout:

"For goodness gracious sake, Miss Ada, don't send Baby into fits with laughing!"

"You may repeat this several times."

(To Barbara and Lucy.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

"Two little words of magic sound,
True 'Household Words' on British ground,
Welcomed beside the Christmas hearth
With smiles of pleasure, shouts of mirth;
And welcome, too, as 'flowers in May'
To young and old, to grave and gay:
Long may success and fame attend
Our whole—a real 'Children's Friend.'"

- "1. From an Italian Tutor nothing take,
And what remains will our beginning make.
2. Our next in order need not greatly trouble you,
Since it is only a divided double u.
3. When in our third, how gladly do we trace
The welcome features of a friendly face!
4. Young ladies, trust me! this advice is worth
Your best attention—always *be* our fourth."

MAMMA MIA.

CHARADE.

"I only live when folks are fast asleep;
 Behead me, and I am the 'vasty deep';
 Decapitate again, and, lo! I shine,
 And light the darkness of the gloomy mine;
 Again behead me, and you there shall see
 (Not hear by ear) a not unnoted D;
 Behead once more, and all alone I stand,
 A letter that shall never come to hand."

GREVILLE.

BURIED CITIES AND COUNTRIES.

- "1. My darling Doll, on donkey-back we'll ride,
 Down Rotten Row and by the riverside.
2. Oh, sad mishap! a rising of the mob
 Has just begun, and they are pelting Bob.
3. Too oft the grave of youth and beauty made,
 I raise a sad lament to those who fade.
4. Youth, wealth, and beauty delighting in pain,
 See the mad rider, he struggles in vain.
5. Thy trade depends chiefly on silks.
6. Crowned with ruby and opal, my radiant Zenobia sits.
7. By a steamer I can hope to reach thee."

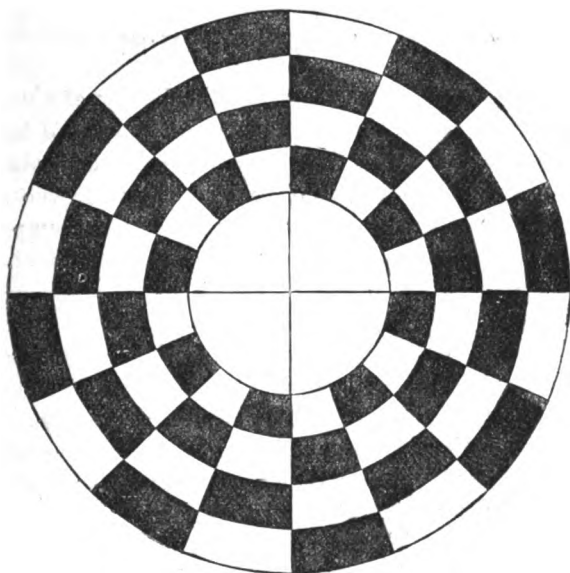
"Why is good advice like the ocean?"

(To Harry.)

THE ROUND CHESS-BOARD OF TAMERLANE THE GREAT.

"Make this any size you please, to fit your chessmen; but remember, that the more *roomy* a chess-board is, the more comfortable, and the better you see your play. A very good size for a round one is as follows: outside circle, seventeen inches in diameter (that is, across); inside space left blank, about five inches. This leaves the depth for the four squares, six inches. Arrange the chessmen thus: White queen (on her own colour as usual), and white king (on queen's right as usual), on two of the inner squares next the blank centre; behind them the two bishops, side by side; behind them the knights; behind them, on the outermost squares, the two castles; the pawns lining the squares on each side (right and left) of the pieces. Black pieces exactly opposite. Thus the chessmen occupy four rows of squares on each half of the circle. The game is played as usual, only all the

movements are *sideways*, and there are at first two battle-fields. The power of the pieces, too, is altered: that of the castles in sweeping round



the whole circle, if the coast is clear, is wonderful. The queens the same on the lower circle; whereas the bishops can never move more than four places at once, and from their first position only three; namely, from the second row where they stand to the lowest. For they cannot go down and come up again in one move. More will be found out by those who play the game. Get a *card-board* a foot and a half square. Draw the outer and inner circles as ordered above, and paint the alternate squares black, with lamp-black; set your pieces in order as directed, and you have all you want.

"A writer, describing the round chess-board, doubts whether in this game the pawns were intended to be metamorphosed. He adds: 'It will be found in playing that the power of the castle is the double of that in the common game, and that of the bishops only half; that the king can only castle one way; and that it appears very difficult to bring the game to a conclusion.'

"The Mighty World's advice is, TRY."

EDITOR.

“DOWN BY THE BURN SIDE.”



At the pride of twelve years, and the dignity of a “whole fare” from Oban to Crinan! How great was my delight on my twelfth birthday, and how infinitely superior a being I became in my own estimation to the self of six months before, who could only say, in reply to that oft-repeated question (which grown-up people seem to think the orthodox manner of opening a conversation with children), “How old are you, my dear?”

“Eleven and a half.”

Nevertheless, I once felt very small beside a shoeless, shaggy-headed Highland lassie of that pitiable age, when I found how much she could do that I had never even dreamed of as possible.

I will tell you who she was, and how we became acquainted.

Some people would begin “By chance,” but I do not *think* so, and therefore I will not say it. For it seems to me that all these little adventures have some influence upon our minds, and even characters, imperceptible though it be, and therefore I do not think them chance, but Providence. Certainly “Nannie’s” accomplishments took a great deal of pride out of my twelve-year-old importance, although I opened to her a new world too—a world of gloves, kid boots, and bed curtains!

Well, we were lodging in the little inn at Crinan, enjoying (as a change) the absence of butcher’s meat and civilisation. It was a glorious morning, the one that had been appointed for our fishing excursion, and I woke early, and sprang to the window to look out, being told that our “gillie” was already waiting for us below; and there, sure enough, I saw him, or rather his little bare legs disappearing in at the window of the next house, rapidly pursued by a burly man with a stick and an empty can. The man entered by the door, and, in a few minutes, reappeared, holding the discomfited gillie by the collar of his jacket. What had transpired within, I will not venture to say; but Donald was very good all day afterwards—that is to say, he did not chase the sheep, or lose our bundle of wraps, or elope with the luncheon-basket, which I afterwards learnt were his customary pranks. We reached the river in good time, but my father

had not long prepared his tackle, when the clouds began to gather and the big drops to plash, and soon the storm was down upon us. My father had predicted thunder, so we were provided with cloaks. We all three crouched close under the bank, I between my father and brother. This bank was about three feet high, with a pebbly shore between it and the river, and on it, above our heads, we rested a large shawl which hung down around us, so that we were in a comfortable tent. There we remained quite sheltered, merrily at first, thinking the thunder crashes and the vivid gleams would soon cease, and then it would be fine again; dolefully at length, when we peeped out and saw that the hills had followed our example, and spread a dark grey cloak over all their heads, and that it had settled in for a steady down-pour. More dolefully still, when we began to feel cramped and stiff, and remembered that, probably, the rain had soaked through the basket, which we had forgotten, and that we should have to exist upon sopped sandwiches until we could reach home. We called the gillie, who sat dabbling his feet in the water (I suppose he never caught cold), sublimely indifferent as to the fate of his clothes and his complexion.

"Is there any house near, Donald?"

"Oh yes: Davie Robertson lives the other side of the hill."

"Then, Bessie, I think you had better run there as fast as you can, and leave us to bring the things."

"Yes, papa." And I jumped up, glad to be released, and had just clambered up the bank, when, oh horror! there stood one of the creatures I dreaded most in the world—next to the long-horned black cattle—a curly-horned, long-tailed ram; while behind him, in various stages of alarm and curiosity, was a whole flock of long-horned sheep, wondering what the grey lump under the bank was going to do next, for they had not been there when we first arrived, and they had evidently been speculating for some little time what kind of plant, stone, or animal the grey lump was. My father was getting up his fishing tackle, and my brother the cloaks and baskets, and I knew they would laugh at me should I aver the impossibility of passing through the midst of the awful throng; besides, I was twelve years old now, and I must not be a coward. Still, there I stood, irresolute, until it occurred to me that I really did not know the way to the cottage. So Donald was sent with me, and, together, we passed the dreadful herd in safety. Cottage, however, it could not be called, in the ordinary accep-

tation of the word, for it was built of peat, and of course was only one story high. Donald opened the rickety door without knocking, and immediately out rushed a little black pig, and directly after it the bonnie black-haired lass I have told you of, who upset Donald and ran against me, in her eagerness to recover their straying property.

"Awa' wi' ye, Donald, ye muckle sumph! What gar'd ye cowp and fley folk? What ails ye to stand glow'rin' there and gentles waitin'? Out o' the road, ye feckless ne'er-do-weel," &c. &c.; for I will not detail the rest of the quarrel, which finally became unintelligible to me, with all its queer-sounding Gaelic terms of opprobrium.

Also, I will write down the irascible young damsel's conversation with me in a rather more intelligible form than that in which she herself carried it on, when frequent repetitions of the words, accompanied by visible pantomimic signs, served to me as a glossary.

Seeing her arm soon raised in uncomfortable proximity to his shaggy white head, Donald took to his heels, and Nannie became calmer, and with some diffidence asked me to go in, and placed a rickety chair for me near the fire, which was in about the centre of the hut. I was much amused with the novelty of a hole in the roof instead of a chimney, and, as I afterwards saw from the outside, a three-legged stool to represent a chimney-pot, balanced over the aperture.

But though it was amusing to have the pigs, and cocks, and hens all running about the floor, I found after a time that it might be unpleasant. On one side of the room was an enormous bed, with a very ragged covering, which looked like the family wardrobe.

Nannie, as her excitement cooled down, became shy, and looked askance at me with her finger in her mouth; while I also, abashed at the strangeness of everything I saw, could think of nothing to say to her. But I was much struck by her picturesqueness, and until my father came I wondered why picturesque people were generally dirty and untidy, and how many people slept in that big bed. But by-and-bye our hearts warmed towards each other, and our tongues were loosed under the influence of sandwiches and sherry, which were as new to Nannie as peat fires and three-legged stools were to me. Her extreme delight at finding that there was a piece of meat between the pieces of white bread was most amusing, and she ate it as though she had fasted for a week. Donald, who oftener fell in the way of such luck, laughed mischievously at the face she made when we gave her a

little wine to taste, whereupon she became crimson, and half started up to give chase, but was restrained by awe of the "gentles." In about an hour it cleared up; but though the rain had ceased, the ground was soaking wet, and my father thought that I had better stay a little longer under shelter, while he and my brother tried again for a rise. So they left me in Nannie's charge, and I then began the exploration. I prowled about the hut, asking the use of this and that odd utensil, and listened with interest to the explanation of the uses of the "girdle," a flat plate of iron with an arched handle, upon which the scones and oat-cakes were baked.

"Who sleeps in that bed, Nannie?"

"My mither at ae end, and the bairns at the ither."

She herself slept on the floor, or where she could. I was puzzled again by a large piece of black stuff suspended a few feet above the bed. She said it was to keep off the rain in the night. That "before the laird had given them the old piece of tarpaulin' the weat had always come dripping through the rigging, till there was na' a dry nook i' the place."

She said the "auld place was reekit 'maist always, it was sae low and crouchie. But your gown is na' dry yet," she said; "come by the fire a bit longer. I doot ye've spoilt it," she added, looking anxiously at the stains.

"Never mind, I can change it when I go back."

"What, and put on ye Sabbath gown?"

"No, one of my others."

"Why, hae ye mair frocks than twa?" she asked, in a tone of intense astonishment.

"Oh, yes, Nannie; one couldn't do anything with only two frocks!"

"But I have to do with them, sure enough—this an's lasted me for a year, and my best gown—wait, and I'll show it to you." And she produced a neat, dark-striped petticoat, and a jacket like the one she was wearing, but cleaner—a loose kind of blouse, tied round the waist with a piece of tape; a pair of shoes and stockings were with these articles of dress, which all came out of an old box in a corner of the cabin.

"Don't you ever wear shoes except on Sundays?" I asked.

"No, and no then when I can help it. I'm obliged to wear them in the school and to the kirk, but they mak' my feet awfu' sair. I carry them all across the moor, and put them on at the door."

"But don't your feet get cut?"

"Oh no! a sharp stane whiles cuts them, but no often, if ye look where ye're going. I canna' think how ye bear thae things," she said, looking at my buttoned kid boots. "I couldna' step an inch in them—and then how wet you've got them! and that spoils them, and it's a sair pity to spoil such bonnie things. How many o' they hae ye got, now?"

"Oh, two or three pairs, and then some indoor shoes and slippers."

Nannie lifted up her hands and eyes in amazement, and then laughed heartily at the idea of anyone's taking the trouble to change her shoes on going into the house.

"But then, Nannie, it would make the carpet so dirty."

She did not know what a carpet was—was it like the boards they had on the floor in the school?

I explained, and Nannie, much interested, made me give her an inventory of all my clothes, her astonishment increasing until she finally jumped up and danced round the hut, when, having begun to wonder where I kept this enormous stock of clothing, I told her about my own room at home, and the little bed with white curtains. Then she stopped suddenly, and looked very grave for a few minutes, and without speaking put back her Sunday attire and stirred the fire. I was beginning to feel that it had been unkind to boast to the poor girl of my possessions, when she astonished me by saying suddenly:

"I wouldna' be you for all the wide world!"

"*You would not be me!*" I was piqued at the idea of her thinking herself in any way my superior. "Why not, Nannie?" I asked.

"Ah! it's a vera weel to have all these fine things, but I'd be afraid of spoiling them a' the time, and then ye say that ye get the cauld, and tak' ill, and I dinna ken what that is; and there, ye've got to be fine and proper, and look this way;" and she sat down stiffly on a great jar turned upside down, folded her hands, and pursed up her mouth, with her head on one side. "And then," she continued, "ye have to be learnin', learnin', and that gies me a sair head so when I'm at it in the school; and ye canna' run about the hill-side by yersel', and come and gae when ye would, like me. At times, sure enough, 'twad be better to have mair to eat, but there's aye the coo that Glenvarloch gave to my mither—I must go and milk her now," she added, jumping up, her face bright and happy again.

It had not taken her long to overcome her envious feelings, and I

was beginning to agree with her in thinking that she was the better off of the two—no lessons, and no nurse to be angry when she got her feet wet and tore her frock. "And fancy never having a sore throat!" I thought. "Still, it is very uncomfortable here," and I looked round the wretched place, and came to the conclusion, as everyone does who will not allow discontent to get the better of him, that, after all, things were arranged for me better than I could arrange them for myself. But I still felt vexed at the pitying tone in which Nannie had summed up my disadvantages. I had been feeling so grand when I told her of my home and my pretty things.

"Will ye come?" she asked me, when she had found her pail, and opened the door. It had stopped raining, and the sky was gradually becoming clear—it would be a lovely evening.

"Where is the cow?" I asked, looking round for her in vain.

"Oh, she's somewhere about, unless that rascal Donald has driven her away, for spite."

We went over the brow of the hill, and there she was, sure enough, at the bottom of the valley. I was surprised at the ease with which Nannie milked the creature, which I should have feared to approach by myself. She talked to it fondly all the time, and at length caught hold of one of its horns, led it to the hut, and tied it to a post at the back. Then we put the milk into a great earthen jar, Nannie first giving me a little tin cupfull. Very delicious it was; "but I'm very hungry," I said. Nannie bustled off, and returned soon with a couple of large potatoes, which she thrust in among the hot embers.

"Now come out till they're done," she cried, and we skipped away down to the river, meeting Donald by the way, with a message for me from the others, who had gone farther up the river, and would be back before sunset; if I liked I might follow them, and if not stay with Nannie, which last I preferred doing.

"What are you going to do?" I cried, as Nannie tucked up her skirts, and dashed into the river.

"The fire will be going out, till the laddies get some more peat," she said, and on she waded. It looked so delicious that I longed to follow her, and thought of pulling off my shoes and stockings; but I remembered the fate of some little friends of mine in England, who after a visit to the Highlands were found dancing about the garden barefooted one dewy morning, and who had both been very ill in consequence. I

was most anxious, however, to follow her, and see how crossing the river would help to keep up the fire. So I tried to climb along the fallen trunk of a tree, where some large stones made a comparatively easy causeway. I had got about half-way over, stepping very cautiously and helping myself on with a long stick, when a merry laugh close by me startled me so that I lost my balance, and fell over into the water, splutter and splash. There was Nannie, her apron full of short bits of stick she had picked up under the few bushes on the other side, laughing so heartily that she could not even help me up again.

"To think o' fashing yersel' wi' a' that, and then wetting your fine things after a'," she said, triumphantly, as I struggled to my feet, very angry with her and Donald for laughing at me, and feeling very small at not being able even to keep my footing on the tree along which Donald had scampered, with his bare feet, like a mountain cat. I stood in the middle of the stream, wondering what to do next.

"Come ye here," Nannie said, having laid down her sticks on the grass, and she took me up before I knew what she was going to do, and carried me to the bank. "Ye'll be dry in no time, if ye walk up and down there just where the sun shines hottest. I must go and do my work," and she was off again. I saw that she had set me down close to another flock of the terrible sheep with horns.

"Nannie!" I shouted. She came back. "Please stay with me."

"Why? I must do my work, the mither will be hame—can ye no bide yer lane? It's never the sheep that scare ye? Here, Donald!" she called, laughing again; "the wee leddie's afeard o' the sheep, so just stay here awhile, till I come back," and she rushed fearlessly among the sheep, scattering them right and left.

"Ah, she's a wonderfu' lassie," said Donald, shaking his head wisely, when he saw my look of admiration at her bravery. "They all say naught from morning till night but 'be like Nannie McDougall,' till I'm 'maist weary o't, and the gude wivcs say there is not a lassie like her in a' the hill-side for work."

"She doesn't know very much," I said, feeling jealous of her since she had discovered some of my weak points.

Donald stared at me in amazement.

"I mean, she cannot read much," I added, apologetically.

"It's weel enough for the like o' you to speak about the learnin', though I canna see the use o' they books; but I dare say it's a gude



"DOWN BY THE BURNSIDE."

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thing for them that likes it, and Nannie likes her book, and is as regular at school as can be, and she kens more than many a one that's older, and she can work if she can't read," he said, looking contemptuously at my gloved hands, his indignation fast rising.

"But she scolds you, Donald."

"Oh, we're aye fechtin', but that's naething, for she's gude to me when I'm in a scrape, and 'deed always, and that's mair than maist is."

Nannie soon came to look after me, with three little boys clinging to her; and a very happy and pretty group they made in the glowing sunset light which was now streaming gloriously between the purple hills. The afternoon had passed so quickly, that I could scarcely believe that the sun was really going down. Nannie came over and helped me back, and then showed me her shock-headed little brothers with as much pride as if they had been princes. She told me how she always dressed them, gave them as much washing as is usual in her part of the world, and took entire charge of them on the three days in the week when they did not attend the school; and, as in all her work, it seemed as if it were her greatest pleasure to do it. My jealousy vanished in self-reproach, as I remembered my own discontent and sulkiness if asked to amuse my own little brother, even for half an hour, at home; and I felt that although Nannie was untidy, and could not read, at all events she was of much more use in the world than I was, and did what she could cheerfully. Not that I liked to admit all this to myself, but I *felt* it, and did not forget it a few minutes after our return to the hut, when I felt inclined to be sulky at my father's hurrying me away, just as Nannie had got the potatoes ready for me on a wooden plate. So we went off, with many promises to see Nannie again, if possible. I did not see her, but on the following Sunday my mother went with Miss Campbell to the school built by her father (the Laird of Glenvarloch), and I begged her to give Nannie my last sixpence as a token of affection, if she saw her. She did see her, and described her delight at so large a sum of money as a very pretty sight. We left Crinan soon after, and I have not seen Nannie since. Probably, by this time, her own bairns are about the age we were when we first met. I hope they are as happy as their mother was, when she taught me such a lesson of simple content, in her lowly home "Down by the burn side."

"K."

Song

To M. C. W.

Words by LL. B.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

p Andante.

Rain-drops pat-ter on the walks, Hea-vi-ly fall the show-ers;

p Andante.

Life-less droop the bro-ken stalks O-ver their scat-ter'd flow-ers;

Trembling tears the li-ly weeps, Faded the ro-ses shi-ver,

O'er the wall the i - vy creeps; It will be green for ev - er. . . .

CHORUS. *mf*

Ah, for summer's pass-ing day! Ah, for the leaf - y bowers!

Ah, for all so sweet and gay! Ah, for the sun - ny hours!

Cruelly the cold wind blows,
Pitiless storms are raining;
Gather not that ling'ring rose,
Last of the year remaining;

It shall bloom for you and me,
Cheering the days of sorrow;
Faithful sign of things to be,
And of a happy morrow.

CHORUS.

Ah, for summer's passing day!
Ah, for the leafy bowers!
Ah, for all so sweet and gay!
Ah, for the sunny hours!



“WHO FEELS THE NEED SEEKS THE REMEDY.”

THIRSTY TRAVELLER, you know this well! While the morning was young, and your spirit fresh, before the drought had parched your lips, you may have thought little of the fountain of waters, though it flowed for you even then.

But now we behold you “as a hart desiring the water-brooks”—as a sick man running to the physician,—hearing, as in a dream, perhaps, something beyond all this, even the Scripture invitation: “Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters.”

Pilgrim of the world, if it be so, listen. Physical life is but a shadow of the spiritual—a dim shadow, but opening many a solemn truth by small similitudes. Feel the need, and you will seek the remedy; or, if you cannot apprehend it now, dare to look forward to the aching head and weary heart of noonday toil. Heavy may be your burden, rough your road; but for you, too, flow the living waters fresh from the throne of God.

EDITOR.

NOVEMBER MEMORANDA.



Lo! pale November, robed in russet gray,—
 And girdle broidered o'er with gaudiest dyes,
 Soon cast aside,—wends, dreaming, on his way,
 With calm, sad brow, and dew-distilling eyes.

And now the bare, brown trees, aloft display
 Their pencilled forms' aerial traceries
 Athwart the heaven's soft blue; and meteors gay
 Disport and melt along the midnight skies.

Now wreathing fogs, o'er field and valley spread,
 Fold the still woods in white and spectral gloom,
 Or shroud the moon's broad disk, enlarged and red.
 Anon the west wind raves of wrack and doom;
 While yet, as *in memoriam* of the dead,
 The redbreast warbles, and pale roses bloom.

H. S. E.

A.D. 714. November 11. Battle of Xéres. End of the rule of the Visigoths in Spain.

We are still apt to say of people of boorish, uncultivated manners and customs, "*What Goths they must be!*" but those who use the expression do not always know what it means. The fact is this: The Goths and Vandals were nations of rough savages at a time when parts of Europe were civilised

and learned, and they and other hordes of men, equally behindhand, were accounted and called "barbarians" by the civilised Romans. History is full of melancholy stories, and few are more so than those which tell how those wild nations invaded the territories of the ancient "mistress of the world," and trod her in the dust; but vice and effeminacy had first robbed her of her glory, and the judgments that fell

upon her were not undeserved. The history of the northern barbarians is a very complicated one; they sometimes chased each other, in succession, out of the countries they conquered; and it needs a very accurate knowledge of dates to be sure how long one savage horde held a country before another drove it out! All we need to know with reference to the battle of Xéres, however, is, that in the sixth century of Christ the Visigoths got possession of Spain, after driving thence the Vandals, Suevi, and others who had taken it from the Romans (*Vandalucia* or *Andalucia* still retains their name). And this was no short-lived conquest. The Visigoths continued masters of Spain for nearly two centuries. But at the end of that time internal discords arose, the causes of which are by no means clearly known. Various offences have been attributed to Don Roderick, the reigning king, as causes of the rebellion which broke out against him. But only one thing is certain; namely, that a large faction determined upon his downfall, and invited the Moors of Africa to come over to their assistance in accomplishing it. It was a strange thing to do, for the Moors were Muhammadans, whereas the Visigoths had (as will be remembered from our last memoranda, "Death of Boetius") accepted Christianity, and there were bishops and archbishops in the land. But Goths and Vandals by nature are sure to be Goths and Vandals again when civil discord is once let loose, and an archbishop was one of the chief leaders of a revolution which brought the infidel to Christian shores. The Moors possessed at the time all that part of the coast of Africa which had once belonged to the Romans, and they had just laid the foundations of a new town, *Morocco*, near Mount Atlas. And though their Chalif Almanzor resided at Damascus in Syria, his viceroy in Africa, Muza, willingly took up the cause of the disaffected Goths, and sent troops and men under a general named Tarik to their assistance. But the matter did not end there. Finding the country worth having, they not only helped their

friends, but eventually conquered it for themselves, and established themselves in it as masters! And this is the history, in brief, of the rise of the Moorish rule in Spain, a rule to which we are indebted for the beautiful sight of the "Alhambra" courts in the Crystal Palace. The first army that arrived from Africa, under the command of Tarik, landed near a rock called *Calpe*, to which Tarik at once gave his name, calling it *Gibel al Tarik*, or the mountain of Tarik—our modern *Gibraltar*. This was in 713. The next year they returned with still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalucia with a great army to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xéres, and the king drove on to it in an ivory chariot clothed in cloth of gold. Historians say that the fate of the battle was for a time doubtful, but the Moors seemed to have the worst till the Archbishop of Toledo, who had up to that time concealed his treachery, went over with a great body of his followers to the infidels. "This single battle," says Mariana, "robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The king's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."

In this fatal fight, Don Roderick is said to have realised a vision of which, according to an old legend, he had challenged the sight, in spite of warnings of the fatal consequences which would ensue from his profane curiosity. The story is told in various ways, but we prefer Walter Scott's account of it, translated from the "*Historia verdayeyra del Rey Don Rodrigo*" (True History of the King Don Roderick):

"One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consumes all: four estadaes (*i.e.* four times a man's height) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined

with a strong covering of iron, and fastened with many locks; above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men:—"The king who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things." At last King Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened the tower; and some bold attendants, whom he had brought with him, entered, although agitated with fear. . . . They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently built in a very sumptuous manner: in the middle stood a bronze statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The king, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained a sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the king, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall: 'Unfortunate king! thou hast entered here in evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed: 'By strange nations thou shalt be disposed, and thy subjects foully degraded.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said: 'I call upon the Arabs.' And upon his breast was written: 'I do my office.'

"After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a potentious and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and, the ground shaking with a tremendous roar, the

whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground, by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream."

It would be a pity to spoil so good a story by questioning its truth. Of Don Roderick it was long whispered, as of "Good King Arthur," that he was not dead, but would one day return to revenge his country's wrongs. No such event took place, however. The Moors held possession of their conquests for almost seven centuries. But, A.D. 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella offered up thanksgivings in Grenada for the success of the Christian arms, and the Moorish power was at an end.

1728, &c. Nov. 1, &c. We were in the midst of an account of Queen Christina of Sweden, daughter and only child of Gustavus Adolphus (Dugald Dalgetty's "*Lion of the North and bulwark of the Protestant Faith*") when our attention was turned aside to the pages of "Salmon's Chronology," an odd old book which gives glimpses into English historical life in a day-by-day series of curious records. Not that every day of each reign has its notice, but any on which anything occurred which Mr. Salmon thought worthy of being remembered. Great historical events are of course few and far between, and but briefly described; but his book contains many quaint facts characteristic of the day; and we think a few of these will probably amuse our readers more than to listen to our conclusions upon the very complicated character of Christina of Sweden.

"1728 (2nd year of the reign of George II.). Nov. 1. An order of council was published, declaring that upon any public or court mourning, no person should be required to put their coaches, chairs, or servants, in mourning, and that the time of such public mourning should be no more than usual."

"1730. Nov. 4. *The King and Queen* returning from Kew Green to St. James's were overturned in their coach, near Lord Peterborough's, at Parson's Green, about six in the evening; the wind having blown

out the flambeaux, so that the coachman could not see the way. But their Majesties received no hurt, nor the two ladies who were in the coach with them."

"We received advice about this time that the negroes at Bermuda had poisoned several of the white people there, for which some of them had been executed. But the planters were still in a great consternation, looking on their lives as very precarious, now the blacks took this way of revenging themselves whenever they were corrected or thought themselves hardly dealt with."

"1732. Nov. 6. *James Oglethorpe, Esq.*, embarked at Gravesend with some poor families in order to fix a colony in Georgia on the coast of Carolina." (This was the origin of the colony. The city of Savannah was founded the following year.)

"1734. Nov. 2. An edict was published in France requiring all the English, Scotch, and Irish in that kingdom, who were in no employment, from the age of eighteen to fifty, whether they had or had not been formerly in the Irish regiments in the French service, to repair and to list in some of these regiments in fifteen days, on pain, to such as have already served, of being treated as deserters; and that the rest be treated as vagabonds, and sent to the galleys. At the same time the officers of the Irish regiments listed recruits both in Great Britain and Ireland, for which but one of those officers was prosecuted; and, being convicted, only paid a very moderate fine. The English ambassador, Lord Waldegrave, presented a memorial to the Court of France against the above said edict; it being thought a little ungrateful that the British subjects should be treated worse than any other nation, after they had suffered the house of Bourbon to ravish the Spanish dominions in Italy from the Emperor." (The honesty on both sides looks questionable here.)

"*Mr. Ward*, returning from France, where he had done a great many cures (about a year ago), having had the good fortune to cure a servant of the Lord Chief Baron Reynolds in a very desperate case, by his pill and drop, which his lordship was pleased to acknowledge by a public advertisement this month, *Mr. Ward's* medicines came into high reputation, and he was attended by all degrees of men; but was so good as to give his medicines to the poor gratis."

"This month the smugglers assembled in troops, and carried off the goods they run, in the sight of the officers of the Customs in several parts of the sea-coast, particularly near Carlisle, where an officer, having found fifty barrels of brandy buried in the sand, and conveyed it to a house, forty armed Scotchmen broke open the house, and, having wounded the officer, carried off the brandy."

"1735. November. A great riot happened at this time near Ledbury in Herefordshire, where several hundred people assembled and pulled down six or seven turnpikes; and being opposed by the justices of peace, with their posse, a smart engagement ensued, in which the rioters were defeated, and some of them made prisoners."

"*Jacob Tonson, jun.*, a wealthy bookseller in the Strand, died worth 60,000*l.*, as some computed (others 100,000*l.*)."


"The Imperialists, and the French (with their allies), agree to a cessation of arms."

"1736. November. *Isaac Franks*, a Jew merchant, died at Bath, computed to be worth 300,000*l.*, and had for several years given 5000*l.* per annum to the poor."

"A Jew having sold a thousand pounds of dyed tea, was prosecuted for the cheat, and obliged to pay 10*l.* for every pound weight of the said dyed tea."

With which rather severe bit of justice we conclude our chapter of historical gossip.—Ed.

TALK UPON BOOKS.

“ CORRESPONDENT” desires *hints for family reading*. Has he reflected what a field so comprehensive a request opens? He suggests no limits either of subjects or the ages of readers, and would involve us equally, therefore, in pronouncing on the soundness of a theological essay, and the practical usefulness of a treatise on “Potty-chomania.” We shudder at such a responsibility, but venture to suggest a compromise. Let the ages of the readers be limited from seven to *the teens*, and we will give a “Talk upon Books” now and then. We have two all-sufficient reasons for making this restriction. First, in these days of self-assertion and Fenianism, none but children condescend to be guided. Secondly, we do not feel ourselves competent to guide.

Now, then, for the children. *Scripture Acrostics in Verse* (Rivingtons, London, &c., 1867) is a prettily got up little book, the contents of which will please some readers and need not offend any. They are hymnal puzzles, or puzzles in hymns, and may not, as such, hit all tastes; but there is nothing really irreverent in the attempt, and a tedious hour or two on Sunday evenings might easily be worse spent than over “Scripture Acrostics.”


The next volume which catches our eye is very pretty. *Lilliput Levée. Poems of Childhood, Child-fancy, and Child-like Mood.* (Alexander Strahan, 56, Ludgate Hill, 1867). Some of these are very charming, though some a little mystic and obscure; but on the whole it is what the children will feel to be a delicious book. In our estimation those poems are the best which attempt the least. The opening one,

“Lilliput Levée,” or a later one, “Clean Clara,” read aloud by a papa or mamma with fun in their composition, would set a whole circle of children into an ecstasy of merriment. The jokes are all so good—and the children will understand them, oh! so well—and there is a little undercurrent of quizzical wisdom throughout. The illustrations, too, are very pretty. They cannot help being so when Millais has condescended to do a good many of them. “Polly” and “Prince Phillibert” reappear here as old friends. They are both sweet touches of nature, Polly especially. The volume is one of a small square series, tastefully got up in green and gold.

Æsop's Fables is another of the same set; and Wolf, Zucken, and Dalziel have illustrated them; the pictures therefore are, for the most part, very good, though by no means equal to Tenniel's in Murray's rather larger edition. Of the text no one need say anything. It will last till printing ceases.

Dealings with Fairies, in the same set, by “George Macdonald,” will serve as a pleasant variety of stories, but we cannot say of them what we must do of *The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town*, and other tales, by Hans Christian Andersen. Doesn't his very name make the children's hearts leap into their mouths? It almost does ours. Our readers know “Will-o'-the-Wisps,” of course, from our pages, but the volume contains also “The Windmill,” and “The Sign-Board,” and “The Golden Treasure,” &c. So let the young ones be very, very good, and beg mamma to buy it as soon as possible; and then let all the family drink the health of Hans Christian Andersen of Denmark!

AUNT JUDY'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“UNT JUDY” will begin by thanking an unknown friend for a very beautiful specimen of Irish skill in fancy work (collar and sleeves), though why the donor would not allow herself to be thanked in the usual way she cannot imagine. *Aunt Judy* would have so much preferred it! It is so pleasant to fix a name to a friend, while it almost looks like boasting to publish the fact of the gift. Moreover, as the lovely things were marked within “For the Editor of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*,” but addressed outside to her daughter, an amicable struggle as to which should give way to the other went on for months between the two, and was only settled at last by the crucial test of *which they fitted best*! Which that was, however, *Aunt Judy* dares not reveal—lest, after all, there should have been a mistake!

If one whom we can only call the “Split Eagle” (his seal bearing that crest) still reads our pages, will he accept thus late in the day an expression of the Editor's deep gratification at a letter received on the first month of our appearance? It did not require an answer, but it deserved one, and there is a pleasure in giving utterance even in this imperfect way to what we felt on perusing his remarks—not, of course, only on the subject of our young serial, though his high praise of “Mrs. Overthway” was delightful to read. His letter is put by as a valuable testimony to our not having always laboured in vain; and if we have taken it out now, and made an extract from it (in the Introduction), in justification of our conduct of the magazine, we hope the “Split Eagle” will “forgive us the wrong.” His views are our views, however imperfectly we may have realised them in practice.

But *Aunt Judy* is not always petted—oh dear no! Here comes an anonymous note from the same *land* as the anonymous fancy work, though hardly from the same *hand*, and *Aunt Judy* feels herself whipped and put in the corner. There is some mistake here, that is clear. The lady has taken Thalia for Olio; and while we were giving our young friends a hint or two through a burlesque, has given us credit for attempting a portrait of “national manners!” And before this lady's ink is dry, another from across the same sea repeats the same fearful accusation in our ears, denouncing us as a specimen of what “ignorance” is capable of even in an enlightened age. Will the two ladies accept our positive assurances that no insult was intended?—that the Irish “Scaramouches” are no more accurate portraits from life than the little English prigs are who never kiss their mamma without taking care not to tumble her collar? Nay, if the ladies are not afraid to come near enough to be whispered to, *Aunt Judy* will tell them in confidence that, as far as her experience of English children goes, they are generally *much* more like the “Scaramouches” than the prigs; and she is happy to think so! . . . At the same time disorderly and untidy children (not scarce anywhere) and unmethodical, foolishly indulgent mothers (there *are* such here and there) may pick up a hint or two from the “Scaramouches” which they might not believe necessary, or like to accept except under cover of an extravagant piece of fun.

Here is more serious matter still. “A Catholic” (Romanist) accuses us of hurting her feelings; yet kindly admits that she is sure we do not wish to do so. The lady

is right; we beg her to believe it. We thank her also warmly for her commendation of what she so liberally calls our "most delightful periodical." And with regard to the expression she quotes (?), "false religion" as applied by us to her faith, we can assure her that we rushed with nervous anxiety from her letter to our "Memoranda" to search for the phrase, but in vain. If by any inadvertence we had used it we should have been ready, not only to apologise, but to expunge the objectionable words from the stereotyped plates that they might not appear in a future reprint. And we will do so yet, should we discover them. It suits our opinions quite as little as her own to call that a "false religion" which holds all the Christian verities with ourselves, though it holds other things as verities which we totally deny to be such.

But as to one or two allusions (surely never prominently obtruded?) to the "errors of Rome," we would beg "A Catholic" to make the experiment, how far she could write historical memoranda, say of the reigns of Elizabeth, James II., &c. &c., without reference to the fact of the English Reformation? The separation which took place between England and Rome, when the Pope excommunicated us for correcting what we thought the errors and abuses which had crept into the Church Catholic, has to be accounted for by us to our children as by her to hers. She will tell hers that the Reformation was not needed, and we were in error for supposing it was so. We tell ours that it *was* needed, and that imperatively, or the Reformation would have been an unpardonable schism. With children no more is needed, and each parent can correct the opposite statement by a word.

"A constant reader and admirer of *Aunt Judy*" is thanked for her kindly-intentioned hints. It is difficult, however, to account for diversities of opinion on minor points of taste. A lady at the head of a school for young ladies wrote at once

for six copies of the "Extravaganza" objected to, and it has since been acted by other young folks under their parents' eye. The "Monthly Packet" demurred to our spoiling an old fairy tale by modern jokes; but this, too, was a matter of æsthetic taste.

Aunt Judy flattered herself she could see as far through a millstone as most people; but she confesses herself fairly beaten by the "Celebrated Echo Gingeret Duet," coupled with a Latin translation of "The Threefold Cord," compiled by the "Religious Tract Society." Has Teatotalism combined with an Anti-Vulgar-tongue Association under the above superintendence?

"Bring forth the Gingeret" (of information);

"Make haste, make haste, make haste."

(Crescendo *al fine*).

"But my Gingeret now try— (Echo *planissimo*
Now try, &c., ritardando.)

Aunt Judy shakes her head in despair;— she has tried Gingeret—to no purpose.

"A Correspondent" wishes to know why "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances" terminated so abruptly, and whether we are to have no more of chatty Mrs. O. and the interesting child Ida. He suggests that though the little old lady may sometimes have sent her young auditor to sleep by discourses which flew over her head, she kept many older readers awake by her pleasant experiences of youth. In conclusion, he thinks it to be regretted that her Episodes have ceased to amuse and instruct the subscribers to *Aunt Judy*. To this expostulation *Aunt Judy* is happy to reply that good Mrs. Overthway is but biding her time. Winds and waves permitting, she is expected to reappear in some future numbers, and give an account of her own life; after which little Ida's story will go on to a happier conclusion than might have been thought possible at its commencement. The epistolical character of the tales permitted of their appearing at intervals, in spite of there being a connecting link.

"G. W. G.," our lively schoolboy friend, who witnessed the Naval Review at Spithead during his holidays, sent us a hearty letter on the subject; but, as we have not admitted correspondence into our pages, we could do no more than amuse ourselves with his report.

"A very little but very constant reader of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*" writes us a charming letter, entreating our interference on behalf of the much-persecuted race of cats. She wants us to do something to help them, as the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs helps dogs; and she describes them—we fear but too justly—as being "sadly" persecuted by the dogs, and, worst of all, by errand-boys, who seem to think them fair game for all their cruel sports.

Our kind little friend has puzzled us. We can suggest nothing but the cultivation of a more humane and less teasing spirit in boys—those great cat-haters all over the world.

As regards the cats themselves, however, there is one difficulty—they are not amenable to discipline as dogs are. Let our little friend make the experiment, and see if she is able to persuade her dear puss "Dolly" to obey an order to sit by her toys and watch them till her return.

She could hardly, we fear, be quite certain that "Dolly" would come when she was called, unless it suited her inclinations to do so.

We have ourselves a strong suspicion that the obedience and tractability of dogs form one of their great claims upon our admiration as well as our love. Our tender-hearted little correspondent must think this over.

Aunt Judy has had, naturally enough, many offers of contributions from many hands—some of them very, very young. To these she has but one answer to give. Quite as much experience, skill, knowledge of life, and wisdom, is required to write well for children as for grown-up

people; and the most ambitious young ones would be the first to weary of a magazine in which no higher powers of mind were brought to bear than those of boys and girls in their teens. Will our correspondent from Cannes (Alpes Maritimes), and others, accept this hint in answer to communications too long neglected? In one special case, however, a dear little correspondent has won, if not a place in our magazine, a very decided one in our heart. She sent us her story herself with a note full of modesty and hope; but the inexorable editorial office admitted of no softer considerations, and the tale was returned. Then followed—not the silence of disappointment, but a sweet outpouring of kind and even affectionate submission to our rebuff; the modesty deepened into humility, but not losing hope. We felt something very like a tear moisten the hard official eye, and take leave to remark, in consequence, that the best lessons are not always written ones. Let the little girl be sure of this. Oh, if we elders could but be clothed with that childishness of spirit, the kingdom we pray may come would not be far distant!

"A profound admirer, G. B.," wishes to know if *Aunt Judy* has neither games, nor puzzles, nor charades, nor acrostics for her young friends? He thinks her deficient in this respect, as little people can use teetotums before they can read, and even like to play with them afterwards. It is all very true, and we are obliged by the suggestion, and are now endeavouring to open a door for such fancy goods in moderation. See our paper, "What are the Children to do?" in the present number. We may, however, inform "A profound admirer, G. B.," that we might have been entombed under "buried cities," or smothered by "double acrostics," long ago, had we chosen. A superexcellent sample has, however, just reached us from an unknown friend somewhere in "The Mighty World." We give it, and thank *Mamma Mia* heartily.



BRUNO'S REVENGE.

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Frontispiece.]

BRUNO'S REVENGE.

IT was a very hot afternoon—too hot to go for a walk or do anything—or else it wouldn't have happened, I believe.

In the first place, I want to know why fairies should always be teaching *us* to do our duty, and lecturing *us* when we go wrong, and we should never teach *them* anything? You can't mean to say that fairies are never greedy, or selfish, or cross, or deceitful, because that would be nonsense, you know. Well then, don't you agree with me that they might be all the better for a little scolding and punishing now and then?

I really don't see why it shouldn't be tried, and I'm almost sure (only *please* don't repeat this loud in the woods) that if you could only catch a fairy, and put it in the corner, and give it nothing but bread and water for a day or two, you'd find it quite an improved character—it would take down its conceit a little, at all events.

The next question is, what is the best time for seeing fairies? I believe I can tell you all about that.

The first rule is, that it must be a *very* hot day—that we may consider as settled: and you must be just a *little* sleepy—but not too sleepy to keep your eyes open, mind. Well, and you ought to feel a little—what one may call “fairyish”—the Scotch call it “eerie,” and perhaps that's a prettier word; if you don't know what it means, I'm afraid I can hardly explain it; you must wait till you meet a fairy, and then you'll know.

And the last rule is, that the crickets shouldn't be chirping. I can't stop to explain that rule just now—you must take it on trust for the present.

So, if all these things happen together, you've a good chance of seeing a fairy—or at least a much better chance than if they didn't.

The one I'm going to tell you about was a real, naughty little fairy. Properly speaking, there were two of them, and one was naughty and one was good, but perhaps you would have found that out for yourself.

Now we really *are* going to begin the story.

It was Tuesday afternoon, about half past three—it's always best

to be particular as to dates—and I had wandered down into the wood by the lake, partly because I had nothing to do, and that seemed to be a good place to do it in, and partly (as I said at first) because it was too hot to be comfortable anywhere, except under trees.

The first thing I noticed, as I went lazily along through an open place in the wood, was a large beetle lying struggling on its back, and I went down directly on one knee to help the poor thing on its feet again. In some things, you know, you can't be quite sure what an insect would like: for instance, I never could quite settle, supposing I were a moth, whether I would rather be kept out of the candle, or be allowed to fly straight in and get burnt—or again, supposing I were a spider, I'm not sure if I should be *quite* pleased to have my web torn down, and the fly let loose—but I feel quite certain that, if I were a beetle and had rolled over on my back, I should always be glad to be helped up again.

So, as I was saying, I had gone down on one knee, and was just reaching out a little stick to turn the beetle over, when I saw a sight that made me draw back hastily and hold my breath, for fear of making any noise and frightening the little creature away.

Not that she looked as if she would be easily frightened: she seemed so good and gentle that I'm sure she would never expect that any one could wish to hurt her. She was only a few inches high, and was dressed in green, so that you really would hardly have noticed her among the long grass; and she was so delicate and graceful that she quite seemed to belong to the place, almost as if she were one of the flowers. I may tell you, besides, that she had no wings (I don't believe in fairies with wings), and that she had quantities of long brown hair and large earnest brown eyes, and then I shall have done all I can to give you an idea of what she was like.

Sylvie (I found out her name afterwards) had knelt down, just as I was doing, to help the beetle; but it needed more than a little stick for *her* to get it on its legs again; it was as much as she could do, with both arms, to roll the heavy thing over; and all the while she was talking to it, half scolding and half comforting, as a nurse might do with a child that had fallen down.

"There, there! You needn't cry so much about it; you're not killed yet—though if you were, you couldn't cry, you know, and so it's a general rule against crying, my dear! And how did you come to

tumble over? But I can see well enough how it was—I needn't ask you that—walking over sand-pits with your chin in the air, as usual. Of course if you go among sand-pits like that, you must expect to tumble; you should look."

The beetle murmured something that sounded like "I *did* look," and Sylvie went on again:

"But I know you didn't! You never do! You always walk with your chin up—you're so dreadfully conceited. Well, let's see how many legs are broken this time. Why, none of them, I declare! though that's certainly more than you deserve. And what's the good of having six legs, my dear, if you can only kick them all about in the air when you tumble? Legs are meant to walk with, you know. Now don't be cross about it, and don't begin putting out your wings yet; I've some more to say. Go down to the frog that lives behind that buttercup—give him my compliments—Sylvie's compliments—can you say 'compliments'?"

The beetle tried and, I suppose, succeeded.

"Yes, that's right. And tell him he's to give you some of that salve I left with him yesterday. And you'd better get him to rub it in for you; he's got rather cold hands, but you mustn't mind that."

I think the beetle must have shuddered at this idea, for Sylvie went on in a graver tone—"Now you needn't pretend to be so particular as all that, as if you were too grand to be rubbed by a frog. The fact is, you ought to be very much obliged to him. Suppose you could get nobody but a toad to do it, how would you like that?"

There was a little pause, and then Sylvie added, "Now you may go. Be a good beetle, and don't keep your chin in the air." And then began one of those performances of humming, and whizzing, and restless banging about, such as a beetle indulges in when it has decided on flying, but hasn't quite made up its mind which way to go. At last, in one of its awkward zigzags, it managed to fly right into my face, and by the time I had recovered from the shock, the little fairy was gone.

I looked about in all directions for the little creature, but there was no trace of her—and my "eerie" feeling was quite gone off, and the crickets were chirping again merrily—so I knew she was really gone.

And now I've got time to tell you the rule about the crickets. They always leave off chirping when a fairy goes by—because a fairy's a

kind of queen over them, I suppose—at all events it's a much grander thing than a cricket—so whenever you're walking out, and the crickets suddenly leave off chirping, you may be sure that either they see a fairy, or else they're frightened at your coming so near.

I walked on sadly enough, you may be sure. However, I comforted myself with thinking "It's been a very wonderful afternoon, so far—I'll just go quietly on and look about me, and I shouldn't wonder if I come across another fairy somewhere."

Peering about in this way, I happened to notice a plant with rounded leaves, and with queer little holes cut out in the middle of several of them. "Ah! The leafcutter bee," I carelessly remarked—you know I am very learned in natural history (for instance, I can always tell kittens from chickens at one glance)—and I was passing on, when a sudden thought made me stoop down and examine the leaves more carefully.

Then a little thrill of delight ran through me—for I noticed that the holes were all arranged so as to form letters; there were three leaves side by side, with "B," "R," and "U" marked on them, and after some search I found two more, which contained an "N" and an "O."

By this time the "eerie" feeling had all come back again, and I suddenly observed that no crickets were chirping; so I felt quite sure that "Bruno" was a fairy, and that he was somewhere very near.

And so indeed he was—so near that I had very nearly walked over him without seeing him; which would have been dreadful, always supposing that fairies *can* be walked over—my own belief is that they are something of the nature of will-o'-the-wisps, and there's no walking over them.

Think of any pretty little boy you know, rather fat, with rosy cheeks, large dark eyes, and tangled brown hair, and then fancy him made small enough to go comfortably into a coffee-cup, and you'll have a very fair idea of what the little creature was like.

"What's your name, little fellow?" I began, in as soft a voice as I could manage. And, by the way, that's another of the curious things in life that I never could quite understand—why we always begin by asking little children their names; is it because we fancy there isn't quite enough of them, and a name will help to make them a little bigger? You never thought of asking a real large man his name, now, did you? But, however that may be, I felt it quite necessary to

know his name; so, as he didn't answer my question, I asked it again a little louder. "What's your name, my little man?"

"What's yours?" he said, without looking up.

"My name's Lewis Carroll," I said, quite gently, for he was much too small to be angry with for answering so uncivilly.

"Duke of Anything?" he asked, just looking at me for a moment, and then going on with his work.

"Not Duke at all," I said, a little ashamed of having to confess it.

"You're big enough to be two Dukes," said the little creature; "I suppose you're Sir Something, then?"

"No," I said, feeling more and more ashamed. "I haven't got any title."

The fairy seemed to think that in that case I really wasn't worth the trouble of talking to, for he quietly went on digging, and tearing the flowers to pieces as fast as he got them out of the ground.

After a few minutes I tried again. "*Please* tell me what your name is."

"B'uno," the little fellow answered, very readily: "why didn't you say 'please' before?"

"That's something like what we used to be taught in the nursery," I thought to myself, looking back through the long years (about a hundred and fifty of them) to the time when I used to be a little child myself. And here an idea came into my head, and I asked him "Aren't you one of the fairies that teach children to be good?"

"Well, we have to do that sometimes," said Bruno, "and a d'eadful bother it is." As he said this, he savagely tore a heartsease in two, and trampled on the pieces.

"What *are* you doing there, Bruno?" I said.

"Spoiling Sylvie's garden," was all the answer Bruno would give at first. But, as he went on tearing up the flowers, he muttered to himself "The nasty c'oss thing—wouldn't let me go and play this morning, though I wanted to ever so much—said I must finish my lessons first—lessons, indeed!—I'll vex her finely, though!"

"Oh, Bruno, you shouldn't do that!" I cried. "Don't you know that's revenge? And revenge is a wicked, cruel, dangerous thing!"

"River-edge?" said Bruno. "What a funny word! I suppose you call it c'oeol and dangerous because if you went too far and tumbled in, you'd get d'owned."

"No, not river-edge," I explained: "rev-enge" (saying the word very slowly and distinctly). But I couldn't help thinking that Bruno's explanation did very well for either word.

"Oh!" said Bruno, opening his eyes very wide, but without attempting to repeat the word.

"Come! Try and pronounce it, Bruno!" I said, cheerfully. "Rev-enge, rev-enge."

But Bruno only tossed his little head, and said he couldn't; that his mouth wasn't the right shape for words of that kind. And the more I laughed, the more sulky the little fellow got about it.

"Well, never mind, little man!" I said. "Shall I help you with the job you've got there?"

"Yes, please," Bruno said, quite pacified. "Only I wish I could think of something to vex her more than this. You don't know how hard it is to make her ang'y!"

"Now listen to me, Bruno, and I'll teach you quite a splendid kind of revenge!"

"Something that'll vex her finely?" Bruno asked with gleaming eyes.

"Something that'll vex her finely. First, we'll get up all the weeds in her garden. See, there are a good many at this end—quite hiding the flowers."

"But *that* won't vex her," said Bruno, looking rather puzzled.

"After that," I said, without noticing the remark, "we'll water this highest bed—up here. You see it's getting quite dry and dusty."

Bruno looked at me inquisitively, but he said nothing this time.

"Then after that," I went on, "the walks want sweeping a bit; and I think you might cut down that tall nettle—it's so close to the garden that it's quite in the way——"

"What *are* you talking about?" Bruno impatiently interrupted me. "All that won't vex her a bit!"

"Won't it?" I said, innocently. "Then, after that, suppose we put in some of these coloured pebbles—just to mark the divisions between the different kinds of flowers, you know. That'll have a very pretty effect."

Bruno turned round and had another good stare at me. At last there came an odd little twinkle in his eye, and he said, with quite a new meaning in his voice, "Ve'y well—let's put 'em in rows—all the 'ed together, and all the blue together."

"That'll do capitally," I said; "and then—what kind of flowers does Sylvie like best in her garden?"

Bruno had to put his thumb in his mouth and consider a little before he could answer. "Violets," he said, at last.

"There's a beautiful bed of violets down by the lake——"

"Oh, let's fetch 'em!" cried Bruno, giving a little skip into the air. "Here! Catch hold of my hand, and I'll help you along. The grass is rather thick down that way."

I couldn't help laughing at his having so entirely forgotten what a big creature he was talking to. "No, not yet, Bruno," I said; "we must consider what's the right thing to do first. You see we've got quite a business before us."

"Yes, let's consider," said Bruno, putting his thumb into his mouth again, and sitting down upon a dead mouse.

"What do you keep that mouse for?" I said. "You should bury it, or throw it into the lake."

"Why, it's to measure with!" cried Bruno. "How ever would you do a garden without one? We make each bed three mouses and a half long, and two mouses wide."

I stopped him, as he was dragging it off by the tail to show me how it was used, for I was half afraid the "eerie" feeling might go off before we had finished the garden, and in that case I should see no more of him or Sylvie. "I think the best way will be for *you* to weed the beds, while *I* sort out these pebbles, ready to mark the walks with."

"That's it!" cried Bruno. "And I'll tell you about the caterpillars while we work."

"Ah, let's hear about the caterpillars," I said, as I drew the pebbles together into a heap, and began dividing them into colours.

And Bruno went on in a low, rapid tone, more as if he were talking to himself. "Yesterday I saw two little caterpillars, when I was sitting by the brook, just where you go into the wood. They were quite green, and they had yellow eyes, and they didn't see *me*. And one of them had got a moth's wing to carry—a great brown moth's wing, you know, all d'y, with feathers. So he couldn't want it to eat, I should think—perhaps he meant to make a cloak for the winter?"

"Perhaps," I said, for Bruno had twisted up the last word into a sort of question, and was looking at me for an answer.

One word was quite enough for the little fellow, and he went on merrily. "Well, and so he didn't want the other caterpillar to see the moth's wing, you know—so what must he do but t'y to carry it with all his left legs, and he t'ied to walk on the other set. Of course he toppled over after that."

"After what?" I said, catching at the last word, for, to tell the truth, I hadn't been attending much.

"He toppled over," Bruno repeated, very gravely, "and if *you* ever saw a caterpillar topple over, you'd know it's a serious thing, and not sit g'inning like that—and I shan't tell you any more."

"Indeed and indeed, Bruno, I didn't mean to grin. See, I'm quite grave again now."

But Bruno only folded his arms, and said "Don't tell *me*. I see a little twinkle in one of your eyes—just like the moon."

"Am *I* like the moon, Bruno?" I asked.

"Your face is large and round like the moon," Bruno answered, looking at me thoughtfully. "It doesn't shine quite so bright—but it's cleaner."

I couldn't help smiling at this. "You know I wash *my* face, Bruno. The moon never does that."

"Oh, doesn't she though!" cried Bruno; and he leant forwards and added in a solemn whisper "The moon's face gets dirtier and dirtier every night, till it's black all a'o'ss. And then, when it's dirty all over—*so*—" (he passed his hand across his own rosy cheeks as he spoke) "then she washes it."

"And then it's all clean again, isn't it?"

"Not all in a moment," said Bruno. "What a deal of teaching you want! She washes it little by little—only she begins at the other edge."

By this time he was sitting quietly on the dead mouse with his arms folded, and the weeding wasn't getting on a bit: so I was obliged to say "Work first and pleasure afterwards—no more talking till that bed's finished."

After that we had a few minutes of silence, while I sorted out the pebbles, and amused myself with watching Bruno's plan of gardening. It was quite a new plan to me: he always measured each bed before he weeded it, as if he was afraid the weeding would make it shrink; and once, when it came out longer than he wished, he set to work to

thump the mouse with his tiny fist, crying out "There now! It's all 'ong again! Why don't you keep your tail st'aight when I tell you!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Bruno said in a half-whisper, as we worked: "I'll get you an invitation to the king's dinner-party. I know one of the head-waiters."

I couldn't help laughing at this idea. "Do the waiters invite the guests?" I asked.

"Oh, not to *sit down*!" Bruno hastily replied. "But to help, you know. You'd like that, wouldn't you? To hand about plates, and so on."

"Well, but that's not so nice as sitting at the table, is it?"

"Of course it isn't," Bruno said, in a tone as if he rather pitied my ignorance; "but if you're not even Sir Anything, you can't expect to be allowed to sit at the table, you know."

I said, as meekly as I could, that I didn't expect it, but it was the only way of going to a dinner-party that I really enjoyed. And Bruno tossed his head, and said, in a rather offended tone, that I might do as I pleased—there were many he knew that would give their ears to go.

"Have you ever been yourself, Bruno?"

"They invited me once last year," Bruno said, very gravely. "It was to wash up the soup-plates—no, the cheese-plates I mean—that was g'and enough. But the g'andest thing of all was, I fetched the Duke of Dandelion a glass of cider!"

"That *was* grand!" I said, biting my lip to keep myself from laughing.

"Wasn't it?" said Bruno, very earnestly. "You know it isn't every one that's had such an honour as *that*!"

This set me thinking of the various queer things we call "an honour" in this world, which, after all, haven't a bit more honour in them than what the dear little Bruno enjoyed (by the way, I hope you're beginning to like him a little, naughty as he was?) when he took the Duke of Dandelion a glass of cider.

I don't know how long I might have dreamed on in this way, if Bruno hadn't suddenly roused me. "Oh, come here quick!" he cried, in a state of the wildest excitement. "Catch hold of his other horn! I can't hold him more than a minute!"

He was struggling desperately with a great snail, clinging to one of its horns, and nearly breaking his poor little back in his efforts to drag it over a blade of grass.

I saw we should have no more gardening if I let this sort of thing go on, so I quietly took the snail away, and put it on a bank where he couldn't reach it. "We'll hunt it afterwards, Bruno," I said, "if you really want to catch it. But what's the use of it when you've got it?"

"What's the use of a fox when you've got it?" said Bruno. "I know you big things hunt foxes."

I tried to think of some good reason why "big things" should hunt foxes, and he shouldn't hunt snails, but none came into my head: so I said at last "Well, I suppose one's as good as the other. I'll go snail-hunting myself some day."

"I should think you wouldn't be so silly," said Bruno, "as to go snail-hunting all by yourself. Why, you'd never get the snail along, if you hadn't somebody to hold on to his other horn!"

"Of course I shan't go alone," I said, quite gravely. "By the way, is that the best kind to hunt, or do you recommend the ones without shells?"

"Oh no, we never hunt the ones without shells," Bruno said, with a little shudder at the thought of it. "They're always so c'oss about it; and then, if you tumble over them, they're ever so sticky!"

By this time we had nearly finished the garden. I had fetched some violets, and Bruno was just helping me to put in the last, when he suddenly stopped and said, "I'm tired."

"Rest, then," I said: "I can go on without you."

Bruno needed no second invitation: he at once began arranging the dead mouse as a kind of sofa. "And I'll sing you a little song," he said as he rolled it about.

"Do," said I: "there's nothing I should like better."

"Which song will you choose?" Bruno said, as he dragged the mouse into a place where he could get a good view of me. "'Ting, ting, ting,' is the nicest."

There was no resisting such a strong hint as this: however, I pretended to think about it for a moment, and then said "Well, I like 'Ting, ting, ting' best of all."

"That shows you're a good judge of music," Bruno said, with a pleased look. "How many blue-bells would you like?" And he put his thumb into his mouth to help me to consider.

As there was only one blue-bell within easy reach, I said very gravely that I thought one would do *this* time, and I picked it and gave

it to him. Bruno ran his hand once or twice up and down the flowers, like a musician trying an instrument, producing a most delicious delicate tinkling as he did so. I had never heard flower-music before—I don't think one can, unless one's in the "eerie" state—and I don't know quite how to give you an idea of what it was like, except by saying that it sounded like a peal of bells a thousand miles off. When he had satisfied himself that the flowers were in tune, he seated himself on the dead mouse (he never seemed really comfortable anywhere else), and, looking up at me with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he began. By the way, the tune was rather a curious one, and you might like to try it for yourself, so here are the notes.



“Rise, oh, rise! The daylight dies:
 The owls are hooting, ting, ting, ting!
 Wake, oh, wake! Beside the lake
 The elves are fluting, ting, ting, ting!
 Welcoming our fairy king
 We sing, sing, sing.”

He sang the first four lines briskly and merrily, making the blue-bells chime in time with the music; but the last two he sang quite slowly and gently, and merely waved the flowers backwards and forwards above his head. And when he had finished the first verse, he left off to explain. “The name of our fairy king is Obberwon” (he meant “Oberon,” I believe), “and he lives over the lake—*there*—and now and then he comes in a little boat—and then we go and meet him—and then we sing this song, you know.”

“And then you go and dine with him?” I said, mischievously.

“You shouldn't talk,” Bruno hastily said: “it interrupts the song so.”

I said I wouldn't do it again.

"I never talk myself when I'm singing," he went, on very gravely;
"so you shouldn't either." Then he tuned the blue-bells once more,
and sang.

"Hear, oh, hear! From far and near
A music stealing, ting, ting, ting!
Fairy bells adown the dells
Are merrily pealing, ting, ting, ting!
Welcoming our fairy king
We ring, ring, ring.

"See, oh, see! On every tree
What lamps are shining, ting, ting, ting!
They are eyes of fiery flies
To light our dining, ting, ting, ting!
Welcoming our fairy king
They swing, swing, swing.

"Haste, oh, haste! to take and taste
The dainties waiting, ting, ting, ting!
Honey-dew is stored——"

"Hush, Bruno!" I interrupted, in a warning whisper. "She's coming!"

Bruno checked his song only just in time for Sylvie not to hear him, and then, catching sight of her as she slowly made her way through the long grass, he suddenly rushed out headlong at her like a little bull, shouting "Look the other way! Look the other way!"

"Which way?" Sylvie asked, in rather a frightened tone, as she looked round in all directions to see where the danger could be.

"*That way!*" said Bruno, carefully turning her round with her face to the wood. "Now, walk backwards—walk gently—don't be frightened: you shan't t'ip!"

But Sylvie did "t'ip" notwithstanding: in fact he led her, in his hurry, across so many little sticks and stones, that it was really a wonder the poor child could keep on her feet at all. But he was far too much excited to think of what he was doing.

I silently pointed out to Bruno the best place to lead her to, so as to get a view of the whole garden at once: it was a little rising ground, about the height of a potato; and, when they had mounted it, I drew back into the shade, that Sylvie mightn't see me.

I heard Bruno cry out triumphantly "*Now you may look!*" and then followed a great clapping of hands, but it was all done by Bruno himself. Sylvie was quite silent—she only stood and gazed with her hands clasped tightly together, and I was half afraid she didn't like it after all.

Bruno too was watching her anxiously, and when she jumped down off the mound, and began wandering up and down the little walks, he cautiously followed her about, evidently anxious that she should form her own opinion of it all, without any hint from him. And when at last she drew a long breath, and gave her verdict—in a hurried whisper, and without the slightest regard to grammar—"It's the loveliest thing as I never saw in all my life before!" the little fellow looked as well pleased as if it had been given by all the judges and juries in England put together.

"And did you really do it all by yourself, Bruno?" said Sylvie. "And all for me?"

"I was helped a bit," Bruno began, with a merry little laugh at her surprise. "We've been at it all the afternoon—I thought you'd like —" and here the poor little fellow's lip began to quiver, and all in a moment he burst out crying, and running up to Sylvie he flung his arms passionately round her neck, and hid his face on her shoulder.

There was a little quiver in Sylvie's voice too, as she whispered "Why, what's the matter, darling?" and tried to lift up his head and kiss him.

But Bruno only clung to her, sobbing, and wouldn't be comforted till he had confessed all. "I tried—to spoil your garden—first—but—I'll never—never —" and then came another burst of tears, which drowned the rest of the sentence. At last he got out the words "I liked—putting in the flowers—for *you*, Sylvie—and I never was so happy before—" and the rosy little face came up at last to be kissed, all wet with tears as it was.

Sylvie was crying too by this time, and she said nothing but "Bruno dear!" and "I never was so happy before—" though why two children who had never been so happy before should both be crying, was a great mystery to me.

I felt very happy too, but of course I didn't cry: "big things" never do, you know—we leave all that to the fairies. Only I think

it must have been raining a little just then, for I found a drop or two on my cheeks.

After that they went through the whole garden again, flower by flower, as if it were a long sentence they were spelling out, with kisses for commas, and a great hug by way of a full-stop when they got to the end.

"Do you know, that was my river-edge, Sylvie?" Bruno began, looking solemnly at her.

Sylvie laughed merrily. "What *do* you mean?" she said; and she pushed back her heavy brown hair with both hands, and looked at him with dancing eyes in which the big tear-drops were still glittering.

Bruno drew in a long breath, and made up his mouth for a great effort. "I mean rev—enge," he said: "now you under'tand." And he looked so happy and proud at having said the word right at last, that I quite envied him. I rather think Sylvie didn't "under'tand" at all; but she gave him a little kiss on each cheek, which seemed to do just as well.

So they wandered off lovingly together, in among the buttercups, each with an arm twined round the other, whispering and laughing as they went, and never so much as once looked back at poor me. Yes, once, just before I quite lost sight of them, Bruno half turned his head, and nodded me a saucy little good-bye over one shoulder. And that was all the thanks I got for *my* trouble.

I know you're sorry the story's come to an end—aren't you?—so I'll just tell you one thing more. The very last thing I saw of them was this—Sylvie was stooping down with her arms round Bruno's neck, and saying coaxingly in his ear "Do you know, Bruno, I've quite forgotten that hard word—do say it once more. Come! Only this once, dear!"

But Bruno wouldn't try it again.

LEWIS CARROLL.

IN THE STARLIGHT.



MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all,—

Papa, mamma, and brother,—

And sister with the golden locks,

Which oft your dear face smother :

To little blue-eyed baby, too,

Who crawls his hands and knees on,

I offer all the compliments

Of this delightful season.

Last night, before we said our pray'rs,

Louisa read a story

About the star of Bethlehem,

And how in all their glory

The Heavenly Host appear'd to those

Poor shepherds, who were keeping

Their flocks upon the silent plains,

While other men were sleeping.

And then she told us of the Babe,

All in the manger lying ;

But, though the candles went quite out,

Not one of us was crying

At being in the dark so long,

For stars and moon were shining,

To tell us that the darkest clouds

All have a silver lining.

When all the story had been read,

We sung (you couldn't hear us!)

About the angels, who, I hope,

At night are often near us ;

And then we knelt beside the bed—

So closely to each other—

And offer'd up our daily pray'rs

For father and for mother.

Sometimes at night I couldn't sleep,
 And once or twice was crying
 With grief to think that even then
 Some children might be dying:
 To whom their friends had never told
 That beautiful old story,
 Of Jesus born at Bethlehem,
 And of the angels' glory.

Ah! there's the sexton going by,
 To wake up all the ringers;
 And Mr. Quaver, running down
 To Michael Wood, the singer's.
 So "Merry Christmas!" once again
 To all, both gay and moody;
 And everybody sends kind love
 To clever, good Aunt Judy!

EDWARD LEGGE.

THREE CHRISTMAS-TREES.



HIS is a story of Three Christmas-Trees. The first was a real one, but the child we are to speak of did not see it. He saw the other two, but they were not real; they only existed in his fancy. The plot of the story is very simple; and, as it has been described so early, it is easy for those who think it stupid to lay the book down in good time.

Probably, every child who reads this has seen one Christmas-tree or more; but, in the small town of a distant colony with which we have to do, this could not at one time have been said. Christmas-trees were then by no means so universal, even in England, as they now are, and, in this little colonial town, they were unknown. Unknown, that is, till the Governor's wife gave her great children's party. At which point we will begin the story.

The Governor had given a great many parties in his time. He had entertained big wigs and little wigs, the passing military, and the local grandees. Everybody who had the remotest claim to attention

had been attended to: the ladies had had their full share of balls and pleasure parties: only one class of the population had any complaint to prefer against his hospitality; but the class was a large one—it was the children. However, he was a bachelor, and knew little or nothing about little boys and girls: let us pity rather than blame him. At last he took to himself a wife; and, among the many advantages of this important step, was a due recognition of the claims of these young citizens. It was towards happy Christmas-tide, that “the Governor’s amiable and admired lady” (as she was styled in the local newspaper) sent out notes for her first children’s party. At the top of the note-paper was a very red robin, who carried a blue Christmas greeting in his mouth, and at the bottom—written with the A. D. C.’s best flourish—were the magic words, *A Christmas-Tree*. In spite of the flourishes—partly, perhaps, because of them—the A. D. C.’s handwriting, though handsome, was rather illegible. But, for all this, most of the children invited contrived to read these words, and those who could not do so were not slow to learn the news by hearsay. There was to be a Christmas-Tree! It would be like a birthday party, with this above ordinary birthdays, that there were to be presents for every one.

One of the children invited lived in a little white house, with a spruce fir-tree before the door. The spruce fir did this good service to the little house, that it helped people to find their way to it; and it was by no means easy for a stranger to find his way to any given house in this little town, especially if the house were small and white, and stood in one of the back streets. For most of the houses were small, and most of them were painted white, and the back streets ran parallel to each other, and had no names, and were all so much alike that it was very confusing. For instance, if you had asked the way to Mr. So-and-So’s, it is very probable that some friend would have directed you as follows: “Go straight forward and take the first turning to your left, and you will find that there are four streets, which run at right angles to the one you are in, and parallel to each other. Each of them has got a big pine in it—one of the old forest trees. Take the last street but one, and the fifth white house you come to is Mr. So-and-So’s. He has green blinds and a coloured servant.” You would not always have got such clear directions as these, but with them you would probably have found the house at

last, partly by accident, partly by the blinds and coloured servant. Some of the neighbours affirmed that the little white house had a name; that all the houses and the streets had names, only they were traditional and not recorded anywhere; that very few people knew them, and nobody made any use of them. The name of the little white house was said to be Trafalgar Villa, which seemed so inappropriate to the modest peaceful little home, that the man who lived in it tried to find out why it had been so called. He thought that his predecessor must have been in the navy, until he found that he had been the owner of what is called a "dry-goods store," which seems to mean a shop where things are sold which are not good to eat—such as drapery, or pots and pans. At last somebody said, that as there was a public-house called the "Duke of Wellington" at the corner of the street, there probably had been a nearer one called "The Nelson," which had been burnt down, and that the man who built "The Nelson" had built the house with the spruce fir before it, and that so the name had arisen. An explanation which was just so far probable, that public-houses and fires were of frequent occurrence in those parts.

But this has nothing to do with the story. Only we must say, as we said before, and as we should have said had we been living there then, the child we speak of lived in the little white house with one spruce fir just in front of it.

Of all the children who looked forward to the Christmas-tree, he looked forward to it the most intensely. He was an imaginative child, of a simple, happy nature, easy to please. His father was an Englishman, and in the long winter evenings he would tell the child tales of the old country, to which his mother would listen also. Perhaps the parents enjoyed these stories the most. To the boy they were new, and consequently delightful, but to the parents they were old; and, as regards some stories, that is better still.

"What kind of a bird is this on my letter?" asked the boy on the day which brought the Governor's lady's note of invitation. "And, oh! what is a Christmas-tree?"

"The bird is an English robin," said his father. "It is quite another bird to that which is called a robin here: it is smaller and rounder, and has a redder breast and bright dark eyes, and lives and sings at home through the winter. A Christmas-tree is a fir-tree—just such a one as that outside the door—brought into the house and covered with lights

and presents. Picture to yourself our fir-tree lighted up with tapers on all the branches, with dolls, and trumpets, and bonbons, and drums, and toys of all kinds hanging from it like fir-cones, and on the tip-top shoot a figure of a Christmas Angel in white, with a star upon its head."

"Fancy!" said the boy.

And fancy he did. Every day he looked at the spruce fir, and tried to imagine it laden with presents, and brilliant with tapers, and thought how wonderful must be that "old country"—*Home*, as it was called, even by those who had never seen it, where the robins were so very red, and where at Christmas the fir-trees were hung with toys instead of cones.

It was certainly a pity that, two days before the party, an original idea on the subject of snowmen struck one of the children who used to play together, with their sleds and snow-shoes, in the back streets. The idea was this: That instead of having a common-place snowman, whose legs were obliged to be mere stumps, for fear he should be top-heavy, and who couldn't walk, even with them, who, in fact, could do nothing but stand at the corner of the street, holding his impotent stick, and staring with his pebble eyes, till he was broken to pieces or ignominiously carried away by a thaw,—that, instead of this, they should have a real, live snowman, who should walk on competent legs, to the astonishment and (happy thought!) perhaps to the alarm of the passers-by. This delightful novelty was to be accomplished by covering one of the boys of the party with snow till he looked as like a real snowman as circumstances would admit. At first, everybody wanted to be the snowman, but, when it came to the point, it was found to be so much duller to stand still and be covered up than to run about and work, that no one was willing to act the part. At last it was undertaken by the little boy from the Fir House. He was somewhat small, but then he was so good-natured he would always do as he was asked. So he stood manfully still, with his arms folded over a walking-stick upon his breast, whilst the others heaped the snow upon him. The plan was not so successful as they had hoped. The snow would not stick anywhere except on his shoulders, and when it got into his neck he cried with the cold; but they were so anxious to carry out their project, that they begged him to bear it "just a little longer;" and the urchin who had devised the original idea wiped the child's eyes with his handkerchief and (with that hopefulness which is so

easy over other people's matters) "dared say that when all the snow was on, he wouldn't feel it." However, he did feel it, and that so severely that the children were obliged to give up the game, and, taking the stick out of his stiff little arms, to lead him home.

It appears that it is with snowmen as with some other men in conspicuous positions. It is easier to find fault with them than to take their place.

The end of this was a feverish cold, and, when the day of the party came, the ex-snowman was still in bed. It is due to the other children to say that they felt the disappointment as keenly as he did, and that it greatly damped the pleasure of the party for them to think that they had prevented his sharing in the treat. The most penitent of all was the deviser of the original idea. He had generously offered to stay at home with the little patient, which was as generously refused; but the next evening he was allowed to come and sit on the bed, and describe it all for the amusement of his friend. He was a quaint boy, this urchin, with a face as broad as an American-Indian's, eyes as bright as a squirrel's, and all the mischief in life lurking about him, till you could see roguishness in the very folds of his hooded Indian winter coat of blue and scarlet. In his hand he brought the sick child's present: a dray with two white horses, and little barrels that took off and on, and a driver, with wooden joints, a cloth coat, and everything, in fact, that was suitable to the driver of a brewer's dray, except that he had blue boots and earrings, and that his hair was painted in braids like a lady's, which is clearly the fault of the doll manufacturers, who will persist in making them all of the weaker sex.

"And what was the Christmas-tree like?" asked the invalid.

"Exactly like the fir outside your door," was the reply. "Just about that size, and planted in a pot covered with red cloth. It was kept in another room till after tea, and then when the door was opened it was like a street fire in the town at night—such a blaze of light! Candles everywhere! And on all the branches the most beautiful presents. I got a drum and a penwiper."

"Was there an angel?" the child asked.

"Oh, yes!" the boy answered. "It was on the tip-top branch, and it was given to me, and I brought it for you, if you would like it; for, you know, I am so very, very sorry I thought of a snowman and made you ill, and I do love you, and beg you to forgive me."

And the roguish face stooped over the pillow to be kissed; and out of a pocket in the hooded coat came forth the Christmas Angel. In the face it bore a strong family likeness to the drayman, but its feet were hidden in folds of snowy muslin, and on its head glittered a tinsel star.

"How lovely!" said the child. "Father told me about this. I like it best of all. And it is very kind of you, for it is not your fault that I caught cold. I should have liked it if we could have done it, but I think to enjoy being a snowman one should be snow all through."

They had tea together, and then the invalid was tucked up for the night. The dray was put away in the cupboard, but he took the angel to bed with him.

And so ended the first of the Three Christmas-Trees.

* * * * *

Except for a warm glow from the wood fire in the stove, the room was dark; but about midnight it seemed to the child that a sudden blaze of light filled the chamber. At the same moment the window curtains were drawn aside, and he saw that the spruce fir had come close up to the panes, and was peeping in. Ah! how beautiful it looked! It had become a Christmas-tree. Lighted tapers shone from every familiar branch, toys of the most fascinating appearance hung like fruit, and on the tip-top shoot there stood the Christmas Angel. He tried to count the candles, but somehow it was impossible. When he looked at them they seemed to change places—to move—to become like the angel, and then to be candles again, whilst the flames nodded to each other and repeated the blue greeting of the robin, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" Then he tried to distinguish the presents, but, beautiful as the toys looked, he could not exactly discover what any of them were, or choose which he would like best. Only the angel he could see clearly—so clearly! It was more beautiful than the doll under his pillow; it had a lovely face like his own mother's, he thought, and on its head gleamed a star far brighter than tinsel. Its white robes waved with the flames of the tapers, and it stretched its arms towards him with a smile.

"I am to go and choose my present," thought the child; and he called "Mother! mother, dear! please open the window."

But his mother did not answer. So he thought he must get up himself, and, with an effort, he struggled out of bed.

But when he was on his feet, everything seemed changed! Only the fire-light shone upon the walls, and the curtains were once more firmly closed before the window. It had been a dream, but so vivid that in his feverish state he still thought it must be true, and dragged the curtains back to let in the glorious sight again. The fire-light shone upon a thick coating of frost upon the panes, but no further could he see, so with all his strength he pushed the window open and leant out into the night.

The spruce fir stood in its old place, but it looked very beautiful in its Christmas dress. Beneath it lay a carpet of pure white. The snow was clustered in exquisite shapes upon its plumy branches, wrapping the tree top with its little cross shoots, as a white robe might wrap a figure with outstretched arms.

There were no tapers to be seen, but northern lights shot up into the dark blue sky, and just over the fir-tree shone a bright, bright star.

"Jupiter looks well to-night," said the old Professor in the town observatory, as he fixed his telescope; but to the child it seemed as the star of a Christmas Angel.

His mother had really heard him call, and now came and put him back to bed again. And so ended the second of the Three Christmas-Trees.

* * * * *

It was enough to have killed him, all his friends said, but it did not. He lived to be a man, and—what is rarer—to keep the faith, the simplicity, the tender-heartedness, the vivid fancy of his childhood. He lived to see many Christmas-trees "at home," in that old country where the robins are red-breasts, and sing in winter. There a heart as good and gentle as his own became one with his; and once he brought his young wife across the sea to visit the place where he was born. They stood near the little white house, and he told her the story of the Christmas-trees.

"This was when I was a child," he added.

"But that you are still," said she; and she plucked a bit of fir-tree and kissed it, and carried it away.

He lived to tell the story to his children, and even to his grandchildren; but he never was able to decide which of the two was the more beautiful—the Christmas-Tree of his dream or the Spruce Fir as it stood in the loveliness of that winter night.

This is told—not that it has anything to do with any of the Three Christmas-Trees, but to show that the story is a happy one, as is right and proper—that the hero lived, and married, and had children, and was as prosperous as good people, in books, should always be.

Of course he died at last. The best and happiest of men must die ; and it is only because some stories stop short in their history that every hero is not duly buried before we lay down the book.

When death came for our hero he was an old man. The beloved wife, some of his children, and many of his friends had died before him, and of those whom he had loved there were fewer to leave than to rejoin. He had had a short illness, with little pain, and was now lying on his deathbed in one of the big towns in the North of England. His youngest son, a clergyman, was with him, and one or two others of his children, and by the fire sat the doctor.

The doctor had been sitting by the patient, but now that he could do no more for him he had moved to the fire ; and they had taken the ghastly, half-emptied medicine bottles from the table by the bedside, and had spread it with a fair linen cloth, and had set out the silver vessels of the Supper of the Lord.

The old man had been “wandering” somewhat during the day. He had talked much of going home to the old country, and with the wide range of dying thoughts he had seemed to mingle memories of childhood with his hopes of Paradise. At intervals he was clear and collected—one of those moments had been chosen for his last sacrament—and he had fallen asleep with the blessing in his ears.

He slept so long and so peacefully that the son almost began to hope there might be a change, and looked towards the doctor, who still sat by the fire with his right leg crossed over his left. The doctor's eyes were also on the bed, but at that moment he drew out his watch and looked at it with an air of professional conviction, which said, “It's only a question of time.” Then he crossed his left leg over his right, and turned to the fire again. Before the right leg should be tired, all would be over. The son saw it as clearly as if it had been spoken, and he too turned away and sighed.

As they sat, the bells of a church in the town began to chime for midnight service, for it was Christmas Eve, but they did not wake the dying man. He slept on and on.

The doctor dozed. The son read in the Prayer Book on the table, and one of his sisters read with him. Another, from grief and weariness, slept with her head upon his shoulder. Except for a warm glow from the fire, the room was dark. Suddenly the old man sat up in bed, and, in a strong voice, cried with inexpressible enthusiasm,

"How beautiful!"

The son held back his sisters, and asked quietly,

"What, my dear father?"

"The Christmas-Tree!" he said, in a low, eager voice. "Draw back the curtains."

They were drawn back; but nothing could be seen, and still the old man gazed as if in ecstasy.

"Light!" he murmured. "The Angel! the Star!"

Again there was silence; and then he stretched forth his hands, and cried, passionately,

"The angel is beckoning to me! Mother! mother, dear! Please open the window."

The sash was thrown open, and all eyes turned involuntarily where those of the dying man were gazing. There was no Christmas-tree—no tree at all. But over the house-tops the morning star looked pure and pale in the dawn of Christmas Day. For the night was past, and above the distant hum of the streets the clear voices of some waits made the words of an old carol heard—words dearer for their association than their poetry—

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

When the window was opened, the soul passed; and when they looked back to the bed the old man had lain down again, and, like a child, was smiling in his sleep—his last sleep.

And this was the Third Christmas-Tree.

J. H. E. (*Fredericton.*)

THE PALACE IN CLOUDLAND.

A FAIRY TALE.

By L. M. G.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING THAT SHORT CUTS ARE SOMETIMES LONGEST.

MORNA walked along the ridge of the hill till she came to the foot of the high peak with the clouds on the top, and then she began to climb very resolutely. The beginning of the ascent was nice smooth grass with shrubs and flowers, and there were so many bright insects and butterflies on the wing, and grasshoppers chirping in the grass, and birds flying and singing, that she hardly felt herself alone. Higher and higher she went; and as she went she sang :

“Up and away! Who mounts with me?”

‘I,’ says the wild bird, merry and free,

Soaring, soaring on high,

Up to the realms of the sunny sky,

Up and away!

“Up and away! Who sings with me?”

‘I,’ says the merry mountain-bee

‘As I rise on my quivering wing,’

Up to the realms where ‘tis always Spring,

Up and away!”

She gasped out the last line terribly out of breath, for it is hard work singing and climbing, and just at the same moment, to make matters worse, she came to a steep stony place where she had to work with hands and knees. Hands and knees were both bleeding when she got to the top of this rugged bit and was upon the turf once more; and now, looking up, what was her trouble to find that the top of the mountain seemed not a bit nearer, but, if anything, farther off than when she began! There was no help for it, however; so after a little rest she started again, and climbed till she was very weary. And now there came on a hard shower, which wetted her to the skin, and Morna felt herself very ill-used. But oh! what was this? A beautiful bright arch of many colours leading from the mountain straight away up into Cloudland! Morna was overjoyed. “No more hard climbing for me now,” said she. “I need only walk up this beautiful, smooth, soft arch

that is come to help me, and I shall be there directly—if only I can keep on ; but it looks rather slippery.”

So she mounted upon it, and walked very carefully till she got nearly to the top. Then in a moment the sun shone out bright, and the arch melted away, and Morna fell, and fell, and fell, till she came down upon the hard mountain's side ; and there was nobody to help her, and there was nobody to pity her, and she lay there stunned till the darkness came on.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING, AMONG OTHER THINGS, THAT THE WORLD IS ROUND.

NONA, having turned her back upon Morna, set off at a good brisk run. She was in high spirits, feeling sure that she was the only one of the three sisters who had shown any sense, and that they would all one day acknowledge it. Certainly her way was very smooth and pleasant, if it did but lead her right. She ran at her best pace over a smooth green meadow and over a wide plain covered with heather and flowers. She saw a strange variety of animals ; there were rabbits popping in and out of their holes, chamois and antelopes bounding by, kangaroos and opossums hopping along, squirrels and monkeys chattering in the trees. Nona was charmed with them all, but thought she could run, and bound and hop (to say nothing of chattering) better than the best of them. Having nobody to chatter to, she began to sing, in her loudest, clearest voice, and this was her song :

“Over the meadow I roamed and I ran,
Over the greensward follow who can !
Bending the blue-bells with airy tread,
Starting the hare from her grassy bed—
Another may climb, or another may wait,
But Nona 'll be first at the Cloudland gate !

“Over the meadow—away—away—
Over the greensward follow who may !
Chasing the birds as they cleave the sky,
Racing the clouds as they wander by,
To the end of the world how sweet to roam,
Nona 'll be first at the Cloudland home !”

As she came to the last line, she suddenly found she was close to the great tree which she had fixed on in the morning as half-way to the edge of the world. So she thought it would be a good place to stop and rest, and having made her dinner on nuts, she threw herself full

length at the foot of the tree, and lay looking up into the sky. A few soft clouds were floating in the blue over her head.

"Aha! clouds!" said she; "you'll soon be all mine! By the evening I shall be at the edge of the world, and shall walk gently into you and take possession. Then I shall get to the palace, and all my Cloud-subjects will bow down to receive me, and I shall have a throne and a sceptre and new clothes every day; and I will send some of my pages to find Morna and Una, and Edda; and when they are come I will be very gracious to them, and give them new clothes; and I will tell Edda she need never mend the old ones now. And I will never learn any more lessons, nor eat any more dry crusts. I wonder what there will be to eat up there! plenty of whipped cream and custards, I should think. Ah! yes; and ices—and curds and whey——"

By this time Nona was fast asleep, and still she dreamed on and on of the glories of the Cloudland Palace, and the great things she would do when she was queen. She woke up very hot, for the afternoon sun was stealing in under the tree and falling full on her eyes. She looked up. Ha! where was Cloudland? There was nothing to be seen but the smooth far-off blue. Starting to her feet, she ran up a little rising ground hard by, and found to her dismay that not only Cloudland had vanished, but that the edge of the world was as far off as ever.

"There must be some mistake about it," said Nona. "Perhaps my eyes are confused with going to sleep; it can't be so far as it looks; I will go on again."

So she went on, but she felt very stiff and tired, and she sang no more now. Besides, her way now lay for miles up a rising ground; it was not steep, but always up, and up; and Nona felt very ill-used by this, as she had counted upon a smooth plain all the way: however, she consoled herself by thinking that it would make the final step into Cloudland all the easier. Having toiled up the slope for a long time, she came to a spot where the ground before her suddenly fell, and she had to stop quite short to prevent herself falling over a steep cliff. She lifted up her weary eyes and looked before her. The setting sun was lighting up a wide, wide expanse of hill and dale, wood and river; and the edge of the world was much farther off than ever. Nona screamed with grief and vexation, and fell to the ground and buried her face in the grass and wept. And there was none to help her, and there was none to pity her, and she lay there weeping till the darkness came on.

CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING WHO WAS "BEST AND BRAVEST OF THE THREE."

UNA sat weeping under the tree. She had never been alone in her life before, and she felt terribly frightened. If a leaf moved or a bird darted by she trembled. She strained her eyes to look into the distance for Edda, but Edda did not come. And after a while she rose up to look about her as far as the plot of ground extended, for that she knew she might do, and as she gathered flowers and chased butterflies her courage came back a little. Presently a beautiful peacock came out of the bushes by her side and strutted up and down before her, spreading his tail and sunning himself with a look of great self-satisfaction. Una was charmed, and forgot all her troubles. When the peacock was satisfied that she was sufficiently captivated he came before her, and bowing pompously till his beak touched the ground, he said, in a harsh voice :

"Fair princess, you see before you a monarch tired of state affairs, who desires an associate in the cares of his kingdom. I am the King of the Birds, and have long held my court in the forest hard by ; if you will consent to come thither with me you shall share my throne, and when you have learned to rule I will abdicate in your favour. Come, and be the Queen of the Birds ; they will hail you joyfully."

Now Una heard with a beating heart and a face colouring all over with delight. After being so long alone and forgotten, how sweet it would be, she thought, to be loved and honoured, and to have all the pretty birds her own ! She was on the point of saying "Yes," when the peacock went on :

"Come, my princess ; the loveliest feather robes shall be yours !" (and as he said this he glanced rather disdainfully at Una's shabby frock). "You shall have the softest couch of down ; the sweetest melodies shall attend your sleeping and waking."

But Una had by this time recollected herself.

"Edda told me to stay here," she said, in a voice of sadness, but quite firmly.

But the peacock, who listened to nobody but himself, went on :

"Come, sweet queen, your loving subjects await you ; I will not disguise from you that all are not loyal, yet with my help and advice

you will triumph. I have had much trouble with the jays and magpies, who are a noisy, clamorous set; the vultures and kites have very unpleasant habits, the rooks are sadly democratic, and there is a troublesome fellow, the eagle, who has at times pretended to have some claim to the crown, but I flatter myself I have pretty well disposed of *him* lately."

The words were scarcely out of his beak, when a black cloud seemed to swoop down from the sky, and a moment after, Una, shaking with terror, saw the peacock in the grip of a dreadful black eagle, and carried off through the air, kicking and squawking, and trying to stammer out apologies, his feathers all ruffled and the plumes of his train falling out as he went. Then Una understood that the real King of the Birds had come to avenge his insulted majesty. She stood rooted to the spot, expecting every moment that the eagle would return to carry her off in like manner, for she felt as if she were guilty to have been only found listening to the wicked peacock. But the eagle came back no more, and Una began to reflect with comfort that she had, after all, said "*no*."

She sat some time under her tree, musing, with her head in her hand, when she was aroused by hearing a most piteous bleating, and looking up saw a little kid that had lost its mother and wandered on to her plot of ground. The kid was lame, having wounded its leg in the thorny bushes; it came up to her and laid its head in her lap, and she took it up, kissing and caressing it. She then washed its leg, and bound it up with a strip off her own frock, and put it down to see if it could walk. It limped to the edge of the stream, and there, spying its mother on the rocks at some distance, began bleating more mournfully than ever, looking back to Una to ask her to carry it back to its dam. Una, with her heart full of pity and her eyes full of tears, took it up, and had already put one foot across the stream, when a sudden furious barking made her start. She dropped the kid on the farther side of the stream and drew back trembling. She saw a terrific bloodhound, with grinning jaws and fierce fiery eyes, which, barking savagely, gave chase to the kid, and the kid for its part ran fast enough now. Una looked after them till a projecting rock hid them both from her sight, and stood aghast, thinking on the fate of the kid, and that her own turn would come next, for surely that terrible dog would come back to eat her up. The dog did not come back, however, and Una, worn out with so many alarms and troubles, sat for some time very quiet under her tree.

She grew hungry and thirsty, and she began to think nobody would

ever come to help her any more, and that she should die in that solitude among the wild beasts.

"But, dear Edda," she murmured, "I am sure it is not your fault."

At this moment a flight of outlandish birds flew overhead; then, coming down, wheeled round and round Una where she sat, almost touching her with their wings. She saw that they all had fruit in their bills, a strange delicious berry, clear as precious stones and of a surpassingly sweet smell.

"Kind birds," said Una, "to bring me this when I am so thirsty," and she stretched her little hand to reach the fruit; but at this movement every one of the birds rose into the air, and then bearing down and hovering again, they with one accord dropped their fruit on the other side of the stream and flew away altogether, while a mocking laugh passed from one to the other. But Una was not to be caught in this way; facing round to the tree, she sat with her back resolutely turned to the stream, and to the fruit which she could smell from that distance. The darkness began to gather round her. Then she thought of her sisters, and how they had gone off laughing and hand-in-hand, and she never doubted but that they had gone laughing and hand-in-hand all the day long, and had now quite forgotten her, and she began to weep bitterly. A cold chill came on with the darkness, and Una drew closer to the rock for shelter, and in a low, sad, broken voice, she began to sing:

"Alone, alone, by the cold hard stone,
Poor little Una is all alone;
Sisters, come back, come back!
The wind is chill and the clouds grow black,
And 'tis so lonely under the tree,
Oh! when will sisters come back to me?"

"Alone, alone, in the great rock's shade,
Hungry and thirsty, and cold and afraid,
Una will die, will die,
Edda, can you not hear me cry?
Cloudland Palace I never shall see,
For Edda comes back no more to me!"

The last line died away in a sob, a faintness came over Una, and she thought she was going to die indeed. At this moment she saw the great black eagle again swooping down upon her through the sky, and the dreadful bloodhound coming towards her, making a low growl. She

had only strength left to wonder how they would settle it between them, and which would get the largest bite, when the King of the Birds, sailing gently by, let fall a cake of bread within her reach, and then perched on the rock behind her; while the bloodhound, crouching by her side, began to lick her little cold feet. Half fearing some new snare, she stretched out her hand for the cake, and breaking off a piece, ventured to offer it to the dog, who took it very gently and lay wagging his tail on the ground. Una ate the rest of the cake, and felt wondrously better; drowsiness overcame her, and nestling against the dog for warmth, she fell asleep with her head on his shoulder and her arms thrown over his body.

She murmured, as she sank to sleep, "All the things that seemed good and sweet would have led me astray, and the things I was afraid of have come back and done me good."

THE ICE-KING AND THE SNOW-QUEEN.

"The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, which still we thank as love."—*Macbeth*.



DECEMBER was very, very warm; the air was close and damp; the China roses were still out, and even, here and there, a pinched-looking red geranium. By-and-bye, in January, the crocus and snowdrop roots began to swell under the ground, and they thought to themselves:

"Surely our winter sleep has not been so long as usual. We must have made a mistake about the time. Spring is coming—beautiful spring!" and they called to one another, "Wake up! wake up!"

"No," said the crocuses, "stay; it is not safe."

But the snowdrops said, "We cannot; we are longing to be in the air."

So they grew and grew, till by-and-bye one little green head, silver-hooded, peeped above ground.

Then the Ice-king laughed in his heart.

"Ha! ha!" he said; "these foolish flowers dare to come up, and forget me. To-night I will sweep down and show them my power. I will lay an iron crust upon the earth and bind them in, and those

that have appeared already I will blight and wither. All the land shall be dry, and hard, and desolate, and I will imprison the water."

Then said the Snow-queen, "Oh, spare the flowers!" But he would not.

So the Snow-queen left him; but she did not give up the flowers. She made haste, and flung down her mantle of dazzling white over all the ground to cover them. But the mantle was very cold, and when the flowers felt it, they shivered and said, "Oh, what cruel snow! It has come to kill us, just when we hoped for spring."

"Poor flowers!" said the Snow-queen; "I shall not hurt you as the Ice-king would."

Then she poured her flakes faster and faster, and when the Ice-king rushed after her, the more power he put forth the larger grew her morsels of white drapery. At last all the ground was covered deep, and all the trees were robed in snow. "Now do your worst," said the Snow-queen; and she turned to the Ice-king, and smiled. And the great sun, who loves flowers, came out, and smiled at her in return; and then it seemed as if diamonds were glittering over all the fields.

The Ice-king did all he could. He caught the queen's mantle and bound it with iron hand to the tree-stems, and over the rich, warm foliage of the pines and cedars. But this helped the queen's purpose, for the leaves were thus preserved freshly beneath. Then he hung long icicles to men's beards and hair, and he shut in the homes of perch and trout with an icy prison-door. He did worse: he froze poor little robins on the branches on which they perched; he tempted the cattle to untimely death; nay, he tried to suck away the struggling breath from old and feeble men and women, too weak to bear the cold.

But where the queen's soft hand could reach, his anger lost its force. She kept the frost, by the shield of her mantle, from striking into the earth, and so preserved the roots of the trees and the tender bulbs. The homes of the flowers were safe beneath her robe.

Then the little flowers whispered to one another in the darkness: "How strange! It was very dreadful at first, but now it is quite warm here. The earth has not changed to iron, and the tips of our little green heads are safe."

And they blessed the Snow-queen, and said, "She is as good as she is beautiful."

So they waited for the spring.

ABON HASSAN THE WAG;

OR,

WHO WON THE WAGER?

A lump of "Turkish Delight" for Christmas consumption.

COMPOUNDED

By SIDNEY DARYL.

Dramatis Personæ.

HAROUN AL RASCHID, the *Chalif of Baghdad*. For further information apply to the "*Arabian Nights*."

MESROOR, the *Executioner*, otherwise the *Black Stick in Waiting*.

ABON HASSAN, the *Wag*; Haroun's boon companion—a decidedly funny dog.

THE ARMY, the standing force of *Baghdad*. (N.B. This important item in the play may be introduced or not, according to the strength of the "*corps dramatique*.")

ZUREYDEH, the "*Chalifess*," and the light of Haroun's eyes.

NUZHET, Abon's wife—a "*bonne femme*."

THE NURSE, though with a small part to play, anything but a small party.

Guards, Turks, Baghdadians, and a host of indispensable supernumeraries, that, owing to the limited resources of the back drawing-room, must be kept outside.

Costume.

HAROUN. Long flowing white hair, also luxuriant moustache and beard. His turban made as large as he can conveniently wear it. A blue robe richly ornamented with gold paper and tinfoil, red inexpressibles, and shoes to match. Also any other et ceteras that may suggest themselves as suitable to his station in life, not forgetting his scimitar.

MESROOR. Black hair long, heavy black eyebrows, black moustache, black jacket fitting tight, black trousers, black shoes; in fact, everything about him black, except his shirt collar, which should be cut after "Christy Minstrel" fashion. An immense sword at his side, which is always greatly in his way.

ABON. A sky-blue suit and large white turban. Profuse moustache and whiskers; in fact, his whole appearance suggestive of a young Baghdadian dandy of the first water.

THE ARMY. As extravagantly attired as possible, in clothes a great deal too large for him. All the available military accoutrements and weapons to be found in the house may advantageously be disposed about his person. The smaller the performer and the roomier his costume the better.

ZUREYDEH, as also **NUZHET**, had best costume themselves as their taste dictates, though they must remember that long veils and loose trousers down to the ankles, and appearing below the dress, are "the fashion" in the East.

THE NURSE, being a stout character, must swell herself out with the sofa cushions to proper proportions. Her costume should be strictly modern. A huge white cap, long dress, &c., &c.

SCENE I.—Room in ABON's house very scantily furnished. A couch with pillows C. At back in R. corner window with curtains. Entrances R. and L.

NUZHET discovered sitting Turkish fashion on couch.

NUZHET [*throwing down an empty bag with "Gold" painted on it in large letters*].

There's not a sixpence left, and, what is harder,
That bag is but a reflex of the larder,
Where shelves once groaning 'neath the daintiest fare,
Like Mother Hubbard's cupboard now are bare.

It really is a painful situation

To know that we are verging on starvation;
But though I've tried my best, the cash will fleet;
Somehow I cannot make the two ends meet.

Heigho! To think I've been but six months married,

And yet the little fortune that I carried
Is swallowed up and gone—oh! dire disaster—
Through the extravagance of my lord and master.

What would Zubeydeh say if she but knew
Her generous dowry was so soon run through?

Alas! I can but guess the indignation

With which she would receive the intimation. [*Rises.*]

What's to be done? Yes, that is just the question.

Can any one afford me a suggestion?

SONG.—AIR. "*Oh where, and oh where?*"

Oh where, and oh where

Is my Abon Hassan gone;

It is too bad to leave me here

To worry all alone.

Oh dear, I do so wish

He would bring some money home.

[*Air changes to "Sensation Song."*]

Here, there, and everywhere,

He is always running,

While poor I've to stay behind,

And bear with all the "dunning."

Balls and parties, "fêtes" and shows,

Picnics never ending,

At all of these may he be found,

The household-money spending.

[*Dances.*]

ABON enters R. unnoticed by her.

NUZHET. Alas! to sing, I have not got the heart.

[*ABON touches her shoulder.*]

Oh! Abon dearest, how you made me start!

ABON. My own fair Nuzhet, you should not be frightened.

That's right, I'm glad to see your face has brightened. [*Puts his arm round her waist.*]

Something important I have got to say.

NUZHET [*eagerly*]. I'm all impatience, pray do not delay.

ABON. To tell the truth, then, all my money's spent,

In fact, I haven't left a single cent,

So what you've got to spare, please hand to me,

That I'll be careful of it,—you shall see. [*Coaxing her.*]



"NO, NOT A RAP."

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NUZHET [*mournfully*]. Would that I could—I can't—I tell you why,
You've drawn and drawn the well till it's quite dry;
Look at that empty bag, a speaking token,
Announcing that at last my bank is broken. [*Cries.*]

ABON. 'Tis most unfortunate! But don't look glum,
Come dry your eyes, I've got a sugar-plum
I think will please you, therefore, no more crying,
Life is too short, thus to be spent in sighing.
I've news for you :—There's fun afloat to-night!

NUZHET [*brightening*]. What on the river?

ABON. Yes, you've guessed quite right;
A fête aquatic, and illumination,
In fact, a new and startling sensation—
You'll go, of course?

NUZHET. Oh! I shall be delighted—
That is, presuming we are both invited.

ABON. Oh! that's all right, and now but one word more—
I want some money from your *private* store
With which to hire a boat. [NUZHET *changes countenance.*] Why, what's the matter?
[*Aside.*] She's turned quite pale! And how her teeth do chatter!

NUZHET [*pressing her hands to her forehead*]. Oh! is this mockery, or something
worse?

Or is my brain as empty as my purse? [*Leans against Abon.*]
ABON [*supporting her*]. Excuse me, I can't bear this weight of woe.

NUZHET [*hysterically*]. Was ever wretched woman treated so?

ABON. When you've quite done that private conversation,
Would you oblige me with an observation?
NUZHET [*starts from him, and stares wildly at him*]. You've got no money?

ABON. Such, alas! is true.

NUZHET. Then I am just as badly off as you!

ABON. No, don't say that. [*Takes up bag.*] It must have something still in—
No, not a rap [*drops bag*], and I've got but one shilling!

[*Puts his hand in his pocket and takes out a shilling, which he holds
up to NUZHET.*]

ABON. SONG.—Air. “’Tis the Last Rose of Summer.”

’Tis the very last shilling
That with me would stay;
All its charming companions
Have melted away.
What with bonnets and dresses,
And finery new,
With such like expenses
The whole you’ve got through.

NUZHET [*interrupting indignantly*].

Oh! this really is shameful,
As you very well know;
’Tis you that have brought down
Our finances so low.

[*Spitefully.*] What with dances and dinners,
And an epicure's life,
You have dragged into ruin
Your unfortunate wife. [*Weeps.*]

ABON. It was your fault.
NUZHET. No, 'twas your's now.
ABON. That I strongly deny.
NUZHET [*wringing her hands*]. Oh, dear, I am so wretched,
I wish I could die.

[*ABON gives a jump into the air, and then suddenly catches hold of her by the arm; the music ceases abruptly.*]

ABON [*whispering*]. Ha! Ho!
NUZHET [*starting*]. What is it?
ABON [*solemnly*]. Humph! and likewise, Hee!

That means a thought has just occurred to me.

I've an idea, my dear!

NUZHET [*looking up and down, and all around him*]. Good gracious! where?

ABON. Why so surprised?

NUZHET [*chaffing*]. You see a thing so rare,

For you——

ABON. Ah! very good, I see you're chaffing;

But come, be serious, and have done with laughing.

Money we want, and money must be found;

How can we pay with nothing in the pound?

There's only one resource to which to fly——

[*Slowly.*] Excuse me, sweetest Nuzhet—you must die!

NUZHET [*shrieks, and tries to get away from him*]. Fire! Murder! Thieves!

ABON. Do cease that dreadful squall,

You interfered before I told you all;

I shall die too!

NUZHET [*still frightened*]. Help! help!

ABON.

Do pray be calm,

There's not the least occasion for alarm——

Lend me your ear.

[*Draws her to him.*]

NUZHET [*resisting*]. Indeed, I'd rather not.

ABON. And won't? Pshaw! Listen while I tell my plot.

[*Puts his mouth to her ear, and whispers energetically. At first she doesn't seem to understand, then she begins to smile, and presently rubs her hands delightedly.*]

NUZHET. A splendid plan; but I say, is it right [*Looks at audience.*]

To whisper with so many folks in sight?

Suppose we tell them what we're going to do?

ABON. No! no! Let's keep their interest in view,

As writers leave their readers oft perplexed,

Let's say, "To be continued in our next."

DUET.—Air. "*To the West, to the West.*"

NUZHET and ABON. You shall see, you shall see,
If you wait patiently,
What the little game is
That we've on the "tapis;"
And allow us to add,
If we may make so bold,
That it's better for you
It should not now be told.

[*The Air changes to "Simon the Cellarer."*]

ABON. Al Raschid the Caliph has silver and gold,
For a monarch rich is he;
Yet I fancy that possibly he may be sold,
But that you will presently see,
But that you will presently see.
He's vowed and he's sworn, and he sticks to his word,
That he never will lend me, or give me more cash;
But the resolution—which is most absurd—
By a stratagem simple I hope soon to smash.
And oh, oh, oh!
You'd like to know
What it is, but at present
I must say "No." [*Both repeat.*]

NUZHET. Zubeydeh the fair one has jewels and "tin,"
For she's the Caliph's queen;
But I think that perhaps she's to be taken in,
Still that is as yet to be seen,
Still that is as yet to be seen.
For she's strongly declared, and she sticks to her word,
That she never will lend me or give to me cash;
But this resolution—which is most absurd—
By a stratagem simple I hope soon to smash.
And oh, oh, oh!
Would you like to know
What it is? but at present
I must say "No." [*They repeat last verse together.*]

ABON. And now to business.

NUZHET. I'm prepared and willing.

ABON [*at entrance L.*]. We'll see if we can't turn an honest shilling. [*Exit.*]

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—*Chamber in the Palace, gorgeously furnished. Window in R. corner hung with rich curtains. Elegant couch L. C. Entrances R. and L.*

HAROUN AL RASCHID *discovered seated on divan, his turban on the back of his head, smoking. His "sceptre" lies beside him.*

HAROUN. I feel "*ennuye*," tired, in short disgusted;
Like seasoned wine, I'm getting rather crusted;

I think it right for every one to know
 That the grand Chalif feels a little low.
 Pleasure I'm sick of, for the best of reasons,
 I've led the fashion now for several seasons.
 Fashion! that word it almost makes me sick,
 And proves society a lunatic.
 What with the constant change in ladies' dresses,
 And varying the colour of their tresses;
 Throughout my kingdom it is hard to find
 A husband who's not lost his peace of mind;
 But these reflections are by no means pleasing; *
 I think that I'll relieve myself by sneezing. [Sneezes loudly.]

MESROOR [popping his head in at door R.]. And please your Majesty, I think you spoke.

HAROUN [beckons with his finger to MESROOR to come to him]. Just you come here that I your ribs may poke.

[MESROOR enters, trembling visibly. HAROUN unperceived takes up his sceptre, and when MESROOR gets near him bangs him with it.]

HAROUN. Ah that's refreshing; come now, don't stand trembling,
 Anger I'm only playfully dissembling.

[MESROOR tries to go. HAROUN jumps up and intercepts him, dancing in front of him.]

DUET.—Air. "Sultan's Polka."

HAROUN.

Stay, stay, you must not go
 When your monarch cries out "woa."
 Your behaviour's quite so, so,
 You must learn when I mean, No.

MESROOR [dancing. HAROUN after him round the stage].

Pray don't beat me! why thus treat me?

[HAROUN bangs him again.]

Oh, oh, oh! Ah, ah, ah!
 Do forgive me, I entreat you,
 Great Pasha. Ha, ha!

Stay, stay, {you
 I } must not go,

When {your
 my } monarch cries out "woa."

{Your
 My } behaviour's quite so, so,

{You
 I } must learn when {I
 he } means, No.

[At the end of song the melody is continued, to which still go on dancing. HAROUN finally springing on to the couch, and MESROOR taking up a position C.]

HAROUN. I'm better much, and so are you, I see;
 An obligation great you owe to me;
 Slight exercise should not thus set you puffing;
 I fear that you are rather fond of stuffing.

MESROOR [*salaams*]. 'Tis for my lord to order—I obey;
If he says go—I go, or stay—I stay;
He is my sun, my moon, my stars, my all!

HAROUN [*who has been rocking himself backwards and forwards on his couch, nearly loses his balance, but just manages to save himself*]. My stars!

Your stars had precious near a fall;

And now that I've resumed my perpendicular,
Be pleased to give attention most particular;
want amusing—something new to charm me.

MESROOR. Suppose, my lord, that you review the army;
Though somewhat small, it still is very willing,
And will be all the better for a drilling.

HAROUN [*jumps up*]. Ha, ha, my Mesroor, 'tis a brilliant notion!
Fly now, and set the gallant "*corps*" in motion.
With military ardour I'm possessed.

MESROOR [*at entrance*]. I speed me to obey my lord's behest. [*Exit.*]

[*HAROUN marches grandiloquently about in military fashion, finally swaggering up to C., and putting his arms a-kimbo.*]

HAROUN. SONG.—Air. "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer.*"

March, "boy," march, and hold your shoulder steady—
Left, right, left—and keep your powder dry—
Eyes to the front—your rifle ever ready,

[*Knowingly.*] And if you get the chance, why, don't hesitate to fly.

[*Grandly.*] Think of the glory of dying for your country,
Think what it is to be honoured through the land;

What are legs and arms to the proud fate that awaits you?

[*Knowingly.*] For my part I the preference can quite well understand.

But—— [*repeat first part*].

[*The music changes to the march from "Tannhäuser," or some other equally military strain. MESROOR rushes in with a large sword and huge bear-skin cap, which he gives to HAROUN with a whisper, and then hurries out again. HAROUN puts on the cap, and fastens on the sword, and then swaggers about as before to the music, getting the sword, however, between his legs, and being altogether very awkward with it on. The music stops suddenly, and a grand flourish of "penny trumpets" takes place outside, which much startles HAROUN. Then the music is resumed, and the ARMY enters R., marches straight across to L., then right about face, and back to C., where he takes up position. MESROOR enters at the same moment, extravagantly dressed in military costume, and walks very stiffly to the side of the ARMY. HAROUN then comes down to front, and proceeds to make all sorts of absurd noises, as if giving the word of command, the ARMY and MESROOR going through certain evolutions the while. This scene may be shortened or lengthened according to the ingenuity and originality of the performers, and if properly rehearsed no end of capital fun may be got out of it. At the conclusion of the evolutions the music ceases, and HAROUN then walks to his couch, stands upon it, and proceeds to speak.*]

HAROUN. Harken, ye braves, and lend me your attention,
While I, your king, make honourable mention
Of your performances in terms befitting—

MESROOR [*aside, examining the ARMY's uniform*]. Mercy on me! the Army's coat
is splitting!

Don't hold yourself so stiff! [*To ARMY, confidentially giving it a sly punch.*]

HAROUN. It gives me pleasure
To feel that I'm possessed of such a treasure!
You've no complaint to make—nor I—and so
I needn't keep you longer; you may go. [*Sits down.*]
Right about face! Quick march!

MESROOR [*aside to the ARMY*]. Yes, don't delay—
It seems to me the seams are giving way.

[*Hurries the ARMY off R., and returns to C., salaaming to HAROUN.*
Almost at the same moment ABON HASSAN rushes in at L. entrance,
his clothes disordered, his turban awry, and a red pocket-hand-
kerchief in his hand, which he keeps applying to his eyes. He crosses
and recrosses stage, beating his hands together, and otherwise
evinces great grief. Finally he flings himself down at the feet of
HAROUN.

HAROUN [*risks*]. What is the matter? Is the man possessed?
Why is my Abon Hassan thus distressed?
What mean these gestures, what these moans so sad?
Is he in pain, or has he gone quite mad?

ABON [*raises his head, but remains kneeling, and beats his breast*]. Ah, woe is me!
would I had not been born!

My love, my life, my wife, my Nuzhet's gone!
She's dead! [*Sobs loudly, and buries his face in his handkerchief.*]

HAROUN [*sympathetically*]. Sad news it is indeed you carry.

ABON. Oh, why was I so foolish as to marry? [*Sobs*].

MESROOR. To take on thus, believe me, is not right.

ABON [*to audience, aside, expressively and unseen by MESROOR or HAROUN*]. I think
that we shall grace the fête to-night. [*Buries his head in the handkerchief and*
sobs as before.]

HAROUN [*gets off his couch, and raising ABON, leads him to front, putting his hand*
familiarly on his shoulder. In a mournful voice]. Be comforted, my Abon,
you should see

It can't be helped; what is to be, must be.

Sooner or later all of us must die.

Over spilt milk it's useless quite to cry.

'Tis thus humanity 's put to the test,

Out of ill-luck to always make the best.

Take my advice, your sobs and sorrows smother,

And as one Nuzhet's dead, why—take another.

ABON [*aside*]. Not if I know it!

HAROUN. Further let me say,

Her funeral expenses I will pay.

ABON. Most gracious Sovereign!

HAROUN [*to MESROOR*]. Let to him be told

To that intent a fitting sum in gold—

A hundred pieces say. [*Abon prostrates himself.*]

MESROOB [*salaams*]. It shall be done;
To the Exchequer I at once will run. [*Exit R.*
HAROUN [*raises* ABON]. Come now, cheer up! It is no use to mourn.
What's lost, is lost, and what is gone, is gone.

ABON [*in a melancholy voice*]. Alas! 'tis true, my great, my generous master!
[*Wringing his hands.*] But she was good—no woman yet surpassed her.

HAROUN. No doubt she was. [*Aside.*] In fact, I've always found
That folks are valued most when under ground,
And while their virtues were not known on earth.
Let them but die for men to learn their worth. [*Goes to his couch.*

ABON [*aside, rubbing his hands*]. I've angled well, the fish is hooked and landed;
I hardly thought he'd be so open-handed.

A hundred pieces! [*Pause.*] But I must away.
Now I've got all I want, why should I stay? [*Goes up to couch and kneels.*
[*Aloud.*] My gracious liege, thus on my knee confessing
That I must fly at once, on business pressing,
Receive my grateful thanks.

HAROUN. There, that will do.
I know I have a faithful slave in you.
So with your sorrow pray have quickly done.

Remember that I look to you for fun. [*Wares him out with his hand.*

ABON [*rises and moves quickly towards door R. Aside*]. That makes our plot a duty,
I protest,
For, if it answers, they will laugh their best.

[*Loud moans and lamentations heard L.*]

HAROUN [*starting up*]. What means this din? Surely some wretched sinner
Is very ill, or else in want of dinner!

[*Enter ZUBEYDEH L., weeping bitterly. HAROUN goes towards her and leads her to couch, where they sit down.*

HAROUN [*aside*]. She's heard the news!
ZUBEYDEH [*wringing her hands*]. Oh sad and cruel fate,
To rob my Nuzhet of her loving mate! [*HAROUN starts.*]
Alas, poor Abon!

HAROUN. Sure her brain's distraught.
ZUBEYDEH [*sobbing*]. That he should die so young who could have thought?
HAROUN. She was a faithful slave, and fond of thee.
ZUBEYDEH. Thou ne'er wilt find another such as he.
HAROUN. Plenty are living, for the one that's dead.
ZUBEYDEH. Peace rest on honest Abon Hassan's head.
HAROUN. She must be mad—your meaning, pray, explain.
ZUBEYDEH. We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

HAROUN. Who's like?
ZUBEYDEH. Why Abon's, who is now no more.
HAROUN. That's good! he's only just passed through that door. [*Points to door R.*
ZUBEYDEH [*rises from couch*]. That's quite impossible; indeed I know
That he was dead, at least, an hour ago;
'Twas Nuzhet told me so.

HAROUN. How can that be,
When she is dead?

ZUBEYDEH. No, no; I say, 'tis he.

HAROUN [*angrily*]. You dare to contradict.

ZUBEYDEH. Of course I do.

HAROUN. I tell you, you are wrong.

ZUBEYDEH. And so are you.

HAROUN. I say I'm right!

ZUBEYDEH. What you say, I don't care.

HAROUN. You're very rude.

ZUBEYDEH. And you're a cross old bear.

HAROUN [*putting his finger up authoritatively*]. Hark to me, madam, I'd have you to know—

ZUBEYDEH [*partly putting her cheek forward*]. Don't hesitate to strike a good hard blow.

Pray, don't mind me, if it will ease your passion.

HAROUN [*in a great rage*]. You'd better not keep teasing in this fashion,

Or else I'll—

ZUBEYDEH. Dear me, what was that you said?

Did you observe that you would go to bed.

Quite right, my love, you're much in want of rest;

I'm sure you're old enough to know what's best. [*Sits down on couch.*]

HAROUN [*aside*]. It is too bad, she's really so provoking,

With anger and vexation I am choking;

Still I'll give in—such squabbling I disdain—

And try if we can't be good friends again. [*Goes toward couch.*]

[*Insinuatingly.*] Come, don't let's quarrel, my own precious pet!

Suppose now, just for fun, we have a bet;

Say, I will stake my palace for the million

Against the pictures in your park pavilion.

If Nuzhet's dead, why you will have to pay,

But if it's Abon, then the other way.

ZUBEYDEH [*jumps up and claps her hands*]. The notion's capital! I'm sure to win, Therefore agreed.

HAROUN [*strikes a gong*]. Let see if Mesroor's in.

Him we'll despatch, our wager to decide,

To Abon's house, and by his word abide. [*Enter MESROOR R.*]

MESROOR. Light of my soul, behold thy slave attends. [*Salaams.*]

And humbly on his knees before thee bends.

HAROUN. Enough, stand up and give me your attention.

[*Puts his left arm through MESROOR's right.*]

ZUBEYDEH. I've also something that I want to mention.

[*Puts her right arm through MESROOR's left; he looks from one to the other in astonishment. They both whisper to him vigorously, his countenance presenting a picture of amazement the while.*]

HAROUN. At once begone.

ZUBEYDEH. And mind you hasten back.

MESROOR. Yes, that I will, and be here in a crack.

TRIO.—Air, "Wait for the Waggon!"

HAROUN.

You must go to Abon Hassan's house—
And mind you don't take long—
And you will find I'm in the right,
Zubeydeh in the wrong.
Wait till the wager,
Wait till the wager,
Wait till the wager Mesroor shall decide.

[*They dance, repeat in chorus.*]

ZUBEYDEH.

Oh! haste you now to Nuzhet's house,
Nor on the road delay;
I'm sure that she's alive and well,
Though Haroun will say "nay."
Wait, &c.

[*Repeat chorus, and dance as before.*]

MESROOR.

I'm off at once, and must confess,
I should be nothing loth
To find the pair of them were dead
So as to please you both.
Wait till the wager,
Wait till the wager,
Wait till the wager I shall soon decide.

[*Repeat in chorus, they dance. MESROOR going off R. ZUBEYDEH and HAROUN strike an attitude.*]

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.—Room in ABON HASSAN'S house; the same as in first scene, only better furnished. Two couches, one R. C., the other L. C.

ABON and NUZHET discovered, the former lounging indolently on couch R. C., the latter busily at work on a dress, seated on couch L. C.

ABON.

SONG.—Air. "Paddle your own Canoe."

I've seen a deal of life in my time,
And of things both strange and new;
But I've always preferred in every clime
To have little or nothing to do.
Let those who like it work and slave,
For 'tis their nature to;
But the only boon that in life I crave,
Is for little or nothing to do. [*Repeat first part.*]

For glory the soldier goes to fight,
To his queen and his country true;
But in home and its comforts I delight,
With little or nothing to do.

Let the sailor choose o'er the sea to roam,
 Beneath the Red, White, and Blue,
 Let him do as he likes, I will stay at home,
 With little or nothing to do. [*Repeat first part of first verse.*]

NUZHET. To think our plan should have so well succeeded,
 That we should get the money that we needed—
 A hundred pieces each—with little bother,
 To be applied to burying each other. [*Laughs.*]
 ABON [*laughing loudly*]. Ha, ha! Hi, hi! It's really most absurd.
 Anything funnier I never heard.

[*A loud knock. Both NUZHET and ABON start up from their couches, the latter going to window and looking out.*]

ABON [*as he goes*]. A double knock [*looks out*], 'tis Mesroor at the door.
 You'd best lie out your full length on the floor;
 He's no doubt come to see if you are dead.

NUZHET [*draws her couch to C.*]. Excuse me, this is softer for my head.

[*She reclines on couch, having first tied a pocket-handkerchief round her head. ABON then covers her with a sheet, pushes his own couch back into a corner, and stuffs NUZHET's needlework underneath it. Then he ruffles his hair and dress, and kneeling down beside her makes loud lamentations. At the same moment MESROOR enters R. Soft music, "Haydn's Surprise."*]

MESROOR. The king has won! 'tis she that is departed,
 Leaving poor Abon well nigh broken-hearted; [*Crosses to Abon.*]
 He's blind with grief, and won't know I've been here.
 It's very weak, but I must drop a tear. [*Drops a tear and exit.*]

[*Music continues. ABON jumps up from his knees and goes to door and looks out, and then to window, returning to C., where NUZHET is standing. She has the sheet wrapped round her.*]

ABON [*sings*]. He is tearing down the street,
 Jostling all who with him meet,
 Heedless as they him abuse,
 Bursting to unfold his news. [*Music ceases.*]

NUZHET. Depend upon it, they are both confounded.
 I'm not surprised Zubeydeh is astounded
 To hear I'm dead, when, scarce an hour before,
 I told her that my Abon was no more.

[*Another loud knock. NUZHET runs to window.*]

ABON. Mesroor returned?
 NUZHET [*looking out*]. Indeed, it is much worse.

ABON. What do you mean?

NUZHET. Why, 'tis Zubeydeh's nurse!
 That is most awkward! what are we to do?

ABON. I must be dead, of course, instead of you.

[*Ties his red handkerchief round his head, alters the position of the couch a little, and then lies down on it full length, covered with sheet, NUZHET kneeling beside him, and weeping loudly. NURSE enters R. entrance.*]

NURSE. Mesroor was wrong—just like his stupid head.

I knew 'twas Abon Hassan who was dead.

He who to chaff was ever wide awake—

Oft with his jokes he's made my old sides shake—

Alas! 'tis very sad to find him gone,

And Nuzhet left to weep in grief alone.

Be comforted, my love. *[Goes up and puts her hand on NUZHET's shoulder.]*

NUZHET *[without raising her head]*. No, never, never!

He was so generous, so kind, so clever!

[Here the NURSE should have her back to ABON, who can raise himself up, and go through such comic "business" as suggests itself to his mind.]

NURSE. Indeed he was!

NUZHET. His like I ne'er shall see.

ABON *[sitting up unseen by the NURSE]*. My love, you're very complimentary.

[Falls back.]

NURSE. But I must go; Zubeydeh else will scold.

She doesn't spare me, though I am so old.

If I delay it only will enrage her.

Besides, the Chalif thinks he's won the wager!

Adieu, sweet Nuzhet! do try to cheer up. *[Crosses to door R.]*

[Aside.] Alas! poor thing, her's is a bitter cup. *[Exit.]*

[ABON and NUZHET both jump up; the latter runs to the window and looks out.]

NUZHET *[sings without music]*. She is hobbling down the street
Very fast for her old feet;
With excitement she's quite pale,
Anxious to repeat her tale.

ABON. I think we may observe, so good, so far;

But I must add, now comes the tug of war.

The statements of their messengers conflicting,

The pair, each other will be contradicting.

Zubeydeh will contend for my decease;

The Chalif will maintain that you're at peace.

In short *[loud knocking. ABON runs to window and looks out]*, as I was going to
premise,

They've hither come to judge with their own eyes.

NUZHET. We're caught at last!

ABON. Pshaw, do not thus despair!

Instead of one dead, they shall find the pair.

[Draws the two couches into C., and places them side by side, with the feet towards the audience. NUZHET ties her head up as before, so does ABON. They then lie down and cover themselves with the sheet. "THE CURE" played very slowly, and the NURSE and MESROOR rush in quickly, followed by HAROUN and ZUBEYDEH.]

NURSE *[rushing to couch]*. I told you so! *[Falls back astonished.]*

MESROOR *[rushing to couch]*. And I. *[Falls back astonished.]*

ZUBEYDEH *[at couch]*. What's this I see?

HAROUN. Just as they lived, they're dead in company.

ZUBEYDEH. Then neither's won!

HAROUN.

Excuse me, you're mistaken;

The wager now another shape has taken.

Though both are dead, and we now know the worst,

I'm certain quite 'twas Nuzhet that died first.

ZUBEYDEH. Of course you say so, just to be provoking;
At this time 'tis unseemly to be joking.

I say 'twas Abon!

HAROUN [*impatiently*]. You are always quick to.
Say anything!

ZUBEYDEH. And what I say I stick to.
'Twas Abon, Abon, Abon! There, you see,
I don't intend to let you frighten me.

HAROUN. I tell you it was Nuzhet.

ZUBEYDEH. Oh, indeed.
Do you think your assertion I should heed.
I must have proof, as you might have supposed.

HAROUN. The mouths of both the witnesses are closed,
So proof there cannot be, and that's the worst.
Else to the man who'd tell me which died first
I'd give—give anything! I would provide
Apartments in the palace, and, beside,
A handsome income.

ZUBEYDEH. I, as anxious too,
Should only be too glad the same to do.

[*The music of "THE CURE" is played very slowly. ABON and NUZHET spring up, and kneel down hand in hand before HAROUN and ZUBEYDEH, who, however, retreat with great manifestations of fear to two corners of the stage, MESROOR and NURSE following.*]

ABON. } 'Twas Nuzhet, sire! your promise let me claim.

NUZHET. } 'Twas Abon, madam! may I beg the same.

[*HAROUN and ZUBEYDEH stare at them, then advance gradually, and finally raise them up, laughing.*]

HAROUN. A waggish joke to wags we must excuse.
To living Abon I can nought refuse.

ZUBEYDEH. Besides, the wit has saved us both from losing
That stupid wager, which is most amusing.

SONG.—"The Cure."

ABON	}	We're cured, we're cured, alive and cured,
NUZHET.		Our death was only fun;
		<i>Ensemble.</i> And now your pardon we've secured,
		With shamming we have done.

HAROUN.	}	'Twas very wrong us to deceive.
ZUBEYDEH.		

ABON.	}	We're sorry, rest assured,
NUZHET.		Our penitence, pray do believe.
		In every way we're cured.

[*The first part sung by all as a Chorus, action being suited to the Air from the commencement.*]

NURSE [*suddenly beckons mysteriously with her finger. All the characters press round her*]. Hush!

MESROOR. What's the matter?

NURSE. Pray do let me speak.

[*Points to audience and whispers.*] 'Tis their indulgence that we have to seek.

MESROOR [*looking all round the back of the stage, in fact, everywhere but in the right direction*]. Who?

ABON. Who on earth do you suppose?

Oblige me now by looking down your nose.

[*ABON puts his finger on MESROOR's nose, passes it down it, and then points to audience.*]

HAROUN. Come, Mesroor, make a speech.

ZUBEYDEH. I'll cry, hear! hear!

ABON. You won't! Who will? That some one must it's clear.

NUZHET. Permit me to correct you there—you're wrong;

The right thing is to wind up with a song.

HAROUN. Nuzhet speaks well; there's nought remaining for us
But to express our feelings in a chorus.

CHORUS.—The laughing Chorus from "*Orphée aux Enfers*."

Now our little play is ended,

And with its fun and chaff,

We hope we've not offended,

But only made you laugh.

Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

We have done our best to please you,

With our little play:

Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

So we'll drop the curtain, for

We've nothing else to say.

ZUBEYDEH, MESROOR, NURSE, HAROUN, NUZHET, ABON.

[*Blue fire, green fire, no fire at all if the house is not insured. Dance of all the characters, and general delight of the audience expressed by a call for all the performers before the Curtain.*]

TINKER DICK.



HERE'S Tinker Dick, with his pots and kettles,
Hammer and tongs, and his rosin and metals,
Coming to mend the old saucepan's holes—
Coming to mend the old coppers and bowls;

Whirling about, at the end of a wire,

The old tin pot that contains his fire.

And now he cries, as he'd never end:

"Pots and—kettles to mend!"

Hallo! here's a stir,
What a noise and a whirr!
 Why, surely he's no silk winder!
No, 'tis only his wheel
Spinning round like a reel,
 For Tinker Dick's also a grinder.
"Chur-r-r, chur-r-r, chur-r-r, chur-r-r,"
And round goes the wheel with a hurrying whirr,
 While Dick grinds knives
 For the old housewives,
And sharpens their scissors to make them cutters,
As his quick spinning-stone spits, sparkles, and sputters,
And all the time, in spite of his grinding,
He shouts out clearly, the folks' ears finding—
 Loudly and shrill as if he'd ne'er end:
 "Pots *and*—kettles to mend!"

"Chur-r-r, chur-r-r, chur-r-r, chur-r-r,"
Louder and louder in noisiest whirr,
Round goes the wheel with a hurrying stir.
 Dick's face looks black,
 But he does not lack
A merry heart and a merry song;
And people may hear him all the day long,
Singing and whistling, whistling and singing,
While often and often his cry's heard ringing—
 Sharp and clear, as 'twould never end:
 "Pots *and*—kettles to mend."

If the mud lies thick
'Tis nought to Dick;
As he wheels on his barrow, ne'er staying to pick
His way through the mire;
For he'll ne'er tire,
As he trudges on, and then swings his fire,
Stops at a corner, and mends a pot,
Cheerily happy, in spite of his lot.
So, just like Dick, let's be merry and wise,
And sing away troubles whenever they arise.
 But we must not cry, as without an end,
 "Pots *and*—kettles to mend!"


"Chur-r-r, chur-r-r, chur-r-r, chur-r-r,"
Dick's wheel must be gone, for I can't hear it whirr.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

THE GIPSIES; OR, ELLIE AND WALTER.

CHAPTER II.—(continued).

THE PLOT.

O great had been the excitement produced by the idea of the gipsying that, unfortunately, every other subject seemed very dull and uninteresting. Roger, in his capacity of Eton boy and of eldest of the little party, treated with a lofty contempt the efforts of his cousins to amuse him, and yawned and loitered about in a manner that made them both believe that he found his visit very dull and tiresome. Indeed, he did not leave any opportunity for doubt in the matter, for he walked up to Ellie and Walter one day, as they were sitting under their favourite tree, and said :

"I say, old fellows, have you such a thing as a sheet of note-paper and a pen and ink amongst your property? I want to write to my Uncle Sandwich—he's going in his yacht to Spain. It's so very slow here that I think I shall ask him to take me. I know he will, but I thought I'd just come and look after you two little ones at Langton."

"Dear Roger, you won't! You won't go away? Why the holidays have only just begun!" said Walter, absolutely turning pale.

"Roger, you're not in earnest, dear Roger!" said Ellie, her large dark eyes filling with tears.

"Well—I've been here a week," said Roger, yawning, "and I find it very slow. I'm tired of quarrelling with Lucy, and I'm ashamed of myself for being put under her care, as she has the impudence to say. And as you haven't the spirit to free yourselves, or to go a gipsying and get away from her, why, I shall go to Spain with that good fellow Sandwich, in the *Peep o' Day*."

Ellie and Walter looked at each other. Then Walter said, "But we should like to go gipsying very much, only you made such a row about the rod. I didn't like to lend it; but I will lend it if you'll stay with us and not go to Spain. Don't go, Roger," continued he, coaxingly, rising and taking Roger's hand.

"Don't go, Cousin Roger!" said Ellie. "I'm so sorry you think it dull. But if we go gipsying it'll be all right, and I'm sure it will be the greatest fun."

Roger, after a proper amount of resistance, suffered himself to be persuaded, and the three cousins walked away from their tree, and went into an alley where Lucy seldom came, in order to discuss their plans.

The following Thursday, four days from the present time, was fixed on for the "escape," as Roger called it, and in the meantime they were to save all the bread and cake, and sugar and fruit, that they could do without at their meals. Each was to put up a little linen and a pair of stockings and shoes; and two fishing-baskets and a large work-basket were hunted out and destined to carry these and their provisions as well; and the money was to be confided to Roger. Walter and Ellie had each a half-sovereign, and Roger a sovereign and a half; luckily the "half" was in shillings.

The various plans to conceal all that was going on from Lucy, the whisperings, and the watchings for her absence, were so exciting, that the time seemed to slip away very quickly, and the Wednesday evening arrived almost unexpectedly. The cousins took advantage of Lucy's tea time to take their favourite walk through a certain shrubbery, which was bounded by the wall beyond which ran the lane before described. The walk was not close to the wall; many shrubs grew on a bank between them, but it opened on the same path which ended in the gate through which Walter and Ellie had seen the gipsies.

They looked very eager and bright as they talked, and we may say here, shortly, that though two of them were brother and sister, and the third a first cousin of these, there was very little resemblance between them. Roger had light curling hair, a bright rosy face, blue eyes, and a sturdy figure; he looked very resolute and very full of fun. Walter, on the contrary, had brown hair and eyes, a slighter form, and a darker complexion. He looked more thoughtful than Roger, but he certainly loved fun and mischief quite as well as his cousin.

Ellie was, as she ought to be, the prettiest of the three. She was in complexion, eyes, and hair, the darkest of all. She had a beautiful rich colour on her cheeks, very white teeth, and long rich curls of brown-black hair. She was a year older than Walter, but it must be confessed that she had allowed herself to yield to Walter's more resolute temper, till she had little influence and no authority over him; indeed, she loved him very dearly. He was generally her only companion; and for this reason, and owing to her mamma's delicate health, which did not allow of her having her children much with her, Walter had not

been sent to school, but had been taught partly by Colonel Stanmore, and partly by Miss Pratt, the governess. But he was to go to school after Christmas; and this unhappy thought, when it came over Ellie's mind, only made her more yielding to his wishes, and more desirous to please him in all things.

"But how shall we get away at first?" said Walter, eagerly. "Must we not get up early? Still, when the servants miss us, they will send and go everywhere for us; and they will find us, for we shall not be able to walk far before we're missed."

"I've thought of all that," said Roger. "My plan is to walk just to the Kingston Station; that's a new one, and perhaps the people won't know you, and it's no matter if they do, and take our places to Moreton. Then we can get out and begin our gipsying over Moreton downs and through Deerbrook woods. The weather's sure to be fine, and we can sleep under the trees."

"But then, we must go to Stowchester or some place to buy some things; velocipedes, and some smart clothes; and we must earn money, as the gipsies do, by showing ourselves," said Walter, who had been very much struck by the splendour of the younger gipsies.

Roger thought in his heart that Walter had rather a vulgar idea of the pleasures of gipsying, but he did not make any remarks, as he remembered, just at the right moment, how nearly the affair of the fishing-rod had put an end to the adventure.

"Well," said he, thoughtfully, "we must consider about our money. We must see how far that will go, and then decide about what we shall do. Two sovereigns and a half won't buy very many things."

"No," said Walter; "but we must make people give us more, and then we can spend it as we please; and let me tell you, Roger, that two sovereigns and a half will go a long way."

"Ah, yes, a long way, as far as you know about buying things—you, that have been under Miss Pratt. When you've been to school, you'll know better."

Walter did not like the patronizing air of Roger at all. "I know quite as much about it as you," said he, flushing up.

"That's very likely!" said Roger, in a sneering tone.

"Don't quarrel, Walter! don't quarrel, Roger!" said Ellie. "I'm sure I shan't like the gipsying at all if you quarrel."

"Nor I neither," said Walter, "if Roger's going to bully."

"Stuff! Who wants to quarrel and bully?" said Roger. "Let's be all right. But won't it be fun—away on the hills, and in the forest—oh! it'll be the best lark!"

"And we can snare rabbits and fish, and shoot birds with Ellie's bow and arrows, and ride the donkeys that we find; and Ellie can make those pretty wreaths of wild flowers that she does up so prettily, and we can sell them at Stowchester!"

"So we can! That's a jolly thought!" said Roger; "but I shall be obliged to disguise you two."

"Disguise us?"

"To be sure!—dye your faces and hair, and make you look quite different. People won't know *me*, for I've only once been at Stowchester with uncle; but they'll know *you*—I mean the Dean, and those other fellows that visit at The Moss with their wives."

"Oh! won't that be capital!"

A little cry from Ellie startled both the boys. They were just at the point where the walk crossed that leading to the gate, and there, looking down from a height far above the gate, they saw the same gipsy whom Walter and Ellie had seen on the day of Chorley Wake.

"Halloo!" said Roger, stepping forward boldly, "what business have you there, looking over my uncle's gate?"

"Only to see the pretty Miss, my fine gentleman," said the gipsy, in a drawling, coaxing tone; "one does not see the noble Busnee child every day."

"Get along with you—you and your stilts," said Roger. "I shall make uncle have this gate and wall raised. It's very disagreeable——"

"I should like to be friends with the noble little gentlemen. Oh! you would love the gipsy life:

"Merry it is in the summer wood,
When the fire's alight and the game is good;
Merry it is on the moonlight heath—
Sweet the air that the gipsies breathe,
Far away from the smoky town,
Free in forest, and lane, and down—
Where the rivers play
And sing all day,
And flowers are gay for the gipsy's crown."

He sung this in a very fine rich voice, and the children stopped to

listen. But Roger did not approve of the cool impudence of the man, and he said, "I advise you to be off, or I shall send the men-servants to oblige you."


"What! pretty young gentleman!—oblige me to go off the road? I think Tolemy Bosville knows English better than that! But, to please you, I'll go of my own accord, for I should like to be friends with the noble little gentlemen—I should."

"That's a pity!" said Roger, "as we don't wish it too."

"Perhaps you may change your minds some day," said Mr. Bartholemy Bosville, as he moved off in long strides upon his stilts.

[*To be continued.*]

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

HE following adventure has come to our knowledge, in which a well-known amateur and collector of reptiles narrowly escaped with his life.

Mr. O—— R——, diplomatically employed by the Government abroad, and residing at the Eternal City, an enthusiastic collector of serpents, was called away from Rome upon subjects connected with his Government, and had to make a rapid journey to Paris. His business being completed, he was free to return at his leisure to the official residence in Rome; and having arrived at Marseilles, he called upon the captain of the port, to whom both Mr. O—— R—— and his singular passion for reptiles were well known.

In answer to his questions as to the arrival of vessels from any foreign ports with living subjects of Natural History, Mr. R—— heard with pleasure that a vessel from Rio de Janeiro had recently anchored, having made a rapid passage; and contained on board a fine specimen of the huge boa constrictor of the Brazils. On making his appearance in the ship, accompanied by his friend, the captain of the port, Mr. R—— at once began to discuss the subject in which he felt so much interest, and found that this serpent had been shipped with no particular directions as to its destination; but simply that its value being declared, and that sum paid down, the Boa might become the property of any purchaser.

After an inspection of the scaly monster, duly cared for in his chest, and swathed in blankets, Mr. R—— became the possessor of the wished-for prize; and as the steamer for Civita Vecchia, by which he intended to reach Rome, lay at her moorings not far off from the trader from Brazil, the chest and contents were soon transferred, and Mr. R—— and his prize shortly after started.

On arrival at Civita Vecchia, Mr. R——'s position as an agent of the Government made the transfer of himself and luggage from the steamer to the railway for Rome a matter of small delay, and in the due course of travelling he found himself at the gates of Rome.

Leaving his servant in charge of his general luggage, Mr. R—— started in a hired carriage with his Brazilian prize for his residence in the Via ——, and on arrival, with the assistance of the coachman of the vehicle, he conveyed the chest and contents to his room, where he was left for the first time in quiet possession of his purchase.

He dragged the chest into the middle of the chamber, and having fastened the door for fear of interruption, unlocked the chest, and peeping within the folds of the blankets, contemplated with eager satisfaction the movements of the huge reptile.

But, while he looked and wondered at its vast girth, its huge folds wreathing one within the other, suddenly the head appeared; and, whether from the long confinement, the shaking it had received, or feeling the incipient pangs of hunger (longing for a feast of chicken or tender rabbit), with one sharp hiss the creature slid from its coverings and the shelter of its box, and was in a moment careering round the chamber. Mr. R—— watched with delight and pleasure not to be imagined (except by such an enthusiast) the graceful movements of the beautiful creature, as, now running along the flooring of the room at length, and again throwing its coils around the furniture, it seemed to inspect each and every article separately; whilst its every movement was power, yet horrible in its grace.

Mr. R—— at last observed that the Boa, leaving its movements amongst the furniture of the room, suddenly turned, and in a moment was across the apartment; when, resting upon its coils, it reared itself up, and confronted him—its head opposite to his, and its eyes gleaming horribly into his own. It flashed upon him in an instant that the reptile had possibly been kept without food whilst on board, and that hunger pressing it on obtaining liberty, he himself would be its first victim.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

He stood transfixed, but for a moment, whilst the perspiration burst from his forehead; and his lonely situation, with the chamber-door secured, and his frightful chance of a terrible death, rose instantly to him. But that one moment only he paused, then threw himself at the snake, and clutched it by the neck with a grasp such as only despair and horror could give.

In that one moment we may faintly imagine, as is said with drowning persons, or those in extreme peril, he lived his life over again; and years were comprised within the retrospective glance of a second. In an instant the coils of the serpent were around his waist, he felt himself lost; but his presence of mind was not wholly gone, and he perceived that the tail of the serpent was in the front. He tore the fold backward, and with nervous despair held it off with his other arm; then dragging himself away from the folds that were loosened, he dashed the serpent within the chest, and violently closing it, threw himself, now breathless and horror-struck, upon the lid. Here he sat, not daring to move; for, as he argued, Should I do so, again I may have to renew this struggle, and no power can save me.

By degrees, as he became composed, he found that he could reach a heavy chair, and with the help of that chair he drew forward another; these he piled upon the chest, adding other portions of furniture. Seeing the key of his chamber, he rushed to the door, unlocked it, and shouted for help. His own servant had but then arrived with his effects, and other help was at hand; so in a short time they approached the chest to remove the reptile into safer quarters.

With assistance, came the desire to see how fared the snake. The cautiously lifted the lid; the captive did not stir; they touched the clammy folds, no corresponding writhing was seen. In fine, the serpent was dead — killed by the convulsive clutch with which Mr. R—— in his horror, in his struggle for dear life, had seized it.

On inspection the vertebræ were found to be broken, which accounted for the little exertion Mr. R—— had really used in detaching the reptile from his body, and which but for the grip he had taken on the instant would have inevitably destroyed — his purchaser.

We have heard that the ardour shown by Mr. R—— as a collector of serpents has considerably abated.

W. B. H.

High and Low.

Words by L.L. B.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Allegro Moderato.

When the win - ter day is done, Soft - ly sinks the

crim - son sun; In the gar - ments of a bride,

mf

Snow-clad sleeps the coun - try side. Star - tled from their

mf

froz - en lair, wild - fowl rise up in the air,

f

mf

p

Like an ar - row point they fly, Tra - vers - ing the

p

f

CHORUS. *f*

lead - en sky. Home - wards, home - wards,

f

homewards thro' the snow, While the Christmas bells are ringing, While the

p

p dim. *mf*

Christmas waits are sing - ing, High and low! High and low!

p dim. *mf*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with dynamic markings *p dim.* and *mf* appearing above the vocal line and below the piano line.

2.

Travellers pass up and down,
 From the country, from the town;
 Laden trains with Christmas cheer,
 Plunging through the fog appear.
 Snow-drifts choke the narrow ways,
 Causing dangers and delays;
 And the railway-signals loom,
 Colouring the misty gloom.

CHORUS.

Homewards, homewards,
 Homewards through the snow,
 While the Christmas bells are ringing,
 While the Christmas waits are singing,
 High and low, high and low!

3.

Decked about the house are seen
 Smiling sprays of evergreen;
 Yule logs on the hearthstone roar,
 Wild winds beat against the door;
 Fond eyes at the frosted panes
 Peer into the snowy lanes,
 Watching for an absent form
 Speeding homewards through the storm.

CHORUS for this verse only.

Homewards, homewards,
 Homewards through the snow,
 While the Christmas bells are ringing,
 And a Peace to all are bringing,
 High and low, high and low!



“TOGETHER WE SUFFER AND REJOICE.”

MR. WORLDLY WISEMAN, of the good old book, would call this very silly. “Because the storm has beaten the tree down,” he would say, “it has not therefore beaten *you* down, oh vine! You are free to turn aside to some other firmer support. Would you have the tree so selfish as to wish otherwise? And you, oh tree, now that you are down in the dust and must decay; whose leaves are already beginning to droop and fade, and who will ere long be a derision to them that pass by; how can you bear the mocking kindness of that vine, creeping over you and putting you to shame? See its bright leaves and tendrils making their boast, as they twine round your drying-up bark, and point the contrast! See the rich purple fruit hanging in smiling scorn from your barren branches! . . .”

Oh, the endless mischief that can be made by a few words! and oh, the misery that sometimes follows!

Happily, indeed, Mr. Worldly Wiseman speaks in vain to the faithful vine and the poor old tree. *Together they suffer and rejoice.* The one faithful through all changes: the other making the loved one's prosperity its own. It is a beautiful picture. Let friends, and relations, and families, all look at it. It teaches a lesson human beings will do well to follow.

DECEMBER MEMORANDA.



And last, December, his ungentle face
 Shrouded in murky clouds, and icy tears,
 Lags slowly on, with melancholy pace,
 Chanting wild dirges o'er the rolling years.

And now the ground-rose, last of Flora's race,
 Her pallid brow midst desolation rears,
 And Autumn dies in Winter's cold embrace,
 And darkness reigns, that briefest daylight cheers.

Yet, blest the time! As round the blazing hearth,
 With holly deck'd by mother, sister, wife,
 Long-severed kindred greet in gentle mirth;
 And friends estranged forget their bygone strife,
 To welcome Him who brings, 'midst Winter's dearth,
 Flowers, fruits of love, from off the Tree of Life!

H. S. E.

A.D. 1867.—Dec. 27. Feast of St. John
 the Evangelist.

In this most blessed Christian month,
 when "Love" should be the key-note of
 everything "said or sung," it seems particu-
 larly appropriate to speak about St. John
 the Evangelist, so eminently the Apostle of

"Love" in its wide Christian sense. It is
 told of him that when age and infirmities
 grew upon him and he was no longer able
 to preach, he used still to be led to church
 and utter just these words to his then young
 Christian congregation at Ephesus: *Little*
children, love one another. And one day,

being expostulated with for always repeating the same thing, and urged to give further advice to his hearers, he replied : *It is the precept of the Lord, and to those who keep it, it sufficeth for salvation.* One could wish this anecdote to be written in letters of gold, that all the world might be attracted to read it, and that all who read it might have hearts attuned to accept its teaching. But this is wild wishing indeed ! In a world where "strife and envying" seems not only the natural condition of things, but almost a necessity, the order "Little children, love one another," sounds so weak as to be almost absurd. "We are not 'little children,'" we say to ourselves, "and we cannot love one another in that sort of universal way; besides, after all, who knows that the story is true?"

No, it is only a tradition certainly, and therefore we cannot vouch positively for its details. But there is another interest about it for us. Is its *teaching* true? Is it Scriptural, that is to say? Does the Gospel really insist on this "Love," which seems to us so impracticable and absurd? Ah! there is no doubt! Again and again it repeats in effect what St. John is said to have repeated to the Ephesians: "Little children, love one another." It gives us our Blessed Saviour's own words: *This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.* It declares that *Love is of God.* It adds, *Love is the fulfilling of the law:* an expression further explained by our Lord's answer to the lawyer who "tempted" him. This man came asking him, "Which is the great commandment of the law?" hoping to entrap him into setting one of the ten commandments above the rest in importance. But our Saviour's reply, besides confounding the man's mischief-making, taught him what all his learning had failed to teach him before, viz., that underlying all those written laws was the one great spiritual law which has come down to man in all ages from the Father of lights—the law of LOVE. A Divine rule of conduct of which the *Thou shalt* notes of the two tables were but "broken lights;" which was more fully set forth,

it is true, under the second, more spiritual dispensation, but which we shall never fully understand till we reach that

"— sweet and blessed country,"

whence not only violence, but even unkindness of thought is excluded.

This is Christmas-time, and we have no business to sermonize. Aye! this is Christmas-time, and we want to "make merry and be glad;" envying not, vaunting not, not being easily provoked, thinking no evil—in one word, "loving one another."

Well! St. John, the Apostle of Love, was born at Bethsaida in Galilee, and was the son of Zebedee and Salome, being a younger brother of St. James the Greater, together with whom he was brought up to the trade of fishing. Before his coming to Christ (says Cave) he seems for some time to have been disciple to John the Baptist, "being probably *that other disciple* that was with Andrew when they left the Baptist to follow our Saviour; so particularly does he (St. John) relate all circumstances of that transaction (John i. 35—40), though modestly, as in other parts of the Gospel, concealing his own name."

He and his brother James were, however, specially called afterwards by our Saviour himself, while in a ship with their father, Zebedee, mending their nets. "And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him." Their readiness to do so, at a moment's notice, being owing no doubt to their having seen and heard of him as a Divine teacher while disciples of St. John the Baptist, who at the time of their "call" was cast into prison. Very few particulars are told of St. John, but those few are very remarkable. He speaks of himself as the "disciple whom Jesus loved," and in his shrinking modesty would never have used such an expression had it not been fully warranted by facts. He lay on our Saviour's bosom as they all "sat at meat" at the Paschal supper. He was one of the favoured three allowed to witness the Transfiguration, and, again, to be with our Lord in his agony in the

Garden of Gethsemane. He was also "that disciple" who "was known unto the high priest, and went in with Jesus into the palace of the high priest," and who afterwards persuaded "her that kept the door" to let in Peter also. Moreover, he is the only one of them all mentioned as being present at the Crucifixion; and to his tender care our Lord committed his mother in his dying moments. Finally, after the Resurrection, he was the first of the disciples who recognized his Master. From all which particulars we infer, to our great comfort, that the general command to love one another does not involve our being forbidden to form particular friendships. Our Lord himself has given us his example in proof. He was attracted by the loving spirit of St. John to admit him to a closer intimacy than any one, not even excepting Lazarus and his sisters. Happy those whose friendships are formed upon the basis of a similarity of virtuous tastes! In the division of provinces which the Apostles made among themselves, *Asia* fell to the share of St. John; but it is conjectured that he remained at Jerusalem till after the death of the blessed Virgin, which is supposed to have taken place about fifteen years after our Lord's ascension. Then he took his journey into *Asia*, preaching the Gospel where it had not yet been received, and confirming it where it was already planted; founding several churches, as those of *Smyrna*, *Pergamos*, &c.; his chief place of residence being, nevertheless, *Ephesus*, where St. Paul had many years before established a church of which he constituted Timothy bishop. Others think St. John travelled, besides, to *India*, a tradition of his having carried Christianity there existing among some of its people. Certain it is that in the reign of the Roman Emperor *Domitian*, about the year 95, he was seized by the Pro-

consul of *Asia*, and sent bound to *Rome* as a "public subverter of the religion of the empire." Here tradition relates of him that he was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, and the oil set on fire. But being taken out uninjured by miraculous interposition, the Emperor contented himself with banishing him to *Patmos*, a rocky island in the *Archipelago*, where he remained several years, instructing the inhabitants in the faith of Christ, and where also he wrote the *Apocalypse*, or *Book of Revelation*. He did not die in banishment, however. On the death of *Domitian* his successor, *Nerva*, recalled the exiles, and St. John returned to *Ephesus*, where he wrote his Gospel at the solicitation of the Bishops of *Asia*, partly to refute the errors of certain men who had begun to maintain that Jesus Christ was only a man like ourselves, partly to supply those passages of the Evangelical history which the other sacred writers had omitted.

"Among all the Evangelical preachers, none like St. John, the son of thunder" (*Boanerges*), says one of the fathers, "for sublimity of speech." And for the same reason, and because his writings soared to higher flights of insight than those of all other even inspired men; his device, from among the four beasts of the vision of *Ezekiel*, was that of the eagle.

St. John lived till the time of the Emperor *Trajan*, about the beginning of whose reign he departed this life, very aged, being about 98 or 99 years old. St. Chrysostom and some others would have him 120 at the time of his death; but this involves the notion that he was 50 when called to be an Apostle, which is, according to *Cave*, "a thing directly contrary to the whole consent and testimony of antiquity, which makes him very young at the time of his calling to the apostolic office."

REVIEWS.



OLD and foggy as the season is becoming, we can yet enjoy—remembering dear summer with its long hours of sunshine—a charming little book, entitled, *Down among the Waterweeds*. (Edinburgh, Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.) It is the production of an authoress, Mouna R. Bickerstaffe, with whom we hope our readers may have already made acquaintance through the *Bit of Moss*, which appeared in our October Number. Here she takes us to the borders of ponds and streams, and makes us acquainted in a most pleasant fanciful way with their living inhabitants, both of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Diving water-spiders, beetles, dragon-flies, tadpoles, frogs, and many

other creatures pass across the stage in the quaint tale told by an uncle to his nephews and nieces; and we are glad to observe that the tiny hydra is not forgotten, though out of sight to all but microscopic observers. The little magenta volume has another strong recommendation: the woodcut illustrations are life-like and excellent, and remarkably clear in execution. Truly, we may expect soon to see ponds and streams frozen over, and past peering into, but such of our young readers as love natural history will do all the better to use the duller season in preparing for the brighter one in store, and learning something beforehand of what “lives and moves and has its being” *Down among the Waterweeds*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“



UNT JUDY” presents her compliments to “Ramina-grobis de Mipous.” He does quite right to defend his race, but he is an enthusiast, and has carried his defence farther than was necessary. *Aunt Judy* loves good Grimalkins dearly, and has heard well-authenticated instances of personal attachment on their part, though other still more remarkable ones of their ingenuity in deserting friends for places, the old homestead being dearer to them than its inhabitants. But even that has its poetical side. She has never accused them of want of fidelity, but of not being amenable to discipline as dogs are. “Raminagrobis” will say, “Why these odious comparisons?” but he must remember that *Aunt Judy* was asked to provide a place of refuge for ill-used cats, like the home for lost dogs. Let “Raminagrobis” look into his own heart, and say, whether, if he were lost and taken to such a home, he could be persuaded to stay there, unless he were put into a cage.

As to the false logic of which “Raminagrobis” accuses *Aunt Judy*, “Les chiens sont fidèles. Les chats ne sont pas des chiens. Donc, les chats ne sont pas fidèles”—nobody but an excited cat could possibly suppose her capable of it!

The extracts alluded to by “Raminagrobis” will have *Aunt Judy's* best attention. She knows him to be a cat of taste, by his pleasant allusion to a certain fable on purring.

“Pan” is sincerely thanked for a kind and welcome note; but the puss adventure which accompanied it is rather for private than public amusement; and it would be straining a point to draw a moral from it.

Aunt Judy is not acquainted with the lines quoted by “Zeta:”

“Long on the marble bust he gazed,
And his lips moved, but he spoke not:”

supposed to describe Napoleon Buona-parto looking at the bust of his deceased daughter, “Zeta” says; but we presume she means, *son*.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Two noble children, in Italian halls,
 Obey the summons when their *Ajo** calls :
 And when the *nought* from *Ajo* has retired,
 A J are left, the letters now required.
 The next we can more easily explain—
 From sever'd *W* two *U*'s remain.
 It is in need we most esteem a friend—
Need whose beginning *N* is, *D* its end.
 And when we urge, "young ladies *tidy* be,"
 The word concludes with *Y*, begins with *T* :
 Whereby those household words, *Aunt Judy* do we see.

ANSWER TO CHARADE.

Folks must be fast asleep, and hear no more,
 Or else they would suppress their hideous *snore* :
 Well, take the *S* away, and you will be
 Where ends the *Thames*, and out upon the sea ;
 Then from the *Nore* remove the letter *N*,
 And *Ore* you find was written by your pen ;
 Abstract the *O*, and *Re* (in music *D*)
 Sounds on the scale when run from *C* to *C* :
 Dismiss the *R*, and *E* defenceless stands
 Like a dead letter, and disown'd by hands.

BURIED CITIES AND COUNTRIES DUG UP.

London.—Paris.—Madeira.—Madrid.—Lyons.—Palmyra.—America.

ANSWER TO REBUS.

Because it's a word in *sea-son*.

* Vide Italian Dictionary.



THE TOAD.

THE TOAD.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Translated from the Danish).



HE well was deep, and so the rope was long, and the wheel went heavily round, before one could hoist the bucket over the side of the well. The sun could not reach so far as to shine upon the water, however clear the day might be; but as far as it *could* shine, there were green weeds growing between the stones.

A family of the toad race dwelt here. They were emigrants; indeed, they had all come plump down in the person of the old toad-mother, who was still alive. The green frogs who swam in the water, had been at home here ever so much longer, but they acknowledged their cousins, and called them "the well-guests." The latter, however, had no thoughts of ever flitting: they made themselves very comfortable here on the *dry land*, as they called the wet stones.

Dame Frog had once travelled, riding in the bucket as it went up; but the light was too much for her, and gave her spasm in the eyes; luckily she got out of the bucket. She fell with a frightful splash in the water, and lay up for three days with the back-ache. She had not much to tell about the upper world, but one thing she did know, and so did all the others now,—that the well was not the whole world. Dame Toad might have told them a thing or two more, but she never answered any questions, and so they left off asking any.

"Nasty, ugly, squat and fat she is!" said the young green frogs; "and her brats are getting just like her."

"May be so!" said Dame Toad, "but one of them has a jewel in its head, or else I have it myself."

The green frogs listened and stared, and, as they did not like to hear that, they made faces and went to the bottom. But the young toads stretched their hind-legs out of sheer pride. Each of them thought it had the jewel, and so they all kept their heads quite still; but, at last, they began to ask what sort of thing they had to be proud of, and what a jewel *was* exactly?

"It is something so splendid and so precious," said Dame Toad

"that I cannot describe it; it is something that one wears to please oneself, and that others fret to death after. But don't ask questions: I shan't answer them."

"Well, I have not got the jewel," said the smallest toad, which was as ugly as ugly could be. "How should I have anything so splendid? and, if it vexed others, why, it could not please me. No; all I want is to get up to the well-side, and have one peep out: that would be glorious!"

"Better stay where you are," said the old one. "Here you are at home, and you know what it's like. Keep clear of the bucket, or it may squash you. And even if you get safe into it, you may fall out again, and it is not every one that can fall so luckily as I did, and keep legs and eggs all safe and sound."

"Quack!" said the little one, and that means the same as when we men say "Alack!"

It did so long to get up to the well-side, and look out; it felt quite a yearning after the green things up yonder. And so next morning, as the bucket was going up, when it happened to stop for an instant before the stone where the toad sat, the little creature quivered through and through, and edged into the bucket. It sank to the bottom of the water, which was presently drawn up, and poured out.

"Phuh, botheration!" said the man, when he saw it; "it is the ugliest I have ever seen." He kicked with his wooden shoe at the toad, which was near being crippled, but managed to escape into the middle of some tall stinging-nettles. It saw stalks side by side around it, and it looked upwards too. The sun shone on the leaves; they were quite transparent. For the toad it was the same as it is for us men, when we come all at once into a great forest, where the sun is shining between leaves and branches.

"It is much prettier here than down in the well! One might well stop here for one's whole lifetime," said the little toad. It lay there one hour, it lay there two. "Now, I wonder what there is outside; as I have gone so far, I may as well go further." And it crawled as fast as it could crawl, till it came out into the full sunshine, and got powdered with dust, as it marched across a high-road.

"This is something like being on dry land," said the toad; "I am getting almost too much of a good thing; it tickles right into me."

Now it came to a ditch: the forget-me-not grew here, and the

meadow-sweet; beyond it was a hedge of white-thorn and elder-bushes, and the convolvulus crept and hung about it. Here were fine colours to be seen! And yonder flew a butterfly. The toad thought that it was a flower, which had broken loose, in order to look about it in the world; it really seemed so very natural.

"If one could only get along like that!" said the toad. "Quack—alack, oh, how glorious!"

For eight days and nights it lingered by the ditch, and felt no want of food. The ninth day it thought, "Further—forwards!" But was there anything more beautiful to be found then? perhaps a little toad, or some green frogs: there had been a sound in the wind last night, as if there were "cousins" in the neighbourhood.

"It is a fine thing to live! to come up out of the well; to lie in stinging-nettles; to creep along a dusty road; and to rest in a wet ditch! But forwards still! let us find out frogs or a little toad; one cannot do without them, after all; nature, by itself, is not enough for one!" And so it set out again on its wanderings.

It came to a field and a large pond, with rushes round it: it took a look inside.

"It is too wet for you here, isn't it?" said the frogs, "but you are quite welcome. Are you a he or a she?—not that it matters, you are welcome all the same."

And so it was invited to a concert in the evening—a family concert; great excitement and thin voices! we all know that sort of thing. There were no refreshments, except drink; but that was free to all—the whole pond, if they pleased.

"Now I shall travel further," said the little toad. It was always craving after something better.

It saw the stars twinkle, so large and so clear; it saw the new moon shine; it saw the sun rise, higher and higher.

"I think I am still in the well, in a larger well, I must get higher up! I feel a restlessness, a longing!" And when the moon had grown full and round, the poor creature thought, "Can *that* be the bucket which is being let down, and which I must pop into if I wish to get higher up? Or, is the sun the great bucket? How great it is, and how beaming! It could hold all of us together. I must watch for my opportunity. What a brightness in my head! I do not believe that the jewel can shine better. The jewel! I have it not, and shall

not cry after it. No; higher still in glitter and gladness! I feel an assurance, and yet a fear; it is a hard step to take, but it must be taken! Forward! right on along the high-road!"

And it stepped out, as well as such a crawling creature can, till it came to the great thoroughfare, where the men lived. Here there were flower-gardens and cabbage-gardens. It turned aside to rest in a cabbage-garden.

"What a number of different beings there are, which I know nothing about! and how great and blessed is the world! But one must keep looking about one, instead of sitting always in the same corner." And so it sidled into the cabbage-garden. "How green it is here! how pretty it is here!"

"That I know well enough!" said the caterpillar, on the leaf. "My leaf is the largest here; it covers half the world—but as for the world I can do without it."

"Cluck! cluck!" said somebody, and fowls came tripping into the cabbage-garden. The foremost hen was long-sighted; she spied out the worm on the curly leaf, and pecked at it, so that it fell to the ground, where it lay, twisting and turning. The hen looked first with one eye and then with the other, for she could not make out what was to be the end of all this wriggling.

"It does not do this of its own accord," thought the hen, and lifted her head for a finishing stroke. The toad grew so frightened, that it crawled right up against the hen.

"So it has friends to fight for it!" said she; "just look at the crawler!" and the hen turned tail. "I shan't trouble myself about the little green mouthful; it only gives one a tickling in the throat." The other fowls were of the same opinion, and away they went.

"I have wriggled away from her," said the caterpillar; "it is good to have presence of mind, but the hardest task remains, to get up on to my cabbage-leaf. Where is it?"

And the little toad came forward and expressed its sympathies. It was glad of its own ugliness, that had frightened away the hen.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the caterpillar. "I got rid of her myself, I tell you! You are very unpleasant to look at! Mayn't I be allowed to get back into my own? Now I smell cabbage! Now I am near my leaf! There is nothing so beautiful, as what is one's own. I must go higher up still."

"Yes, higher up!" said the little toad, "higher up! it feels just as I feel; but it is not in good humour to day; that comes of the fright. We all wish to get higher up." And it looked up as high as it could.

The stork sat in his nest on the farmer's roof; he clattered, and the stork mother clattered.

"How high they live," thought the toad. "Pity that one can't get up there!"

There were two young students lodging in the farm-house: one of them was a poet, the other a naturalist. The one sang and wrote in gladness of all that God had created, even as its image was reflected in his heart; he sang it out short and clear, and rich in resounding verses. The other took hold of the thing itself; aye, and split it up, if necessary. He treated our Lord's creation like some vast piece of arithmetic; subtracted, multiplied, wished to know it outside and inside, and to talk of it with reason; nothing but reason; and he talked of it in gladness too, and cleverly. They were good, glad-hearted men, both of them.

"Yonder sits a fine specimen of a toad," said the naturalist; "I must have it in spirit."

"You have two already," said the poet; "let it sit in peace, and enjoy itself."

"But it is so beautifully ugly!" said the other.

"Yes, if we could find the jewel in its head!" said the poet, "then I myself might lend a hand in splitting it up."

"The jewel!" said the other. "Much you know about natural history!"

"But is there not something very fine, at least, in the popular belief, that the toad, the ugliest of creatures, often hides in its head the most precious of all jewels? Is it not much the same with men? Was there not such a jewel hidden in Æsop, and Socrates too?"

The toad heard nothing more; and even so far, it did not understand half of it. The two friends went on; and it escaped being put into spirit.

"They were talking about the jewel, too," said the toad. "I am just as well without it; otherwise I should have got into trouble."

There was a clattering upon the farmer's roof. Father Stork was delivering a lecture to his family, while they all looked down askant at the two young men in the cabbage-garden.

"Man is the most conceited of creatures!" said the stork. "Hark,

how they are going on,—clatter, clatter—and yet they cannot rattle off a regular tattoo! They puff themselves up with notions of their eloquence—their language! A rare language, indeed; it shifts from one jabber to another, at every day's journey. Our language we can talk the whole world over, whether in Denmark or in Egypt. As for flying, they can't manage it at all. They push along by means of a contrivance which they call a 'railway,' but there they often get their necks broken. It gives me the shivers in my bill when I think of it. The world can exist without men. What good are they to us? All that we want are frogs and earth-worms?"

"That was a grand speech, now!" thought the little toad. "What a great man he is! and how high he sits, higher than I have ever seen any one before! and how well he can swim!" it exclaimed, as the stork took flight through the air with outstretched wings.

And Mother Stork talked in the nest. She told of the land of Egypt, of the water of the Nile, and of the first-rate mud that was to be found in foreign parts; it sounded quite fresh and charming in the ears of the little toad.

"I must go to Egypt," it said. "Oh, if the stork would only give me a lift! or one of the young ones might take me. I would do the youngster some service, in my turn, on his wedding-day. I am sure I shall get to Egypt, for I am so lucky; and all the longing and the yearning which I feel! surely this is better than having a jewel in one's head!"

And it had it—the true jewel; the eternal longing and yearning to go upwards, ever upwards! This was the jewel, and it shone within it, shone with gladness, and beamed with desire.

At that very moment came the stork. He had seen the toad in the grass, and he swooped down and took hold of the little creature, not over tenderly. The bill pinched; the wind whistled; it was not quite comfortable. But still it was going upwards, and away to Egypt, it knew; and that was why its eyes glittered, till it seemed as if a spark flew out of them.

"Quack!—ack!"

The body was dead, the toad was killed. But the spark out of its eyes, what became of *that*?

The sunbeam took it; the sunbeam bore away the jewel from the head of the toad. Whither?

You must not ask the naturalist; rather ask the poet. He will tell it you as a fairy tale; and the caterpillar will take a share in it, and the stork family will take a share in it. Think! the caterpillar will be changed, and become a beautiful butterfly! The stork family will fly over mountains and seas far away to Africa, and yet find the shortest way home again to the Danish land, to the same spot, the same roof! Yes, it is all nearly too much like a fairy tale—and yet it is true. You may fairly ask the naturalist about the truth of it; he will admit *that*: and, indeed, you know it yourself, for you have seen it

But the jewel in the toad's head? Look for it in the sun; look at it, if you can.

The splendour is too strong. We have not yet eyes that can look into all the glories which God hath revealed; but some day we shall have them, and that will be the most beautiful fairy tale of all, for we ourselves shall take a share in it.

H. W. & A. P.

WOODS IN WINTER.



HE woods turn brown,
The leaves fall down,
The wind blows hollow o'er field and town;
The sky looks grey,
And every day
Seems colder than those that have passed away.

The rough wind blows,
And the swallow goes,
And the garden is bare of lily or rose,—
So come away,
For you cannot play
In the lawn or garden as in May.

The woods turn brown,
The leaves fall down;—
Come! leave the meadow and leave the town!
Come in with me!
Come in and see
If the house yields neither flower nor tree!

“The house,” I know,
Sounds drear and slow
To those who into the woods would go.
But beneath the roof
(Which is waterproof)
We shall find both woods and flowers enough.

The woods out there,
And the flowers so fair,
Turn brown and die in the nipping air;
But the woods I mean
Are always green,
And the flowers are as fair as were ever seen.

So come with me
To the library;—
Sit down round the hearthstone cosily,
And open our store
Of fairy lore,
For there it is summer for evermore.

The meadows there
Are green and fair,
And the flowers have fragrance wondrous rare:
The sun shines bright,
The breeze blows light,
And the swallow never takes his flight.

The lark sings high
In the broad blue sky,
And the turtle-doves coo tenderly;
And in and out
In a leafy rout
The sprites and fays go flitting about.

Then woods, turn brown!
Then leaves, fall down!
Then blow, cold wind, over meadow and town!
The woods in here
Are never sere,
And the flowers bloom gaily throughout the year!

H. B. F.

THE GIPSIES; OR, ELLIE AND WALTER.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEPARTURE.



WITH their minds full of the expected pleasure of the next day, and many questionings of the wind, and sky, and sunset, each of which promised a splendid Thursday, the three cousins went to bed.

Whether they went to sleep, or whether their minds were too much excited to allow them to do so, must be guessed.

When they met at breakfast, Walter looked decidedly paler than usual, and Ellie's eyes had a suspicious redness about them. Roger himself looked thoughtful, but they all agreed that they were delighted that it was such a fine morning. The sky was without a cloud; the sun shone brightly over the grounds and the pool and shrubberies, even to the distant hills of Moreton Chase, where their gipsying was really to begin. They all agreed, while Lucy was absent, that they ought to make an excellent breakfast before starting; and yet, oddly enough, Walter and Ellie decidedly ate less than usual. Each had his or her bag on her knee, in which toast, cake, and even eggs were placed.

After breakfast Lucy departed. The bags were deposited in the baskets prepared for them; and Ellie having put on her coat and hat, and the boys their caps, the three cousins descended the stairs, and soon found themselves hurrying down the path leading to the principal gate opening on the road from the grounds.

They were all silent, except Roger, who whistled, with a pretence of careless merriment, while he was, in reality, looking at the faces of his two little companions. As they came near the gate, Ellie's face became more and more pale, and her eyes looked red. Still no one spoke.

Roger opened the gate.

"Here we are!" cried he, "in the wide world! free from Pratts and Lucys, and all the tribe of tyrants!"

Walter responded by a feeble "Hurrah!" Little Ellie burst into tears.

Roger was thoroughly annoyed.

"Why, Ellie, what a coward you are! Here you and Walter the Witless have been grumbling and complaining about the slavery you were kept in, and now you're a regular cry-baby! Better go back to Lucy, and leave me and Walter to go by ourselves. There, go!—

'Cry, baby, cry!

Put its finger in its eye—'

"No, indeed!" sobbed Ellie, indignantly, through her tears. "I won't go back. I'm as brave as you are, Roger; but if mamma—oh, mamma——!"

Then she cried still more.

"I'm ashamed of you," said Roger, angrily.

"But, Roger," said Walter, "I've been thinking, too; that when mamma——"

"Pooh! you mammy-sick Miss Molly. Here's your mamma leaves you to Pratt and Lucy to go and enjoy herself in London. Why need you bother yourself about her? Well! it's no concern of mine. I'll just write to my uncle, Lord Sandwich. It'll be much better fun to spend three weeks in the *Peep o' Day*. So we'll turn back."

The truth was that Roger himself, determined as he wished to appear, had had some misgivings about the adventure, which really pleased his fancy very much, as far as he was concerned. But he had begun to think that, as he was the leader, the care of the two younger ones would fall upon him as well as all the blame. He was sharp enough to see the difference between the home-bred governess-taught Walter, and himself with all the quick perception and ready thought gained by the rough training of two years at a great school, and he found Ellie a "regular coward." So altogether he determined, for the sake of his reputation, to talk very grand, but at the same time he made up his mind to yield.

After a great deal of scolding and blustering, he said: "Well, if you're determined to go, I'll agree to go with you for one day, just to see whether you have spirit enough to go on with it. If your hearts fail you, we can come back in the train in the evening. It's really a pity to lose such a splendid day, when we've taken such trouble about it, too."

Ellie dried her tears, and Walter's face cleared up. "Oh, I should like that; do let us go for a day, dear Roger," said Ellie.

"Yes, and then we can see how we like it," added Walter. "I think myself it will be jolly fun, only I don't like to fancy that mamma would be made sorry by our being long away, and——"

"If you say one word more about 'mamma,' said Roger, "I'll turn back and write to Sandwich at once; but if you'll be quiet, I have no objection to try you for a day."

There was not a cloud in the deep blue August sky, nor was there a cloud now on any of the three young faces of our travellers. Even Roger found his mind infinitely relieved, though he would not of course allow it, by the decision that the adventure was to begin and end on that day. And they walked merrily on to the station, a distance of about two miles, and Roger, taking upon himself the task of getting the tickets, they steamed out towards Stowchester just about the time that Lucy rose from her breakfast in the servant's hall at Langton Moss.

By Roger's advice they took their places in a second-class carriage. He thought they would be less likely to meet people who knew his cousins. Indeed, there was only one man, a countryman, in his working-clothes, in the same carriage; so they were quite safe.

It was a great amusement to them to try to mystify this man as to where they came from, and where they were going. Roger talked about sheep, cows, and crops, which he was tolerably well able to do, his father having had a model farm, which was his great pleasure.

Walter and Ellie entered into the joke; but as they knew very little about the matter, they fell into many rather absurd mistakes, which made the countryman in the corner of the carriage laugh in a sort of quiet chuckle.

Roger seeing this, monopolized the greater share of the talk; and as they got out of the carriage at Moreton, he was fully convinced that the countryman believed that he at least was brought up in a midland farmhouse, and that he had done away with the ill-effects of the mistakes of Walter and Ellie by implying that they were his cousins, which was true, and that they were the children of a country school-master, which of course was entirely false.

In the highest spirits they left the station. It was now about nine o'clock. The sun was high in the sky. There was not a breeze to be felt; the trees along the road sides were as still as possible; every-

thing promised a continuance of the bright hot weather. They asked the way to the chase, and soon found themselves ascending the sides of the hills, getting away from the tree-shadows, and enjoying the light breeze that swept down from the range of uncultivated moorland called Moreton Chase.

The fresh, sweet air of the hills, and the novelty of the place delighted them, and they walked and ran on, shouting and laughing till they lost sight of Moreton, but obtained a very fine view of all the country beyond the steep slope they had just climbed.

Many sheep were grazing on different parts of the chase, which extended from six to ten miles, and groups of cattle were dispersed here and there. One part of it was covered with wood. This was the beginning of a once large and celebrated forest, much of which had now been cut down. The destruction of the trees had been for some years put a stop to, and any persons injuring the forest were threatened with punishment. There had been much talk about obliging the people having the care of the forest to reside in lodges within it; but none had done so. All lived in the towns or villages in the neighbourhood.

"I wish we could get to the forest," said Walter. "It is so hot here. There is not a cloud, and the wind is quite gone. It would be so nice to eat our dinner in the shade."

"Yes, and drink our tea, too," said Roger.

"Tea? but we have no tea, nor milk, nor fire, nor water, dear Roger," said Walter. "How can we make tea?"

"Well, only budge on, and let us get to the forest. It is not a mile from here, and then you'll see. Perhaps you'll find a fairy in the forest," replied Roger.

Certainly it was rather hot work walking in the blazing sunshine over the unshaded chase, and rather hard work, too, to squeeze between the thick furze bushes in some places: still it was delightful. Now and then a family party of rabbits would start out from amongst the furze; then a solitary hare would scour across the chase. Many coveys of partridges rose whirring in the clear bright air, and the startling rise of a pheasant would suddenly interrupt Roger's school stories and the fixed attention of Walter and Ellie. The singing of larks, the sharp little cry of redstarts amongst the gorse, the strange appearance of moles or shrews or fieldmice, were all delightful to the

children, and they were so very happy that it would have been easy for Roger to have persuaded his cousins to change their plan of returning in the evening. The only drawback to Ellie was the cattle. Sometimes they raised their heads and quite stopped eating, in order to stare at the strangers; sometimes the whole party rushed forward as if to trample them down; but when Roger rushed at them brandishing his stick, they turned aside. Still, in spite of Roger's laughter, Ellie could not help feeling very much frightened. However, she said nothing, as she stood greatly in dread of his ridicule, which was generally directed at her. So much time was consumed by these constant alarms from the cattle and the long distances they were obliged to go, to avoid the thick wide-spreading furze, that the shadows of the bushes vanished quite before they reached the borders of the forest. They were all very hungry; but still the idea of eating their dinner under the trees seemed to keep possession of them all, and they walked bravely on towards the trees, which were at first thinly planted, and then thickened as they advanced farther.

"Now!" said Walter, with a sigh of relief—"now we will dine."

There was an enormous oak, many centuries old, about three hundred yards from the commencement of the forest, and beneath it was a space of clear turf, except that a mass of brambles grew up here and there. It was a noble tree. The ground was dry and the grass crisp beneath it, and here the three cousins determined to unpack their bags, and eat their midday meal.

Such a display as appeared when the bags were unpacked! Such pieces of dry cake, ancient bread and butter; toast become soft again by keeping; tartlets and fruit, and hard eggs!

Certainly most persons would have thought that the dinners served up in the schoolroom at The Moss were much nicer, in appearance at least. But this was not the idea of our travellers. Or it might be, according to the old proverb, that "hunger is the best sauce," for they exclaimed, "What a supply! Oh, I am so hungry, and such a jolly dinner!"

They really seemed to enjoy this meal more than any they had ever eaten, if one might judge by the quantity of food consumed, and by the silent and fixed attention they paid to it after it was once begun. Indeed, the only thing that was wanted was water.

"There must be water near," said Roger. "The forest could never

be so green without there was a brook or a river near. Let us go and see, Walter, and Ellie shall pack up the bags again, and we shall be ready for a fresh start. Take the bottle, Walter."

Ellie coloured. This proposal was far from pleasant to her, but she dared not refuse to stay alone under the oak, or to show that she did not like it, except by saying, "Are you sure you can find the place again, Roger?"

"Oh, yes, I believe you. I can mark the trees, you know," said Roger, setting off with a little can which he had chosen from his cousin's toys for the purpose. "And I say, Ellie!" shouted he, as he and Walter disappeared, "if the cattle come to you, run round and round the oak-tree: they can't catch you then."

Ellie did not like this suggestion of Roger's at all, but she was silent, and began to pack up the small remains of the eatables in the bags, while the two boys hurried away in what they believed to be the direction of a small rivulet which had issued from the forest, and taken a winding way to join the river at Moreton.

She soon finished her task, and sat listening for the two boys forcing their way through the underwood; but they were not to be heard. The place where she sat was very pretty, the sunbeams streaming through the boughs of the great oak-tree, and drawing patterns of the leaves on the grass. Soon a little rustling near her made her look up. It was a beautiful little squirrel, with a thick bushy tail and bright peering black eyes, climbing up the boughs of the oak, and leaping from branch to branch. Ellie clapped her hands.

"Oh, you dear pretty creature!" said she, for she did not know that it was a squirrel. "Oh, I wish I could catch you!"

It was very amusing to watch the little thing leaping so lightly and actively from bough to bough, and disturbing a bird here and there who was sleeping in the hot hours of the day. But at last he got so deep into the leafage that Ellie lost sight of him altogether. But the wood seemed full of living creatures. Several rabbits ran across the little grassy opening where the oak-tree stood, pretty, dark, grey-brown creatures with long ears. They seemed frightened, as if they had been disturbed by something, and took refuge in the thick bushes of matted gorse and bramble that were dotted here and there among the trees.

"I dare say it is the boys coming back," thought Ellie, hopefully;

for the time began to seem very long. The sunshine now came from another part of the sky, instead of falling through the oak boughs. The birds and insects awoke and began to sing and chirp by myriads in the branches and in the grass. But though the time seemed long, Ellie durst not try to follow the two boys, thinking they might return to the oak-tree by some other way, and so miss her.

Ellie was not very courageous, and after listening and waiting very long, she began to cry. But children do not generally cry very much when alone, and her tears fell slowly. It was very hot, and very still and close, so far in the forest. Not a breeze came to cool the air. Ellie became very drowsy. She shook her sleepy feelings off many times, but at last they quite overpowered her, and she sank down on the grass on which she had been seated, and fell fast asleep.

A loud rushing noise awoke her suddenly. She looked up, and screamed out loudly.

No wonder, for a broad, shaggy head, armed with two strong curved horns, appeared above a bramble bush about five or six feet from her. It was the head of an animal which Ellie had seen grazing on the chase with many others in the morning. It was that of a bull, a creature which, of all others, was the most terrible to Ellie's imagination.

She had presence of mind enough to jump up, suddenly, and get behind the great bole of the oak-tree. The bull made a sudden spring towards the tree, but she dodged about so that it could not reach her; but her heart beat so quickly that she could scarcely breathe. Her eyes felt hot and dry, as she looked out from behind the tree, watching the unwieldy bulk of the bull, which could not turn round the tree to attack her. She felt that she could not go on in this way much longer; but what else to do she did not know. At last the animal stopped, and Ellie, peeping cautiously from behind her tree, saw him standing still and not looking towards her. She had a little hope that he was going away. But he stood still, and began to graze.

Then Ellie thought that she could steal away, by hiding herself amongst the bushes, and creeping between the matted clumps of furze, and the thick trunks of the trees; and she tried to recover her self-possession, and to choose as calmly as she could the best way to take. She moved on without, as she thought, making the least noise, and hearing nothing, she felt quite a thrill of delight at the idea of having

escaped from her enemy, and looked up, for the first time, to search for a tree which she could climb, and in the boughs of which she could rest in safety. At a little distance before her rose a grand old oak, with broad thick branches, the lowest of which stretched out at right angles from the trunk, at no great height from the ground. She directed her steps towards this tree, still creeping noiselessly forward, when she heard, to her great alarm, a slight rustling near her. As nothing unusual was to be seen, she concluded that some hare or rabbit had been startled by her approach, and she went on.

Alas! all her terrors were now justified. A loud plunging amongst the bushes compelled her to look round, and there she saw the terrible bull, with his great eyes flashing, and his head bent down, as if in preparation for an attack upon his victim, dashing on, over and between the clumps of furze and brambles, and making as straight a course towards her as the trees and undergrowth of the forest permitted. Ellie looked at the oak-tree—apparently her only chance of safety; it seemed to have moved away to an immense distance. She ran on; but the crashing sounds told her that her enemy was gaining upon her. At last she struck her foot against a clump of furze, and fell to the ground with a cry of fear—that is more terrible to hear than any other cry—for she felt that now she was quite in the power of the bull.

Suddenly she was seized in a pair of strong arms, lifted up, and, half insensible from fright, she was carried a little farther on, and placed among the boughs of the very oak she had been trying to reach, and which had seemed to her to be so distant.

"Hold fast, miss," said the man who had lifted her up; but he spoke to unheeding ears. Ellie clung involuntarily to the great bough on which she was placed, but she was in such a confusion of fear that she could neither think nor listen.

If she had been able to observe what happened near her she would indeed have been much surprised. The man placed himself directly in front of the oak, and exactly in the way of the bull, who came dashing onward, crashing amongst the boughs and through the underwood towards it. The cunning animal saw the fluttering object in the tree, and knew his intended victim was there.

Suddenly, when almost close to the stranger, the bull stopped, shook violently for an instant, and then fell heavily over on his side. He

was quite silent for a moment, but he soon began to bellow loudly, making the whole forest ring with his terrible roar.

The stranger had thrown a lasso, after the fashion of Spaniards in South America, around the bull. The lasso is a long rope with a running noose. As it fell round the legs of the animal the noose was drawn tight, and the animal consequently was turned suddenly over, being at full speed, and his fore-legs checked at once from moving onward.

Now would have been the time for the stranger, if he had been a Gaucho of the Pampas, to have rushed up and planted his *cuchillo* or knife deep in the neck of the bull. But he was a very valuable animal, and the man who had so bravely saved the little child did not wish to get into any difficulty himself. He also intended eventually to recover the rope. At present, however, he was obliged to act quickly and decidedly; for there was just a chance of the bull's struggles breaking the rope, though it was a strong one. He therefore quickly approached him, and succeeded in twisting the cord again and again round his legs and head, so that it was quite impossible that he could rise; and then he went to the tree and climbed up into its boughs, speaking kindly and gently to Ellie.

"Don't be afraid, little lady," he said. "Open your eyes and look at the bull. He may roar as much as he likes, but he can't hurt you now."

Ellie, now for the first time since she had fallen down, actually opened her eyes so as to use them with a consciousness of what they presented to her mind. She looked up in the face of the man, and thought she had seen him before, though she did not know where; then she settled herself more firmly in the tree, and forced herself to turn her eyes downwards. There lay the bull, too much hampered by the lasso to struggle much, but roaring in a manner which showed how dangerous he would be if it were possible to him to free himself. The man stood for a moment looking in triumph at the bull he had so ingeniously conquered; then he said:

"Now, pretty lady, I dare say you are tired and hungry. I will take you down from the tree. The bull cannot hurt you now. I will carry you to a kind lady who will take care of you."

"Oh, take me home—home to Colonel Stanmore's at Langton Moss—to Lucy Simmons!" said Ellie; "and I dare not—oh, I dare not come down!"

The man took her in his arms to lift her down. Just at that instant she remembered where she had seen his face. It was over the wall by the Chorley Road at Langton Moss. It was the face of the man on stilts.

"Take me home, oh, take me home!" cried she, in great alarm.

"Be still, little miss, and don't struggle so. It's of no use. I can catch a bull, you see, and I think I can master a little Busnee like you."

He was so strong and spoke so sternly that Ellie dared not say anything more or resist. The man carried her swiftly through the wood for a long way—so long that Ellie, quite tired out, and in spite of her terrors, fell fast asleep.

BUTTERFLEE'S GHOST.

"AN 'ORRIBLE TALE!"



It is a great many years ago, but I have still a most vivid recollection of the terrible fright that "Butterflee's Ghost" gave me.

We were living at the period of the awful event in a very old rambling house on the coast of Cornwall. The place had been so altered and added to by successive tenants, that it bore a curious resemblance to one of those strange organizations of the insect world which increase by buds and offshoots, have promiscuously two heads to one stomach, or two stomachs to one head, and whose heads and tails are interchangeable, and "do duty" in either capacity, just as may be found convenient, pleasant, or profitable.

The whole building was a mass of passages and rooms with little or no apparent arrangement—steps up here, steps down there, passages leading to rooms, and passages leading to nowhere in particular; pantries and parlours, bedrooms and larders, kitchens and cellars, all jumbled up together. But it was in passages, cellars, and concealments of all sorts, that the house was most remarkable. There was, however, a method in all the seeming confusion, for it had been the head-quarters of a notorious smuggler and wrecker, and was admirably suited for the concealment of his contraband wares, and the plunder acquired by wrecking, and various other not less villainous practices.

At that time, and in that part of the country, every one had a nickname by which, and frequently by which only, he or she was recognised. There was always some reason for the *sobriquet*, generally a ridiculous, often a disreputable one: why, I never understood, but far and wide this old rascal was called "Butterfly," or, according to the Cornish pronunciation, "Butterflee;" his real name was Leity, but few knew him, and no one ever spoke of him, by that name.

It was the universal belief that "old Butterflee" had sold himself to the evil one for a thousand pounds, and a miraculously inexhaustible "anker" * of brandy.

Butterflee had been dead for a score, or two, of years; and the thousand pounds, and many more, the produce of smuggling and plunder, had long ago been dissipated in riot and debauchery by his heir, but the "devil's brandy-keg" had never been seen since his death, and was still concealed, so it was gravely asserted, in some mysterious recess or corner of the old house, and over which the ghost of Butterflee had been condemned to keep watch and ward.

If any one had pluck enough to face the ghost, and luck enough to find the miraculous keg, he would become lawfully possessed of the wonderful vessel, which would yield to him, as it had done to Butterflee, a continual supply of the strongest and most exquisitely flavoured brandy.

Whatever may be the case now, at that time teetotal doctrines were utterly unknown in "those parts," and total abstainers were indeed few; I doubt whether a single live specimen could have been found in a long day's march. Brandy was therefore in universal favour, and many an adventurous and thirsty soul had rummaged the old house from top to bottom in search of the magic brandy; none had found it, but some who had fortified their courage, before proceeding on the adventure, by a goodly supply of spirits obtained from a more legitimate source, had, much to their discomfiture and fright, encountered the veritable ghost of Butterflee himself, wrapped in a fiery sheet, and glaring on them, not with "lack-lustre eyes," but with orbs which resembled two saucers of burning brandy.

To express a disbelief in the ghost of Butterflee, was, in the eyes of

* The small casks in which the smuggled brandy, &c. was brought over were so called.

every man, woman, and child in the village, to be worse than a heathen, for they, like the lost angels, "believed and trembled."

"For ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire and fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!"

I had heard the story of Butterflee's Ghost over and over again, and though I pretended to laugh at what I was pleased to call the "uneducated ignorance of the rustic mind," I was in heart much more than half a believer.

On the eventful night of my ghostly encounter it was blowing a terrific gale; indeed, the weather had been so bad that it had kept us all in-doors the whole day. Tea was just over, and the family-party had settled down to their various occupations,—my father to his pipe, my mother and sister to their sewing, and I to my book, which was Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature," an edifying production certainly, but just then the "new book." The conversation had taken a ghostly turn—my father relating many stories of the superstitions of the neighbourhood, and others which he had picked up in his travels.

The south-wester roared in the chimneys, and whistled through the crevices of the shutters, shaking every window in the old house, and making the very tiles rattle again on the lofty roof.

"By George! how it blows," said my father, breaking off in the middle of his lecture on the supernatural—"Go to the kitchen, Jack, and tell Benjamin to take some of the lads down with him to the cove, and haul the boat further up the beach; if she remains where we left her, she will be knocked into toothpicks at high-water!"

I rose from my seat to do as I was bidden, and was taking a candle from the table, when my father, who was about to light his pipe at it, said, "Never mind the candle, Jack; surely a fellow who wants to be a sailor, can find his way in the dark." Though much disconcerted by this remark, I made no reply, but put down the light and was going out of the room, when my sister said, somewhat maliciously, "Take care of Butterflee's ghost, Jack!"

Now I may as well candidly confess that I did not feel at all comfortable. The passage leading to the kitchen happened to be Butterflee's favourite cruising-ground. It was a long rambling place, here bulging out almost into the size of a room, and there contracting to



BUTTERFLEE'S GHOST.

such narrow dimensions as hardly to leave room for two people to pass. Various cross-passages branched from it leading to cellars and disused lumber-holes of all sorts and sizes. To keep out damp and cold the passage was cut off from the parlour and divided into compartments, as it were, by more than one door.

"No man is wise at all times," says the proverb, and no man is brave at all times, say I. To tell the truth, I felt unusually nervous, and experienced a very unpleasant sensation in the indefinite apprehension that I might "see something"—I knew not what!

I had a mind to turn back, but I dreaded my father's jokes, and my sister's laughter. I well knew my mother, dear soul! would "stick up" for me, but that would not influence the other two, so I screwed up my courage and went on, carefully feeling my way by the wall. On reaching one of the doors, just mentioned, I cautiously threw it open. Heaven and earth! there stood Butterflee!! Yes, there was no mistake about it this time; there he was, the veritable, dreaded Butterflee, in all the awful horrors of ghostly majesty! His whole body glowed like a red-hot mass of iron; he appeared to float in the air; his head, brighter and more vivid than the rest of his body, touched the ceiling; his feet were some way, but not far, from the floor; his eyes, oh dear! oh dear! their burning, fiery expression was altogether too much for me. I stood motionless, transfixed with terror and amazement, my soul well-nigh "harrowed up," and "each particular hair," no doubt, standing on end!

I had no sooner beheld the terrible apparition than my ears were saluted with a dull screaming groan, which sounded through the passage. There was a rush, as of a stormy wind, and the ghost of Butterflee swung himself towards me, as if to clasp me in his hideous embrace. I cried with a loud voice, and fled in frantic haste in the direction of the parlour, into which I rushed, exclaiming, as I fell into my mother's arms, "Butterflee's ghost! Butterflee's ghost!"

My mother looked as frightened as I was, so did my sister, who straightway showed signs of "going off" into a real faint, but my father, as he snatched up a candle, and went hastily out of the room into the passage, merely said, "What an ass that boy is!"

No doubt, good reader, you quite agree with my father; but, allow me to ask, did you ever see a ghost? Or (what is just the same thing, so far as the fright goes), did you ever *think* you saw a ghost? Did

you ever stand face to face with one, close on board of you, hear his awful groan, and see him advance, as you verily thought, to seize you in his arms? If you never did, then you know nothing at all about it, and are not entitled to "write me down an ass," or even to give an opinion on so important a point.

My father and the light soon cleared up this terrible mystery.

The dreadful ghost was nothing more than a gigantic ling,* suspended from the roof in that part of the passage which was occasionally used as a larder. It had been caught a few days previously, and was rather stale and very phosphorescent, and, consequently, brightly luminous in the dark!

The other phenomena were the joint production of Thomasina (called Tammy for shortness) the housemaid, our man Joseph, and my own imagination. Tammy and Joe were a loving couple, and if you went to look for one you were pretty sure to find the other not far off. Their story was that they had been to the cellar to draw some cider for supper—they had taken a candle with them, but somehow or other it had gone out—blown out by the wind, as they said, and every one, of course, believed them. The groan was the complaint of the rusty hinges of the cellar-door,—the rushing sound was—well, I don't think that was ever satisfactorily explained; but the "dash" of Butterflee into my arms was occasioned by Miss Tammy, who very cleverly contrived to fall over Joseph, and, clutching at the great fish to save herself, sent it swinging through the darkness in the direction of myself.

Quoting the words of the ghostly "Saint Nicholas," I may say with great truth:


"Oh! I have been east, and I have been west,
And I have seen many a wonderful sight,
But never to me did it happen to see
A wonder like that which I saw this night!"

I have indeed been east and west many a long mile since then, and in many a far distant country, and have seen many a sight, not only of "wonder," but of horror, too; I have faced perils by land, and perils by water, but I can safely say that none ever gave me "such an awful turn" as the terrible apparition of Butterflee's Ghost!

* A species of cod-fish, so called (ling or long) from its great length in comparison with the cod-fish proper. It is, like many other sea-fish, highly phosphoric and brightly luminous. It grows to a great size, and on the coast of Cornwall is often caught measuring from six to eight feet in length.

“WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN TO DO?”

(NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE.)

“ ARBARA, are you awake?” said a loud whisper through a key-hole.

“Yes, now I am, Harry; what do you want?”

The handle of the door turned gently, and Harry stepped noiselessly into his sister's room. He had taken off his boots on purpose.

Barbara slept in a tiny room along the nursery passage. She was the eldest and had been first promoted, and she deserved it, for she kept her room beautifully neat, and had considerable taste in her arrangements.

“Look here!” Harry began, in the same heavy whisper (of course using one of the regular schoolboy phrases for opening a conversation). “Look here, Barbara! Those letters and answers are all very well, you know; but they don't last all the month round.”

“The games do,” interposed Barbara, sleepily.

“Oh, of course; but the whole thing is only a drawing-room amusement after all. Stop! don't contradict me; for I know what I mean. The fact is, I've thought of something besides; and I'm going to get up early, and walk to the town to fetch *The Little Corporal*: there must be a new number out now. I want to make a game out of the ridiculous rebuses and things. You remember how they made us laugh last time? Well! so I shall be gone before you are up, and I've come now to tell you what I want you to do to help while I'm away. There's nobody else can.”

“Tell me as quick as you can, please,” observed Barbara, who, to tell the truth, had roused herself to listen to oblige Harry, having been half asleep when he first spoke.

“It's only girls' work I want you to do,” said he. “You know the picture of *The Little Corporal* outside, ‘fighting against wrong for the good, the true and the beautiful.’ Now, I want you to”

—But what he wanted must not be let out yet!—At the conclusion of the conversation which followed, and just as Harry was stepping

stealthily over the floor, Barbara called out once more. "Did you ask Father for a shilling?"

Yes; Harry had done so, and his father had given it.

"Feel about on the top of the drawers for a sixpence I left there last night," said Barbara. "You may have it. Don't upset the Joan of Arc or the flower-glass, mind."

"All right," observed Harry, who felt about and found the money without upsetting the treasures. "That's capital," he continued; "the shilling was rather short commons, as I've two or three things to get. Good-night!"

With this Harry turned round once more, and accomplished a quiet exit and a quiet shutting of the door. After which he slipped softly to his own room, went to bed and to sleep at once. Barbara, meanwhile, lay awake another hour; for the moon had risen, and she wanted to see it shine upon a little print that hung on the wall opposite her bed. She thought no more about having given away her sixpence than Harry thought of having received it. The whole affair was a girl and boy transaction, foreshadowing the man and woman life to come. Active and passive, not counteracting but assisting each other. Barbara's broken rest, and Harry's active energy, equally valuable in their way.

Boyish restlessness should, indeed, at all times be allowed a wholesome vent. It is the pent-up power which will be needed hereafter in the battle of life. It must not be suppressed now, however troublesome; only directed into harmless channels, or the fire will not be there when it is wanted. This Harry's father knew, because he had gone through it all himself; and what the boy wanted to do, betokening spirit and exertion, he was allowed to do, even at the sacrifice of a little family convenience.

By the middle of the next day Harry had returned from the town, with *The Little Corporal* in his pocket, and Barbara meanwhile had got through about half the "girls'" -work he expected of her. Only half, however; so he grumbled. But he had forgotten that, even in holiday time, there was *something* to be done besides play; and she herself was too ambitious to leave off music altogether, even for a time. On the whole, however, he was well pleased; and when the two retired together upstairs, they had a hearty laugh, not only over Barbara's handicraft, but over the purchases Harry had made with his sixpence, to heighten the general effect.

Afterwards the following rather unusual dialogue took place between the two.

Harry: The worst is, it's turning out quite fine, and you'll all have to go out. I did so hope it was going to rain, or snow, or do something.

Barbara: No chance yet, I'm afraid. Still, if it is put off to another day, Lucy will have time to learn the questions by heart, and then she can lift up her arms and flourish the scimitar better, you know. If you did it this evening, she would have to read out of the paper, and that would look stupid by comparison.

Harry: But I do so hate waiting!

As who does not when young, I should like to know? Still, the afternoon turned out so fine, mamma sent all the younger ones out, and Harry flung himself down on Barbara's bed, and read Ainsworth's "Tower of London," to soothe or divert, as best he could, the irritation produced by impatience.

That is an excellent receipt for schoolboy vexations by the way. A few bloody murders and unjust executions have a marvellous effect in bringing the mind to a right balance upon trifles. The Traitors' Gate and the Dungeons of the Tower, and the black savagery of man when dressed in a little brief authority for the exercise of which he is not answerable to his fellows, teach terrible lessons; such as make even boys feel thankful as they read.

And the "waiting" did not last long. Very soon after even the finest days in winter, there comes one, dark, foggy, and cold, whispering gloom into every disengaged ear. But Harry's, Barbara's, and Lucy's, were engaged, the latter having been taken into their counsels, and they marked down the first black morning as a red-letter day in their calendar.

"This is jolly, at last!" whispered Harry to his eldest sister, as he sat down to breakfast; nodding at the fog through the window as he spoke; and Lucy, overhearing him, giggled over a spoonful of bread and milk till she almost choked.

"Hold hard!" cried Harry, giving her a loudish slap on the back; "you can't afford to choke to-day, my dear, remember. Else you won't be able to fight against wrong, and 'the good, the true, and the beautiful' will be—well—lost in the fog, I suppose. *Though lost to sight, to memory dear,*" he continued, with a wink, "like the railings

outside there; which I'm very much afraid—don't mention it too suddenly to your friends—but which I'm very much afraid we shan't see till to-morrow."

Harry concluded with a mock sob, and put his handkerchief to his eyes, while Lucy went into fresh convulsions of laughter. To tell the truth, he was much addicted to talk this unlimited sort of nonsense when he got into high spirits, and his sisters—Lucy especially—were very much addicted to thinking him wonderfully entertaining in consequence.

So, instead of resenting the weight of the blow, Lucy sat in delight, enjoying her brother's wit.

"What a happy thing it is to be young!" thought mamma to herself, as she looked on. Her first remark that morning, on getting up and seeing the fog, had been: "How sorry I am for the children; they won't be able to get out all day, poor things!"

And here they were as merry as grigs!

But this was owing to something else besides youth, as mamma soon discovered. The runnings up and down the nursery stairs, the whisperings and mysterious confabulations; the petitions for this, that and the other, without anybody hinting what they were wanted for, all betrayed that something was going on,—in fact, combined efforts working to an end.

Blessings on the head of those then, say I, who find the children something to do!

Here, however, I must make a remark, which the little ones are welcome to skip. I shall be told that although Harry had thought of a nice little plan of amusement, which his sisters liked, and willingly joined in, yet it is nonsense to pretend that four children of their age worked together for several hours, like grown-up people, without quarrelling a little. They *must* have had some disputes as to what was to be done, worn, or something, and so the day could not, in reality, have been as pleasant as I describe it. This is all very true; the more especially as the children had each what nurse called their "bits of tempers." Barbara was self-willed; Harry was impatient; Lucy could be obstinate and peevish both, when she chose; and Ada was given to cry for trifles. And very likely during the course of the afternoon they did several times lose, or rather display, these "bits of tempers." But with good, Christian children, such passing clouds,

or even storms, are soon over, and I do not care to record them. The sunshine of affection soon shines out again in such cases, and "there an end;" particularly if nurse be the least bit sensible, and papa and mamma are not given to make mountains of mole-hills.

For instance: "I'd never sit fretting there, Miss Lucy, if I was you, about how your hair's to be dressed. I'd just let Mr. Harry have his own way, as he's taken such a deal of trouble, and wants to set you off to the best advantage. Never you mind about your hair, and I'm sure he'll let you buckle on that what d'ye call it—sword thing—any way you like."

"Well, if you'll make that bargain, nurse?"

"Oh, I'll see to it—see if I don't." And nurse wheedles Mr. Harry round at a first word.

Or again:

"My dear Harry, you're taking a world of trouble to amuse your sisters this wet day, I can see," says mamma, "though I don't know exactly what; but if there is to be all this angry shouting and argument between you and Barbara, and Lucy is to be so cross, the children might as well have been at lessons, and you amusing yourself alone. Papa and I thought you had hit upon something unusually ingenious."

"So I havø, mother," protests Harry.

"Then do prevent these disturbances, or we shall give you small credit for good management. Make allowance for the *girls*, you know, Harry—the inferior race—and forbear yourself accordingly."

There is mischief in mamma's eyes as they meet Harry's, but he laughs, gives her a kiss, goes away, and tells the girls they shall have their own way for once in their lives; and then the family sunshine shines bright as ever.

But all this time what was the secret? Well, it was a very little one when it did come out, certainly. It consisted in dressing up Lucy as the "Little Corporal," in a costume something between that of an Eastern lady and a knickerbockered boy, with the addition of a tin scimitar (purchased with *the* sixpence) round her waist; Harry himself being "got up" as a Red Indian, as nearly as tufts of straw, sticking out on all sides, and a painted face could make him one. Then the nursery was cleared; chairs placed at one end for the audience; and a curtain drawn across the centre (supported between two wardrobes)

behind which was what was called the stage. Then, when the audience was assembled, Harry was to draw back the curtains, and introduce "the Little Corporal from Chicago" to their notice, assuring them he had been so kind as to come over, with his pockets full of charades, riddles, &c., from Private Queer's knapsack, Grandma Gage's store-closet, &c. &c. (naming the writers for the paper), and would have much pleasure in reading them aloud, if the audience wished it; adding that he himself should be happy to take turn about with the "Little Corporal," whenever he was tired. The audience were then expected to clap vehemently, and express their assent and unbounded satisfaction: and then the "Little Corporal," after dancing round the stage, and flourishing the tin scimitar over his head, in company with his friend, the Red Indian—who had undertaken to perform a few war-whoops during the process—was to come to the front of the stage, and propose the charades and riddles, which everybody present was allowed to guess.

It was a very nice nursery plot indeed, and it was not till almost the last moment, as it were, that it seemed likely to fail at any point. But when everything else was ready, and Harry had *only* to look over *The Little Corporals*, and mark the best of the charades for reading aloud (for after all there had been no time for learning), this *only* took gigantic proportions, and he found himself distractedly rejecting, as absurd, things he had thought the most excellent fun before. It was very odd, but every one has hallucinations of this sort, at times; and reading half-a-dozen riddles with a party of friends round a fire, when you are in a merry mood and ready to laugh at anything, is a very different thing from bringing the same riddles prominently forward in a public exhibition, where people are, as Harry expressed it to Barbara, "*expecting so much!*" Poor papa and mamma, downstairs, little thought what alarming bogies they had suddenly become, and matters had been made much worse by a call from a neighbour's son, who declared he should be delighted to "stay and see the fun."

"The fun!" groaned Harry, in despair, when he heard of it. And a more crest-fallen Indian chief was never beheld than he looked as he sat among the scattered *Little Corporals* with his face buried in his hands, the straw wisps sticking out in all directions from his clothes, the living "Little Corporal" standing mute and bewildered by his side.

"But there must be *something* in them," said Barbara, whom the nurse had fetched. "I remember we enjoyed them so much."

"There's nothing," moaned Harry.

"Yes, there's that *shay-raid*, you know; I remember that at any rate."

"You don't suppose anybody can laugh at that!" exclaimed Harry.

"Ah, here it is!" continued Barbara, who was on her knees, hunting among the papers:—

"My first is the old-fashioned name of a vehicle in common use;

My second was a favourite mode of attack with the rebels in the late war;

My whole you are thinking about this very minute."

"*Shay-raid—Cha-rade*—oh, dreadful, dreadful!" screamed Harry. "How we ever could laugh at it!"

But, dreadful as it was, Lucy now laughed again, and then the other children joined in, and they all laughed together.

"Here's that capital anagram, too," continued Barbara: "'*Martha-Ann*,' '*A curse among Jews*'—you know;" and she marked both with a pencil.

"That's actually learned," suggested Harry, looking up.

"Do for papa," observed Lucy.

But suddenly Barbara stopped. "Look out two or three more, Harry, dear," said she. "Don't be so very particular, either. I'll be back in a minute." And away she flew downstairs, and got hold of her mother.

"Mamma, isn't it the last day of the month?"

"It is, breathless Barbara," answered mamma.

"And we've written no letters to 'The Mighty World' yet."

"'The Mighty World' may not have forgotten her children, nevertheless," smiled mamma. "Mothers have very long memories."

"Oh, mamma, that was just what I hoped!" cried Barbara. "Because we're all in such trouble, and I thought perhaps you—that is, 'The Mighty World'—would help us out."

"We will see," said mamma.

And so she did. Mothers have long wits as well as long memories.

And when leave was given for "The Mighty World's" store-closet to be added to "Grandma Gage's," in case of necessity, the Red

Indian chief was himself again, and drew the curtain aside, to introduce the "Little Corporal" to the audience, without a misgiving as to results. Nor was there any cause. Even the *Shay-raid*—charade—had its effect; for though papa groaned audibly, the neighbour's son shouted with amusement, and there was a loud call for another.

"My first, mutual fellowship, union implies;
My second, all hint of such contact denies;
My third, as you fancy, may charm you or tease;
My whole, you may guess at as long as you please."

But they couldn't guess; so the Red Indian, having inquired if they "gave it up" came forward, and pronounced the word, very syllabically, "*Co-nun-drum*." Whereupon everybody laughed, though papa declared it was not fair. Nuns upheld "mutual fellowship" most decidedly, he said.

Then followed a few others.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Divide two by five and the result will be a thousand.

Papa clapped this at once. "Roman figures, my love; Roman figures," whispered he to mamma. Two I's, you know, and a V—five—between them; *i. e.* M, a thousand, of course. Go on, Little Corporal!"

"When are arrows frightened?"

she asked.

There was a pause, and then the neighbour's son jumped up and turned his chair round three times.

"Found it out?" inquired papa, surprised. "I haven't."

"What is in a quiver, sir?" inquired the lad.

"Arrows," answered papa, still puzzled for a second; but then the light dawned.

"When they're in a quiver, of course," cried he.

"And very good," was shouted on all sides.

The next was an anagram—"Enraged Brig" (*Gingerbread*); and it fell flat, as it deserved. Then:

"My first will please an infant child;
My second's long, and slim and wild;
My whole you would not like to meet
In country road or city street."

"That's good!" cried papa; "a regular born American. A rattle and a snake. Remember, children," added he, "there are no *rattle-snakes* anywhere but in America."

"The last is the prettiest of Private Queer's," observed Harry, bowing the "Little Corporal" forward once more.

"Here I come creeping in at your door,
Never a footprint I leave on your floor;
I am light as a breath, I am silent and thin;
You may fasten me out, but you can't keep me in."

"That's quite poetical," said mamma, "and I should like to think about it. Don't tell me, if you please, 'Little Corporal'—pray!"

So he did not, and then it was the Indian chief's turn, and he offered his services to read aloud certain communications from various parts of "The Mighty World." But here mamma proposed an amendment: Dinner downstairs for the audience, tea upstairs for the performers, and then a meeting (in costume) at the round table in the drawing-room. It was far the best plan. It enabled nurse to attend to the evening's business, and it gave the children a second treat, with an hour's pause between the two. But before they left the nursery, the neighbour's son got up and made a speech, thanking "Red Indian" and "Little Corporal" for their services.

"You must thank Barbara, too," shouted Harry, for she dressed us up, and gave us the scimitar."

An allusion which made Barbara laugh, but she was pleased to have her services acknowledged—as every one is—and had hardly expected it.

"Shall I tell you the last?" whispered Ada to the neighbour's son, as he was passing through the doorway. "It's *Sunbeam*," she added, "and that's what papa calls me, only Harry said not, just now, because I was neither silent nor thin."

So saying, she shut the door in his face.

EDITOR.

THE BALLAD OF ERNEST STRATHNEY.



HO is this who comes so stately
With his falchion on his wrist?
'Tis the one we mourned so lately,
'Tis the lord so long we miss'd.
Come, my lady, fair and cherished,
Cast your widow's weeds away,
For the one we mourned as perished,
Strathney's lord comes home to-day.

But he waved his hand in sorrow,
And he stopped them with a frown:
"Though I live, I die to-morrow
'Ere the summer sun be down.
Savage Ralph is now my jailor,
Love, we only meet to part—"
While the lady's cheek grew paler
He has clasp'd her to his heart.

"Dearest, brighter days are dawning,
With my blood I seal the right:
Care and death may come with morning,
Let us both be glad to-night."
Thus he spake with brave assurance,
On his face was nought but joy,
Father's love, and hush'd endurance,
As he bent to kiss his boy.

"Ah! my lord," said Lady Roddice,
"Let the tyrant do his worst;
From our arms, and through our bodies,
Cruel Ralph must snatch you first."
But he answered, sternly, shorter,
"'Ere I left I pledged my faith;
Roddice, be your father's daughter,
Surrey's child should smile at death."

Grave and silenced bowed the lady,
Flushed her cheek with noble shame;
Hand in hand through alleys shady,
Turned they back the way she came;

Soon the place is bare and lonely,
All have gone to hall or bower,
Blue-eyed Ernest lingers only;
Ernest, heir of Strathney Tower.

Now across the plain he dashes,
Swift of foot, and light of limb,
Through the chilling torrent splashes,
Up the mountain's ragged rim:
Till at last when night is falling,
Sheer a castle stops his path,
Dogs are barking, pages calling,
Men are drinking round the hearth.

Ralph the Marcher sits in splendour,
Quaffs his wine in princely wise;
In his heart no feelings tender
Dim the triumph of his eyes:
On the scaffold falls to-morrow
Strathney's lord, his hated foe:
He can hear—oh! sound of sorrow—
How they raise the block below.

Ralph is speaking, flushed, victorious,
"Long our feud, and fierce our fray;
Oh! to-morrow will be glorious,
Death shall wipe disgrace away.
Orphans' tears shall wash our banners,
Wash our outraged scutcheon white;
With all means, and by all manners,
Let us drink his fall to-night."

All his hearers listening gladly,
Clash their glasses, beat their hands,
While their cheers are echoing madly,
Lo! a boy before them stands—
"Cruel Ralph, my life receive it,
Strathney's heir and son am I;
Take the branch, the trunk, oh! leave it.
In his stead I come to die."

Ralph the Marcher beckoned, scornful—
"Take the prisoner to the hold;
We shall see to-morrow morning
If this Hector's fire be cold.

THE BALLAD OF ERNEST STRATHNEY.

Hunger, darkness, cold and quiet
Often cure these hero fits;
And, I trust, our prison diet
Soon may bring him to his wits."

With the morrow, strongly pleading,
Ernest once again is there,
Till the Marcher, little heeding,
Seems at last to grant his prayer.
On the scaffold meekly kneeling,
He has marked the glittering knife,
Scarcely trembles, only feeling—
"I shall die to save his life."

Now a clatter in the gateway,
And a shouting in the hall,
Then a sound of feet, and straightway
Strathney strides before them all.
Knight and Squire before him sweeping,
He has clasp'd his child anon—
"Ah! my boy, thy mother weeping
Mourns her husband and her son.

"Haste, return, oh! comfort, tend her."
"Father, father, let me be,
How could my weak arm defend her?
If I die, I set you free."
While they spoke, and strove to master,
All at once the Marcher rose—
"Sirs, behold, a strange disaster
Conquered I, by conquered foes

"Let our feud be settled rather,
From to-day our quarrel ends;
Such a son, and such a father
Needs must make the noblest friends.
Good my lord, forgive my madness,
Friend, forget my purpose wild;
So this day, begun with sadness,
Let it leave us reconciled."

PAN.

THE PALACE IN CLOUDLAND.

A FAIRY TALE.

By L. M. G.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING HOW UNA GOT TO CLOUDLAND.



ABOUT the same time that Una fell asleep, Edda, ten miles off, having slept the whole day, awoke. She awoke with a yawn that caused a small whirlwind for several miles round. After the yawn her full consciousness came back; the events of the previous night rushed in upon her mind, and with them the dreadful thought that she had left her three darlings to starve and perish.

"Oh! fool Edda!" she said, "never to remember that the daylight ends your power, and to start off to walk twenty miles but an hour before dawn! Oh, fool, fool!" And, words failing her, she began to stamp about wildly and to tear the red locks off her head. The winds carrying them up, bore them to the country of Oudamou, and as they fell next morning the farmers thought it was raining fire, and were in much trouble about their stacks. Then Edda set off and walked as fast as she could to the spot where she had left the princesses, and there, by the moonlight, she saw that only one was left, and that one was sleeping by a bloodhound. Again, with a piercing wail, she stamped and tore her hair; but stopping suddenly, she said, "No, no, Edda, you mustn't go mad, there may be help yet." Then, quite calmly, with her arms crossed on her breast and bowing three times, she said the magic words:

"Fairies bad, and fairies good,
 Elves that haunt the merry greenwood;
 Spirits black, and grey and white,
 Give me WITS till morning's light."

After this Edda felt quite another person. She was indeed sick at heart for the loss of Morna and Nona, but she saw quite plainly that what she had to do was to get Una safe to Cloudland, and then to go at her leisure and search for the others. She lifted up Una and pillowed

her on her broad shoulder, and Una slept on; but the dog, on the loss of his companion, started to his feet, and showing his teeth stood looking dangerously at Edda. But Edda was not frightened; she saw through and through him.

"Bloodhound, servant of the fairies," said she, "will you carry my princess and me this night to Cloudland?"

Then the bloodhound, finding he was seen through, became quite tame and said, "Give me your princess, and I will carry her; but you must come as you can."

But Edda turned her back upon him and said, "No, no! I leave not my princess again till I see her safe in Cloudland." Then Edda espied the King of the Birds, and said, "Eagle, King of the Birds and servant of the fairies, will you fly my princess and me this night to Cloudland?"

And the Eagle said, "Give me your princess and I will fly her up, but I can't carry the two of you."

Then Edda turned her back upon him and said, "No, no! I leave not my princess yet." And she walked slowly on, with Una in her arms. She walked, and walked a great many miles, till she came to a village; and there was a smith who had got up long before dawn to make shoes for the king's horses. So Edda said, "Smith, will you give us a right good puff of wind from your bellows, to carry my princess and me up into Cloudland?"

And the smith said he would; and he brought out his bellows and gave his very best puff, but it only lifted Edda and Una a little way from the earth, and down they came again. Then the smith scratched his head and said, "Methinketh that you are too heavy; if you will put your princess over the snout of the bellows alone, I will engage to send her up."

But Edda shook her head, and, thanking the smith, went sorrowfully on. Then she came to a place where a despairing lover lay under a tree, and he was looking up at the sky and sending up such prodigious sighs as Edda herself might have heaved if she had ever been in love, only she never had. And Edda said, "Poor man! one such sigh might carry us up to Cloudland!" and she placed herself with Una in readiness for the next. But it only took them to the top of the tree, and there Edda got entangled in the branches and had a difficult scramble down. Then she went sorrowfully on, till she came to a place where there was a bright light; and, behold! the fairies were dancing and holding high

revelry. Then Edda knew that she was all right ; and bowing right and left to the company, who all laughed at her and thought she was a walking mountain, she came up to the queen and asked her how she might take her princess up to Cloudland. Then the queen sent a fairy to guide her, and the fairy led Edda to the edge of a little lake, and she saw in the moonlight that the white vapours were ever curling, curling up from it.

And the fairy said, " Ask the vapours whither they are going."

And Edda asked, and the vapours answered, in an indistinct, whispering voice, " Up and down, and round and round, and straight into Cloudland."

Then the fairy said, " Lay Una on the vapours, and you shall see her safe in Cloudland ; but you cannot go too."

Then Edda, kissing her darling and looking long at her sleeping face, laid her on the vapours and watched. And they carried her softly and dreamily up and down, and round and round, and straight into Cloudland ; and Edda saw her safe there before she left the spot. Then she went back to the queen and thanked her, and asked her which way she should go to find Morna and Nona.

But the queen looked grim, and said, " Go whither you will, and look for them, but you shall not find them ; they have tried to cut the knot in the tangle of their destiny, and they have not yet paid the full penalty of their folly ; when they have done so, you will see them again." And this was all the answer Edda could get ; yet she went to look for them, like a faithful nurse as she was.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOWING HOW QUEEN UNA WAS INTRODUCED TO HER SUBJECTS.

Now Una felt all night long as if she were being rocked in a bed of down, and she slept sweetly, and had lovely dreams till morning light. When she awoke, she felt wondrously lightsome, and a fresh sweet air, like none she had ever breathed before, was all around her, and she knew by that she was in Cloudland. Full of wonder and joy, she arose and walked to where a stately pile rose high in air ; no other than the Cloudland Palace of her childhood's promise. She looked at it with admiring awe. " We are to live there some day," said she to

herself, "and perhaps Morna will be queen, but I suppose that will be when we are grown big. I wonder if they will let me come in now, so little and shabby as I am!" So she went up to the palace gates, and the morning sun was shining on them, and they were all white, and pink, and gold; and Una crept into the court-yard, and there were a great many people, all dressed in white, and pink, and gold, hurrying about in all directions, and there seemed a great stir in the palace. Presently, from a hall that opened on the court-yard, there burst a strain of music, and then a great number of voices broke out in chorus as fast, and as loud, and as merrily as ever they could go. And this was what they sang:

"She is coming, she is coming,
Our brave young queen;
Ye singers, sing your loudest,
Ye flowers, bloom your proudest,
For the fairest and the dearest
The sun has ever seen.

"We have waited, we have waited
For three years and for four;
But her coming's all the sweeter,
Ye clouds roll to greet her,
Ye winds fly to meet her,
Your queen for evermore.

"She is coming, she is coming
With eyes of neonday blue;
And locks of golden morning
Her gentle head adorning,
She is coming like the dawning
To her subjects good and true.

"To her Cloudland throne she's coming,
Never again to roam;
Ye drums make a drumming,
Ye pipes make a humming,
Ye strings make a strumming,
To bid her welcome home.

"Ye trumpets sound fortissimo,
Ye singers sing *dolcissimo*,
And all shout *bravissimo*,
Queen Una's coming home!"



QUEEN UNA.

And when they got to the last verse, there was such a shouting of voices, and such a crashing of instruments, and such a hurraing and tossing-up of caps, that Una was quite bewildered, and could not hear the words any longer. She was afraid lest anyone should see her; "for the queen is coming," she said to herself, "and she will not like to see me with my old frock and my tangled hair here in her courtyard; though I am a princess really, she will take me for a little beggar-girl; I will get behind these pillars, and watch for her coming." Just then a very grand gentleman, with a white beard, came out of the castle, and his name was old Cumulus, the Prime Minister, and Una, making a curtesy to him, said politely—for she knew how to behave as a princess should—"My lord, will you tell me which way the queen will come?" But old Cumulus, instead of answering, bowed down before her till his white beard touched the ground; then he turned and made a signal with his hand, and out came all the company who had been assembled in the hall; all the courtiers, all the ladies, all the chorus-singers, all the drummers and trumpeters; and these surrounding Una, began bowing down to the ground. Una looked from one to the other, and curtsied on this side and on that, and couldn't tell what to make of it. She tried to ask the gentleman nearest to her what it meant; but at this moment the singers burst out again with the last verse of the chorus, and the drums beat, and the trumpets sounded, and the people shouted, till she was nearly deaf. This time, however, she heard her own name in the last line, and, beginning to comprehend, she asked timidly of old Cumulus—"Is it indeed I, my lord, whom you are saluting as your queen?" And old Cumulus began again vehemently bowing down to the earth, to intimate that there could be no doubt on the matter; and again there came shouts of "Bravissimo! long live Queen Una!" When they ceased, Una, curtsying to the ground, said, "Kind people, I thank you all for your welcome; if indeed you take me for your queen, you must teach me how to reign, and be patient with me, for I am very little and young and foolish." As she said this, she looked up at old Cumulus, as if it was in him especially that she wished to put her confidence; and the heart of old Cumulus was won to her for ever.

Then her ladies led Una into the palace, and dressed her in beautiful white robes, for it was the fashion in Cloudland to wear white all through the middle of the day; then they took her into a gorgeous

hall, and seated her on a throne, and put a crown on her head, and her lords and gentlemen came and swore to be faithful to her, and cried, "Long live Queen Una!" Then they took her to a banquet, and gave her the best of everything; and then they led her to her own rooms, and left her to herself, for they thought she would be tired of Court ceremonies, as, indeed, she was.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOWING HOW QUEEN UNA EXPLORED HER PALACE.

Now, when Una had rested a little, and looked at all the beautiful things in her own rooms, she thought she would venture out to explore her palace, which was very large, and as puzzling as a labyrinth. So she walked all about it, and she was quite alone, for all the ladies and gentlemen had vanished, she could not tell where. And she came to a door, over which was written—"The Hall of Lost Treasures!" and she opened it and went in. It was a beautiful room, all of blue, and in it there was a wonderful medley of things like a museum, and here Una, to her great astonishment, found all the things she had ever lost in her whole life. There was her little pearl necklace, that had fallen off her neck when she was almost a baby—when the string had broken, and the pearls been scattered. There was her large doll's head, that had fallen out of Edda's turret-window into the moat with a great splash. There was the silver penny, with which she had once felt herself rich, but which had slipped out of her hand, and rolled away just when she was carrying it to give to a beggar at the gate; and this had cost her many a tear. There was the little bird of green and gold, which her father had given her on her birth-day, and which had flown out of her hands just as she was going to press it to her lips; and it knew her again now, and came and nestled in her bosom. There was her spelling-book, which she had lost one fine summer's day in the garden (perhaps a little on purpose), and whose loss had earned her black looks and hard words from Grimgroula. This was the only thing that Una was not glad to see again; and it gave her such an unpleasant feeling, that, though much remained to be seen, she turned hastily away, and left the Hall of Lost Treasures. Going on, she found herself at another door, over which was written, "The Hall of Dreams," and, on entering,

she found herself in a gallery so vast that she could not see to the end of it. There were a great number of strange things there—some beautiful, some frightful, but all misty and indistinct; some of them made her laugh, and some made her shudder, and some, while she looked at them, changed into other things and melted away. There were men climbing up mountains, but never getting a step higher, and men tumbling down mountains, and finding themselves no worse when they got to the bottom; and people reading letters that had neither beginning nor end, nor a line that would come into sense; and people trying to dress themselves, but the clothes would all turn into leaves and blow away, so they never got any warmer. And there was a man sitting down to play the organ, but it turned into a pig and squeaked; and there was a man carrying about his own head in his hand, and looking at it, and thinking it quite natural; and there was a man filling his pockets with money, but when he tried to take it out again it was all soap-bubbles.

Then Una went on, and she saw some lovely little children with smiling faces, and she thought she would go up and play with them. But they whispered to her, "We are Dream-children, and we live no longer down there; but we are going back to visit our poor mothers to-night, that they may be happy for a little while."

And she went on farther, and saw a very motley collection of figures, some frightful, some lovely, some funny, all jumbled together, and moving as if they were just going to start on a journey. And they whispered to her, "We are the dreams that are going to-night to the king's castle in Oudamou." So Una looked all the more attentively, and she saw a beautiful star and garter—the star all of diamonds, and the garter all of gold; and, as she watched, the star turned first into a gold guinea, and then into a silver crown, and then into a brass half-penny, and then into an old button, and the garter turned first into a silk ribbon, and then into a hempen rope;—this dream was going to the Prime Minister of Oudamou. Then she saw a man dressed like a soldier, kneeling down, and a sword was gently laid upon his shoulder, and a voice said, "Rise up, Sir Simpleton!"—and this dream was going to the captain of the king's body-guard in Oudamou. Then she saw a great kitchen, and a great dinner was getting ready in it, and the gong was sounding for the king's banquet, and it was not ready; and the cooks, in a great fright, began pouring out the soup, but it all went

upon the floor, and flooded the kitchen ; and when they turned out the fish, they got into the soup and swam away ; and the tarts turned into sea-shells and stuck to the floor, and the jellies turned to jelly-fish, and the vegetables to sea-weed ; and a great shark swam up to the head cook, and opened his jaws to swallow him up ;—and this terrible dream was going to that very head cook in the palace at Oudamou.

Then Una saw a figure like Edda, with the three sacks upon her back, and a very smart gentleman was looking up at her, and entreating her to speak to him, and to show him what was in the sacks, or he should lose his head ; and Edda would not take any notice of him, and he fell down at her feet, and she put one of her great feet upon him, and crushed him like a worm ;—and this dream was going to Fal-lal, the queen's chamberlain, for he had been in disgrace ever since the night when Edda had carried off the princesses ; and each night he dreamed of Edda and the sacks.

Then she saw three little children with pale, sad faces, and they were Morna, Nona, and herself ; and they were kneeling with clasped hands to the king their father, and begging him to take them out of the dungeon, for they were being starved to death ; and the king looked very sad, and he tried to stretch out his hands to embrace his daughters, but he could not reach them, for something fastened him to his seat ; and he strove to speak to them, but he could not, for something tied his tongue ;—and this dream was going to King Takiteesi. Then she saw two horrid forms, black and shapeless, grinning at each other ; and they whispered to her—"Our names are Fear and Remorse, and we are going to sit, one on each side of the queen's pillow, at Oudamou, all night." Then Una shuddered and passed quickly on, and went as fast as she could out of the Hall of Dreams. And when it was evening, her ladies came to her, and took off her white robes, and dressed her in purple and gold (for that was the evening Court costume in Cloudland), and they took her into the grand hall, and all her Court came about her in purple and gold, and they held high revels till the night came on.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

"The two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, nail down their little coffins, pile up the earth above their graves."—*Extract from CHARLES DICKENS' Speech on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, 1858.*



FEAR this seems but a dismal beginning. In many a happy nursery and cheery schoolroom in the homes of Old England, where it will be read, it will seem as if it told of things more impossible to believe than any fairy tale. In those happy homes, the first of the two grim nurses is more phantom-like and unreal than a ghost; she never comes, or if her shadow is felt sometimes, it is not the dark thing told of here. The second comes sometimes, but she cannot do her worst without her sister's aid. A woful pair, when they come under a cottage roof together, as they have an ugly way of doing. The young cottage mother may be as proud of her darlings as any lady in the land. Her bright band are all about her; but not long ago the grim nurses entered, Poverty first, making the way easy for Sickness. Poverty stripped them (the mother and her children) of their clothes, till the winter wind made them shiver in their rags. Poverty left them little to eat, and less to wear. Cold and hungry, they were ready for that other evil sister, Sickness. She came with all her penalty of bitter pain, or the long weariness of weakness. The children withered away at her touch, and very soon they were no more seen in the cottage home. "They were nailed down in their little coffins, the earth was piled over their graves." They die, those poor little children, in London, and all the great towns of England and Ireland and Scotland, by thousands every year. One out of every three who are born (poor little human creatures) dies for want of food and clothes, and for want of air and sunshine also, as birds and flowers would, and all bright things.

It is chiefly in the closely crowded, poisoned streets, where the children die, but such things need not be. Some day they *will* not be. Kind people are doing all they can to drive the "Grim Nurses" from the poor man's hearth; and this hospital, I am going to tell you about, is one of the very kindest ways by which they are trying to do so.

We older people (poor or rich) know we must suffer trouble in many ways; but God help us to keep the children from it, and so we wish God-speed to all such noble works for their help, as the hospital in Great Ormond Street. That old street must have gone fast asleep ever since the days of the Georges. It was a bitterly cold day as we drove up to the door of the large house which is now the hospital, and thought of all the glass coaches and sedan chairs, which in the long-ago days had set ladies down at these old doors. Ladies in such crinolines as the world has never seen since, with link boys and lacqueys in attendance, for gas was not yet, and foot-pads were obstreperous. More footmen and the black slave boy (all fine ladies had a Jumbo or Sambo in those days) receiving them; they would be conducted into halls like the one we had now entered.

Tradition says that the belles and beaux of those old days held many an assembly (or a drum, as they would have called it) in this hall, but the drawing-room was upstairs, and there we were taken next, up a fine old oaken staircase. It had been a grand room in the days when George I. was king, and had been partitioned across by folding-doors. The ceiling was still bright with scrolls of a beautiful blue, and all round the room there were pictures in panels, of shepherds and shepherdesses, sitting in most conceited attitudes, with crooks in their hands, upon flowery banks; not, apparently, minding their sheep, or anything but each other. However, they were very prettily drawn, according to the quaint conceit of that day. How easy it was to fancy the room as it had looked in the old times. There would have been ever so many japanned cabinets of black and gold about it, and fine old china everywhere. No books, I think, at all, anywhere. No work, I am sure; big dogs and poodles in plenty. Jumbo's shiny black face grins behind the elegant little service of fairy cups in porcelain, which he is handing on a silver waiter to my lady's guests, who all sit very bolt upright upon high-backed chairs. Good little girls are always being told to sit up, and think it a great infliction. I don't think our great grandmothers could have helped it, if you look at their pictures. So screwed in, and so stiff were they with starch and whalebone, that one begins to understand it was not altogether a sense of propriety which propped them up. Very grand were they in their courtly ways. They walked their minuets with such sweeps, and bows, and bends, in brocaded silks that

"stood on end," and in such high-heeled shoes (it becomes a miracle how they ever kept on their feet at all), with a stately grace that died with their day. These were the very people who filled this room long ago, whom the shepherds and shepherdesses looked down upon from the walls. That was about a century and a half ago. The pugs and poodles are all dead, and so is Jumbo, and his lady, and all her guests. The Indian cabinets are in the curiosity shops, and the old china cracked and broken, and the shepherdesses see no more the old gaudy, trumpery life they looked down upon so long ago. They see something better now, as they sit there smiling down from the walls upon the little people who smile back at them.

The room is full of these little people, in very small beds ranged along the walls. So many, and such very small invalids, the room (any one would think), would be rather a saddening sight to see; but there is nothing melancholy about it. Glad childish laughter may be heard within these old walls, and pretty little voices murmuring to each other, as the tiny sick-people chatter to their next bed-side friends and neighbours. Sometimes a tired little one, weary from weakness, lies still, watching the blue scroll upon the ceiling, or trying to make out what all the pink-cheeked ladies are doing on the wall.

This long room, in short, is full of children, and so are other rooms beyond it, for seventy-five children are taken into the house, and each has its little cot to itself; and besides those in the house, every day you may see mothers bringing their sick little ones in their arms, to be seen by the doctors and nurses. As many as ten thousand come, and are so helped in this way every year. In the room where they bring their children there is a box on the wall, on which it is written, that if every grateful mother who brings a child there for help, will drop a penny into the box, there would be from forty to fifty pounds, in pence, collected in the course of the year. The poor mothers read this, and when the box is looked into each week, the pennies are there, and there is *more* than the fifty pounds always at the end of the year. This money goes towards a fund to give the children change of air when they are recovering, and well enough to go home, if their homes were fit to go to. But they so seldom are. So the ladies have got a house, far away from London, where the children go and find their roses again—if London children have them—I don't think they do. At all events, in fresh country air the poor little puny Londoners

do get tolerably strong, and are able to bear better, perhaps, than they ever did in their lives before, the poisoned air of their crowded streets.

They will take back into those crowded streets, and courts, and lanes a tale of the tenderness they have met with, for once, in their hard, cold lives, poor little things. They will also tell of Him for whose sake the kindness came to them. He, who is only waiting for some one to tell these poor people of Him, that He may come and tell them how poor He too (their Lord) was upon earth. He who had "not where to lay his head." Can He not (their Lord) then pity them? The children will be angel-messengers if they bring back with them their Saviour to the poor fathers and mothers, so heart-sick and weary. And many a one will do so, I believe. And then, with Him comes hope, and the "peace that fadeth not away." I don't think their hunger and cold can ever be so dreadful to the poor parents again, when they know there will come a day when it will be over; that if they try and bear it patiently, all will be well, not here, never here, for them, but in the morning land, the bright land of that other life which their Lord has promised them.

Some of the children are such little things, and why they were all so good was quite beyond any one's comprehension, who had seen something of what young ladies and gentlemen can show off in the way of naughtiness, when shut up in the nursery for a week with the measles or whooping-cough. We heard that the little things cry a good deal when they first come in sometimes, and "won't be good;" but everything and everybody is so good about them, that they catch the goodness, and "have it very favourably," and are good ever after. It was quite wonderful to see so many little creatures from two to five years old (many of them), amusing themselves so quietly, sitting up in their cribs playing with their toys, or prattling softly to themselves or to each other, their neighbours in the next beds.

Across each bed, resting on the sides, was a board for the toys, and every child had numbers of playthings, for people are constantly sending them some. One sees tiny fingers carefully arranging along their owner's board all the animals out of the Ark in a procession; "the elephant leading the way, and the fly, with a diffident sense of his size, politely bringing up the rear." One little maiden of three, had a soul evidently above the weakness of toys. She and her crib were all

covered with picture-books. She had a hip complaint, so she could not sit up, and was always lying straight and still, as she was told to do. But she could turn over the leaves of her books, and had just been absorbed in *Cock Robin*. The pretty little fingers held open the pages where *Cock Robin*, in a breast red enough to set a turkey cock gobbling, sings with a very wide open beak to brown *Jenny Wren*, that celebrated song of the cherry-pie. The child had been absorbed in it all for some time, but now she was lying in a day-dream. The sweet, child-eyes full of a happy, dreamy thought; she was miles beyond *Cock Robin*. She was such a beautiful child. Silk-soft dark hair, and deep hazel-brown eyes, with those long curling lashes which are often seen in scrofulous children, but which give such an exquisite look of refinement to a face. A lady born was she, Nature's own little lady, as much as ever were any of the babies born in this old house long ago, when lords and ladies lived here. This poor little pet was born in such a house, probably, as Dickens describes; and here she was, safe and happy for a time, at all events, out of the clutches of the grim nurses. She did not seem shy, or look surprised when her visitors stood by her bed, and volunteered some pretty little talk all out of her own head, and then, as we turned away, relapsed into her happy, dreamy look, reminding one of the pretty lines—

“Her eyes alone smiled constantly
As if they had by fitness found
The secret of some happy dream,
She did not care to speak.”

Do the children see their angels ever? Their angels, who see their Father's face, *may* bring dreams, waking or sleeping, to their children-charge, from that far land of light which we older people (whom the angels have left so long ago) may know nothing about. We shall know when we get to that land.

A few of the children were well enough to be out of bed, and were playing about the rooms. A little group, in the smallest arm-chairs, were sitting by a fire, being read to by a nurse. It was something very interesting, from the looks of their faces. Jack the Giant Killer and even Red Riding Hood would all be new and delightful to them, who had never had a story-book in all their lives. How they would enjoy some story-telling. I dare say they get some sometimes. I hope some one tells them sometimes a true story, all about that great Queen

of all England and many another great country besides, who is so good and gentle a lady, that she never forgets to do a kindness to rich or poor, and who has especially thought of them. She is the Patron of the Hospital for Sick Children, and no year goes by without a remembrance, from the Queen of England to the children, of valuable toys, several of which are to be seen about the rooms, and which are evidently taken great care of. The Princesses have sometimes been to visit the hospital.

Besides the four ladies who superintend the hospital, the children have thirteen of the most charming-looking nurses, of whom they seem very fond; and no wonder, for no nurse is ever kept in the hospital who does not prove able to amuse the children and make them happy, however good she may be in other respects. Most of them were nice, bright-looking young women; but there was one veteran nurse who had been in the hospital from its first opening. She had several little photograph likenesses of children she had nursed (her medals as Dickens calls them). She had loved them all, and liked to tell their little histories. The children often came back to ask to see their nurses, and give them a kiss, long after they have gone home well. Sometimes all the doctor's skill and the nurse's kindness are of no use, and the poor mother receives only her dead child back to her home; but she has the comfort of knowing her darling had every help that was possible, and she herself would most likely have been watching its last hours. When a child is dangerously ill the parents generally come to it any hour of the day or night. Wednesday afternoon is the usual time for them to come and see their children, and then nearly every little bed has its visitors. It is very touching to see, as I have done, a strong, rough-looking man sitting by the side of a little bed, with his arm placed tenderly round a frail little child of two years old, trying to amuse her with her toys. There was not much conversation going on between father and daughter; but they looked supremely happy. The silky blonde curls of the child's head leant back upon his strong chest; there they sat, evidently all the world just then to each other. There is sometimes a terrible burst of crying from some little thing when she or he sees the dear home-face going away; and, as crying is very infectious, there are a good many tears shed over the toys in that first five minutes when the door closes, and the last kisses have been given. But, with a profound knowledge of

human nature, a reaction is produced, and by the most simple means. Tea is brought up, and nice cups taken round to the little mourners without loss of time, and the tears are drowned in the tea. The convalescents were having a most comfortable tea in a downstairs room. Each child has a little present of some of its pet toys to take home. When a tin soldier or a barking-dog has become very dear, it would be too much to have to say good-bye and leave it behind.

I think many a tender little heart must find it very hard to say good-bye to all in this happy home, so full of all that is pleasant and good and kind, and to go back to poverty, and all the misery of their own poor homes. But let us hope that tender mother-love will welcome them there too, and they will not forget the pleasant atmosphere of kindness and refinement which surrounded them once; and as some one so wisely says, "One is always happier for having been happy."

* * * * *

Amongst the Welsh hills, when the first flowers of the spring which has just passed began to bloom, a child was laid in her little grave, whose life of pain and illness taught her a sympathy with suffering which is hardly ever seen in one so young. Hearing of a sick child, especially, awoke her quick feeling at once; and when she was told of all those little fellow-sufferers gathered in this children's hospital, she became deeply interested in it. For two years the little weak hands had been constantly busy making pretty little bead or worsted-work things, which were to be sold for her mother's village school. When that was over, and the school was built, she began a pet scheme of her own, of making things to send as a present to the children in the hospital. She was so ill that she was nearly always lying down; but she was never idle. The delicate waxen fingers, hardly larger than a baby's, were constantly to be seen working at her little contrivances. Amongst other things she mended up a quantity of her own toys for the children, and at last a box full of presents was sent off to the hospital. A letter went with the box, and I hope the children were told, when the toys reached them, that they were sent by a child who felt sorry for them because she knew what it was to be a sick child herself. She was twelve years old, and eight of those years she had been ill. She laid nearly always on her couch, seldom quite out of pain. And yet no pain could break down the sweet child-like gladness of her nature. She was so brave a child that fear seemed

unknown to her. Pain came again and again; it was borne with a wonderful courage and patience, and the moment it was over she was ready to take delight in her pet birds or flowers, for she loved flowers and birds, and all bright things, with the truest child-like enjoyment. Her greatest pets were the wild birds she had taught to come to her windows. And almost better than her flowers and birds she loved her books, of which she had quite a library. Story books, and books of travels, of which she had read so much, and had thought so much of what she read that few children ever could have known more, or few grown people, who talked more wittily and pleasantly than she did.

It was just after she had finished her box of presents for the children, and sent it off, that she became suddenly very ill. She was dying, but no one thought so then. She had been so often very ill, but she herself knew it was death, and said so several times, as she lay through those days and nights of suffering. More than once she kissed and said good-bye to those who were watching round her, telling them not to cry for her. She said, all must try and soon follow her; and once she said, "It will seem a long time to you, but it will be like a moment to me." She told her nurse she had no fear, she "was going to God." Day after day went by, and she was still living, and conscious when awake, and knew who was near her, though she could see them no longer. On one of these days letters were brought in, and her papa said, very low, not thinking she would hear, that one had come to say the box of presents had been received at the hospital.

A—— was lying, apparently, half unconscious, but she heard *that*, and whispered, "I am so glad, some of the poor children will be playing with them now."

"These were nearly the last words she ever spoke, except repeating, very low now and then, her mother's and nurse's names.

Three days afterwards, and she lay ready for the grave, like the marble image of a child, as white as the flowers which were all around her (the snowdrops, she loved so well). The look of pain, the sweet face had so often worn, was all gone. The ineffable calm of the eternal rest was upon it. All suffering was over, the child was at peace for ever. There were hearts almost breaking for her, but none dared wish her back; for, when the last kisses were given upon the white

brow, those who loved her best, felt that "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

Perhaps many a child who will read this account of the last days of this dear little girl who is gone, will feel sad for her. But there is no need. Suffering does not always mean sadness. Rather think of her rest now, her glory in that Great Day of Christ's kingdom which is coming. There is no sadness in that. If she could see you and speak to you now, I know what, I think, would please her most. Those sick children, whom she thought so much of, she would like to think that other children thought of too. Very little help could most children give, but still some, if they liked. What if, in every one of those many happy homes of England, there was a box kept on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children? The result would be that more than ten times as many poor little creatures could be saved. Though only a few shillings, or even less, came from the children in each house at the year's end, it would be a wonderful help; for, as they say far north, you know, "every little makes a mickle." So all these pence, or sixpences, which would probably have melted into barley-sugar and bonbons (individually), *accumulated* into a great sum, would save hundreds of children from suffering and early death. And also one possible result would be that the doctors would go more often to the wretched homes, and be wanted less often in the happy homes; and then also, the good little people who had set up the boxes, saved their sixpences, and forgone the bonbons, would think each night, "To-day I have done something to drive away the 'Grim Nurses.'" Let them say then, also, before they sleep, a prayer for the little sick children, just simply asking God to bless them, and be sure He will, and you too, for the pity you have given those, for whose sake, as well as for yours, He once became a child Himself.

GWYNFRYN.

TWO "FRESCOS" AT VENICE.



THE Austrian emperor's birthday will soon cease to be remembered in the City of Waters, and the fact of its celebration drift back among the myths of the historical past. But in 1852 the day came round with only too terrible a reality, reminding the poor Venetians, even by their festivities, that they were under the yoke of foreign rule. It was, however, a Venetian holiday—its most characteristic feature being one of those *Frescos*, or evenings on the water, of which Venetians are so fond, and which we presume the untravelled reader may like to hear the following brief extracts from a diary kept at the time describe. The writer was one of three sisters touring in Italy, who reached Venice just before the Austrian festival began. They had taken up their quarters at the Hôtel Danielli, in rooms commanding a good view of the Lagoon.

"1852, August 17.—We had been warned we should be awoke very early to-day by a cannonading from the war-steamers moored for the purpose alongside the quay; but yet we were not prepared for such a bombardment as shook us from our beds at four o'clock in the morning. We thought the windows of our hotel must burst in—indeed, one was broken by the concussion. The hearts of the inhabitants could not, I should think, have responded to these violent rejoicings. We were told we must be in St. Mark's Place by nine o'clock, to see the review, and went accordingly. We took our stand at Florian's caffè, and found a not very large assemblage of people. From every upper window in the square hung bright-coloured carpets and tapestry; the troops lined the pavement round, each soldier wearing a sprig of green in his cap; and there they stood for an hour, the sun's fierce rays beating full down on them. At last the officers appeared, and presently an old, stiffly lame general, leaning on the arm of his aide-de-camp. He wore the Hungarian uniform, and ten orders glistened on his breast. The officers came forward to meet him, bowing and kissing his hand. He was the picture of an old veteran; he had a wide, full face, with deep sunburnt complexion, that looked as if it had been exposed to many a campaign. 'Who is it?' we asked a bystander. 'The famous general who saved Mantua,' was the answer. So it was Marshal Radetzky we had been looking at.

"On our return to our hotel we met an Italian lady from Milan, with whom we had made acquaintance; she asked if we were going to the *Fresco* that evening? We had no idea of what this *Fresco* might be, but wishing to appear quite at home in Venice life, we answered, 'Oh yes, certainly,' resolving to join in whatever festivity might turn up. By-and-by—at eight o'clock, namely—all the visitors in Danielli's hotel hurried down to the water-gate, and stepped into gondolas, and, accordingly, we did the same, looking curiously round us to see what was happening. Our first observation was, that among the large number of boats assembled, there was one decked out with pink-and-white drapery, dipping over the sides into the water, in which sat twelve musicians with their instruments. It was now time, we thought, to ask what was going to be done. 'Follow the music down the Grand Canal,' answered the gondolier. 'Follow it by all means,' said we, and in a few minutes we were at the entrance of the Grand Canal, jammed in between five hundred gondolas! There was literally no room to use the oar; we were shoved along in one serried mass; and it was only by putting full trust in the skill of our gondoliers, and seeing the Venetians talking and laughing at their ease around us, that we could divest ourselves of the idea of danger. Sometimes the sharp steel prow of a boat would ride up close to our side, when a gentle shove by a skilful hand would clear us again. As the Venetians eyed our party, we heard them say 'Inglese,' and no doubt we looked very Inglese in a scene so new to us, and so unlike anything we could see in our own country. Out of the windows of the marble palaces hung carpets and tapestries of every colour, and many a head was thrust out too. Presently was heard a cry of 'Omnibus! omnibus!' and at the same instant we espied a monster gondola, so called, trying to make its way in a contrary direction from ours, through our compact flotilla. Here, surely, must be a smash, we thought, but as the great boat passed it received a friendly shove from each gondolier, and, in some marvellous way, got clean through us with its freight of passengers. As we neared the Rialto, crowds lined the shores, and on the bridge above was a dark line of heads. The boats now became a still closer mass, and stationed themselves under the mighty, broad arch, where the band played with wonderful effect. This was the great treat of the evening. After it was over our flotilla moved a short distance on the other side of the bridge, and we were to turn; a feat which to us seemed utterly impos-

sible, but not so to the skilful gondoliers. With one slight action of the oar our boat went round without injury, and all the other boats turned equally clear of each other, till we came into right position again, and moved down the canal as we had come up. On our return home we found the other festivities of the day had not ended. There was an illumination in St. Mark's Place: handsome bronze pedestals, with gas-lights, were placed in the middle of the square, caffès and shops were brilliantly illuminated, and the Austrian band was playing; every chair being filled with ladies eating ices and fanning themselves, and gentlemen drinking lemonade. Italian, French, and German sounded on all sides, and in the midst of all this a familiar voice from home would strike the ear, 'I say, come this way!' which, it must be confessed, broke rather unpleasantly the illusion of the scene . . .

FRESCO II.

"Our stay was drawing to a close, but often as we had read about it, we had never heard the gondoliers sing, nor could we find any of the travellers who had; how was it to be managed? we asked our gondolier. He replied the Signore had only to 'commandare' and the thing was done; he would collect the singers for us when we pleased. We next consulted M. Danielli on the subject, and he intimated that, with a little English money, we had only to 'commandare,' and we should have a *singing* Fresco of our own on the Grand Canal.

"Beautiful were the nights at Venice at that time, the large moon looked so softly down on the blue waters, marble churches and palaces, that our romance was worked up to the highest pitch; and so, as we sat at dinner at the table d'hôte, we each mentioned to our respective neighbours what were our intentions for that very evening, and met with but one response, 'how delightful it would be!' Indeed, so popular did our project become that, at eight o'clock in the evening, when we went down to the water-gate, we found nearly thirty boats assembled; the twelve singers were in a gondola by themselves; ours took the lead and kept close to them all the way. I was breathless till the singing began: first they chanted a wild air, one man responding to the other; then a lad, with a fine voice, sang a charming bacarola, very popular in Venice at the time, 'Vieni, la barca è pronta,' into which he threw his whole soul—long afterwards, that voice and those words rang in my ear—the solo of each verse being ended by a chorus from the twelve

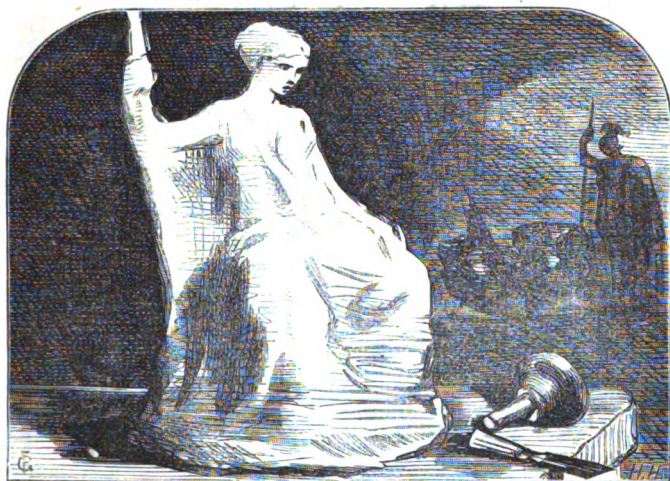
singers. As we went up the Grand Canal more gondolas joined us; among them that of the Archduchess Maximilian of Bavaria, and her daughters (afterwards Empress of Austria and Queen of Naples). It was not an entirely cloudless night, every now and then the moon slipped behind a dark floating cloud, and increased, I thought, the charm of the scene. Many a head was thrust out of the arabesque windows of the palaces, and, as we neared the Rialto, the people stood on the banks listening to the music, while on the bridge itself groups were assembled. There, as before, our flotilla was stationed under the broad arch, and the songs of the gondoliers were echoed back to us; there 'Vieni, la barca è pronta' was sung again, and encored by us again and again, till, at last, our gondolier said, 'It is for the Signore to say when they wish to return, otherwise the singing will go on "per sempre."' We certainly did feel rather grand, as we gave the word of command, 'ritorna,' and our gondola led the way, as before, down the Grand Canal. Not quite so happy as in going up did I feel, I would have held back the moments of that delicious evening; our music floated down with us, and never ceased till we reached the water-gate of our hotel. I mustered up the best Italian I could, and thanked the singers for the concert they had given us. The primo cantatore rose in his boat, and said they had to thank us for bringing them forward. They followed us into the hall of the hotel, and that was an embarrassing moment for us. How were we to pay them? we had no guess from francs to Napoleons. We applied to M. Danielli; he asked if we were 'contente.' '*Molto, moltissimo!*' we answered. 'Then, if you please, thirty francs.' And very cheap we thought it, for a treat no opera could have afforded us. We asked next day how the gondoliers spent their money—they went to a caffè, and drank lemonade!

"Now, in regard to these said gondoliers, the poetical prestige which surrounds them rather fades away on nearer acquaintance. On your first arrival one generally attaches himself to you—calls up every morning to know at what hour you like your boat; hands you with such tender care in and out, and is your obedient and ready servant—but only until he finds somebody who will give him higher pay. There is an equitable tariff fixed, but with this they are never satisfied; it is always, '*Ho ben travagliato*' (I have worked well), or some such plea, and if you refuse, they are not quite so bland in manner as you have anticipated. Nevertheless, it is impossible to help

liking them, and feeling that a very great deal of your comfort at Venice depends on them; they are so intelligent, so ready; they can tell you everything, from the affairs of Europe down to the cure of a Mosquito bite; they are excellent historians too, as far as Venice is concerned; they give you the dates of churches and palaces, and speak of Titian's pictures with an enthusiasm belonging only to the educated; but most of all they delight to talk of the brave defence made by the citizens in the rebellion of '48. They address one in Italian that one can understand, but their talk between themselves was quite unintelligible to me, except on one occasion, when I overheard the gondolier of the stern ask the other to give me a hint, on the night of the Fresco, that they expected more pay. 'Shame!' he said, and 'they understand.'

"They deserve much from one no doubt, for besides conveying us over the water, it would be quite impossible to find one's way through the narrow, intricate streets of Venice without their assistance. As soon as you leave your boat, your gondolier takes charge of you till he hands you again safely into it.

"Our first gondolier soon forsook us, but we soon ceased to regret him, as he was replaced by one who quite realized our poetical ideas of what a gondolier should be, not only as far as appearance went, but in manner and obligingness: his features perfectly regular, large dark expressive eyes, black curly hair; his figure tall and graceful. He was quite aware of all this, and knew exactly how to modulate his voice when he spoke to you in his soft Venetian. He was fond of talking, and chose his subjects very much in accordance with his own interests. He would tell us how he had served an English mi-lord, who was so well pleased with him he gave him gold at parting. Then he would put on a melancholy expression, and say what a hard life was his, and that gondoliers died early in life from chest complaints. At last, he declared he was tired of his calling—that he wished to see the world—that gondoliers made the best of servants—that, in short, he should like to come to England! These hints we did not take, especially as we one day found some little difficulty in getting change when paying him, and there was a suspicion he had *once* lodged very near the bridge of sighs, although one day, in passing the prison, he remarked, 'that's a bad hotel, I shouldn't like to lodge there.' However, he never forsook us during all our stay in Venice, and we continued the best of friends to the last."—J. F.



“MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.”

BE mute, O marble, under the master's hand, if thou would'st not be mute for ever. Let the chisel and mallet work his will now: so shalt thou one day become a breathing shape, and take thy place in halls of light, telling of Justice, Victory, or, it may be, Peace and Plenty, to admiring crowds.

It is rough treatment, but thine is a rough nature: the blows fall hard and sharp, but soft ones would not shape thee. It is weary work to bear, but if thy master weary not, do not thou. Thou art but one of many, and hast but one burden to bear. He would have all made perfect, and must mould and temper all. Rejoice in the strokes that awaken thee to life, transforming the soulless crag into the just proportions of angelic beauty; softening the harsh outlines; polishing the rough surfaces; bringing all things in subjection to the harmony of his will.

As clay in the hands of the potter, so art thou in the hands of thy master. Exult in the brief adversity, if he be a Phidias fashioning thee to be a god.

EDITOR.

Old and New.

Words by LL. B.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Very slowly.

p *p dim. rall. f*

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble staff containing whole rests. The left hand starts with a series of chords and eighth notes, marked *p* (piano). The melody in the left hand is: G4 (quarter), A4-B4 (beamed eighth notes), C5 (quarter), B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes), G4 (quarter), F#4-E4 (beamed eighth notes), D4 (half). The introduction concludes with a final chord in the left hand, marked *p dim. rall. f*.

Low runs the sand, low burns the light, The a - ged year is dying,

p

The first vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4-B4 (beamed eighth notes), C5 (quarter), B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes), G4 (quarter), F#4-E4 (beamed eighth notes), D4 (half). The piano accompaniment in the left hand consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G4-A4, B4-C5, D5-E5, F#5-G5, A5-B5, C6-D6, E6-F#6, G6-A6, B6-C7, D7-E7, F#7-G7, A7-B7, C8-D8, E8-F#8, G8-A8, B8-C9, D9-E9, F#9-G9, A9-B9, C10-D10, E10-F#10, G10-A10, B10-C11, D11-E11, F#11-G11, A11-B11, C12-D12, E12-F#12, G12-A12, B12-C13, D13-E13, F#13-G13, A13-B13, C14-D14, E14-F#14, G14-A14, B14-C15, D15-E15, F#15-G15, A15-B15, C16-D16, E16-F#16, G16-A16, B16-C17, D17-E17, F#17-G17, A17-B17, C18-D18, E18-F#18, G18-A18, B18-C19, D19-E19, F#19-G19, A19-B19, C20-D20, E20-F#20, G20-A20, B20-C21, D21-E21, F#21-G21, A21-B21, C22-D22, E22-F#22, G22-A22, B22-C23, D23-E23, F#23-G23, A23-B23, C24-D24, E24-F#24, G24-A24, B24-C25, D25-E25, F#25-G25, A25-B25, C26-D26, E26-F#26, G26-A26, B26-C27, D27-E27, F#27-G27, A27-B27, C28-D28, E28-F#28, G28-A28, B28-C29, D29-E29, F#29-G29, A29-B29, C30-D30, E30-F#30, G30-A30, B30-C31, D31-E31, F#31-G31, A31-B31, C32-D32, E32-F#32, G32-A32, B32-C33, D33-E33, F#33-G33, A33-B33, C34-D34, E34-F#34, G34-A34, B34-C35, D35-E35, F#35-G35, A35-B35, C36-D36, E36-F#36, G36-A36, B36-C37, D37-E37, F#37-G37, A37-B37, C38-D38, E38-F#38, G38-A38, B38-C39, D39-E39, F#39-G39, A39-B39, C40-D40, E40-F#40, G40-A40, B40-C41, D41-E41, F#41-G41, A41-B41, C42-D42, E42-F#42, G42-A42, B42-C43, D43-E43, F#43-G43, A43-B43, C44-D44, E44-F#44, G44-A44, B44-C45, D45-E45, F#45-G45, A45-B45, C46-D46, E46-F#46, G46-A46, B46-C47, D47-E47, F#47-G47, A47-B47, C48-D48, E48-F#48, G48-A48, B48-C49, D49-E49, F#49-G49, A49-B49, C50-D50, E50-F#50, G50-A50, B50-C51, D51-E51, F#51-G51, A51-B51, C52-D52, E52-F#52, G52-A52, B52-C53, D53-E53, F#53-G53, A53-B53, C54-D54, E54-F#54, G54-A54, B54-C55, D55-E55, F#55-G55, A55-B55, C56-D56, E56-F#56, G56-A56, B56-C57, D57-E57, F#57-G57, A57-B57, C58-D58, E58-F#58, G58-A58, B58-C59, D59-E59, F#59-G59, A59-B59, C60-D60, E60-F#60, G60-A60, B60-C61, D61-E61, F#61-G61, A61-B61, C62-D62, E62-F#62, G62-A62, B62-C63, D63-E63, F#63-G63, A63-B63, C64-D64, E64-F#64, 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sinking spi-rit will be past. All ye who would behold him

die, Come near, and take your last fare-well; For

now a-cross the spangled sky, A golden-headed me-teor fell.

2.

Sad winds are moaning in the trees,
 The weary night has ebb'd away;
 Dark clouds uplifted by the breeze,
 A misty winter's dawn display.
 And as the murky shades disband,
 In phantom vapours o'er the earth;
 Time lifts again the running sand,
 And ushers in the New Year's birth.

3.

So pass the Old, so come the New,
 From death to life we ever turn;
 The bright sun gathers up the dew,
 That lingers on the forest fern.
 Fair hopes allay uneasy fears,
 A calm succeeds each troubled wave;
 Ah! could the New Year dry the tears,
 That glitter on the Old Year's grave.

JANUARY MEMORANDA.



Monarch of glittering frosts and feathery snows,
See January stalks, with angry scowl;
While floating, wild, beneath his shadowy cowl,
His hoary beard showers hailstorms as he goes.

And now the morn with crusted jewels glows,
And piercing blasts through cleft and crevice howl,
And hungry foxes brave the watch-dogs' growl,
And high and keen the roaring whirlwind blows.

Now the rude ploughboy lingers by the fire,
—In icy chains fast bound the whiten'd meads,—
And wondering children gather round their sire,
Conning strange tales of half-forgotten deeds,
While home's sweet joys the plying heart inspire
With love that yearns to aid a brother's needs.

New-Year's Day, 1868.—“Memoranda” for the January Number,—that is what I have to provide, and that is what I wish to provide satisfactorily. But it is difficult; much more so, for instance, than writing for Christmas. There the year is about to perform its greatest work—the bringing round of Christmas-day—and life is elastic with hope. The darkness of the season is nothing; the

disturbance of the elements is nothing; wind and storm, rain and snow, fulfilling His word, may gather over our heads; but, fulfilling His word also, comes the light from the distance, nearer and yet more near, and our hearts leap exultingly towards it: scattered families re-unite to greet it together, and for once in this miserable world holiness and earthly happiness shake hands.

For such a season of peace and good-will there can never, surely, be much difficulty in writing. Tale, allegory, parable—it matters not which, so that it be but an outpouring of cheerfulness and kindness—it is sure of a response. The happy are seldom fastidious, and your Christmas reader is easily pleased.

But in January the whole world has suffered a revolution. It is the beginning of a new year, certainly; but it is also, alas! the end of the old, and the knell of the departed is still ringing in our ears.

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
A new face at the door."—TENNYSON.

And it is one you do not know and cannot care for yet; nay, even dislike secretly, for supplanting him you loved. By-and-by, indeed, when the leap is over, you may shake hands with the new friend, and make the best of him, for you have some distance to travel together. But January is too soon for this,—you are mourning yet for December. Another notch of your stick of time has been cut off. Another round of the threescore-and-ten-year-going clock has been made. January's chimcs call to us with a funeral wail—"CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, THOU MUST DIE!"

The old year has gone out, taking with him many shadows into the shadowy past: shadows of dear ones, never to receive form again, till the great day of resurrection. And sooner or later comes another, of whose shadows thou thyself must be one. "CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, THOU MUST DIE!"

I have put these words between inverted commas, because they form the headings of certain quaint addresses upon death from the pen of an old German preacher, a bare-footed friar of former days (Abraham a Santa Clara), in whose sermons, like those of our own Latimer, the serious and comic followed each other so closely, that tears and laughter must often have joined company on the listeners' faces. Let me fill up my Memoranda from his stores, albeit the exact reproduction of them is impossible.

To the Rich.—Hear it, citizen of the world—Thou must die! Thou art rich and prosperous, it is true. Thy ships have gone out to Ophir, like Solomon's, and have brought back fine gold; thy garners are full and plenteous with all manner of store; thy coffers are filled like the water-pots at Cana, even to the brim; and on quite as good grounds as the rich man in the Gospel, thou mayest say to thyself—"Soul, take thine ease; thou hast goods laid up for many days." It were the basest of lies wert thou to declare, as Peter did at the gate of the Temple: "Silver and gold have I none;" thy banker's book and thy steward could tell a different tale, whether the beggars at thy gate know it or not. The poor woman in the Gospel ransacked her house out for a silver penny, and when she found it, she called her neighbours together to rejoice with her. But wert thou to do this, the festivity would never end. Thy farms and thy barns, thy mines and thy banks, pour in the treasure to every room in thy dwelling; to every closet in every room; to every shelf in every closet; to every corner on every shelf. Or if not, it is because thy heart is narrow, and thou preferrest shutting up thy talents in a napkin. Even the garden tells tales, however. Golden stars (chrysanthemums) bloom in thy borders; golden rods in thy plantations; golden moss on thy walls. The gods of the heathen have taken up their abode with thee—Bacchus in the cellar, Ceres in the larder, Mammon in the strong-room, Flora in the garden, Fortuna everywhere. Aaron needed earrings and bracelets from all the women of Israel before he could make one golden calf; but thou hast sovereigns enough to stock a farm with cattle, if thou hadst the heart to melt them down. Nevertheless, oh, citizen of the world, Thou must die; and then—?

To the Great.—Forget it not, citizen of the world—Thou must die! Thou art come to great honour, it is true. Thy station is exalted far enough above thy fellows—farther still above the saints of

old. Tobias sat at his house-door; Abraham under a tree; Job on the ground; but thou art exalted to the dais, and men look up to thee and bow down, and no Mordecai refuses his reverence. "Here he comes!" say men, as thou drawest near; "There he goes!" as thou departest. Thou art the "He" of all men's mouths, and canst feel towards no man as men feel towards thee. Yet, citizen of the world, Thou must die; and then—?


To the Pleasure-seeking.—Awake and hear this, citizen of the world—thou must die! Thy couch is of roses, and thou risest up to the singing of birds. The harp and the tabret, the viol and lute are in thy feasts; thou farest sumptuously every day, and art clothed in purple and fine linen. If thou hast no faith in Mahomet's words as a prophet, thou hast full confidence in his notions of Paradise, and labourest hard to establish it in this world. Thou valuest the body above the soul because it alone brings thee enjoyment. It and thou, in fact, are one, since other hope or care hast thou none, but to rejoice in thy youth before the evil days come in which thou canst have no pleasure. As the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth thy whole man for bodily luxuries and delights, and that to-morrow should be as to-day, only yet more abundant. Nevertheless, oh citizen of the world, for all these things thou wilt be called to judgment. There comes a day when pleasure will cease to be possible, and thou must die instead of enjoy; and then—?

To the Learned.—Let it be said to thee, citizen of the world—Thou must die! Thou art very learned, it is true; and what is nobler and grander than science and knowledge? What the diamond is to the ring; what the soul is to the body; what the sun is to the heaven; what the sail is to the ship—that, knowledge is to the man. A man without

knowledge is a soldier without a sword; a chariot without a wheel; a writer without a pen. A man without knowledge is like a heaven without a star; like a nut without a kernel. Satan himself prized learning above everything, for he promised Eve she and Adam should be as gods if they would but eat of the tree of knowledge. He might have offered her a thousand other things as the result; riches, pleasures, powers; but no—he promised her that she should be learned—knowing good and evil—therefore like gods; for he knew that knowledge brings a man nearer divinity than anything else in this world. Wherefore, O citizen of the world, I cannot but praise thee, seeing thou hast struggled so earnestly for the best gifts and obtained them. Thy speech is better seasoned than the supper Lot's wife provided for the stranger angels at Sodom; thy writings are sharper than the thorns of the thicket in which Abraham's ram was caught; thy head has a value to which that of the golden image Nebuchadnezzar set up to be worshipped would be a mite in the balance, pure gold though it was. Tully and Demosthenes might make their bow to thee were they in the flesh; and Homer himself grasp thy hand with approbation; while Diogenes would, I verily believe, come from his tub and plunge into a sack out of sight at thy presence. And yet, citizen of the world, let me say it to thee—even to thee—thou must die; and then—? . . .

Death is a destroyer, then, a murderer, an enemy, a robber, a tyrant, a king of terrors? Oh, unjust world, to say so, when it is he who took Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, and will open the gates of the New Jerusalem to whomsoever will enter therein. "See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, redeeming the time."—This is our New Year's Lesson.—Ed.

TALK UPON BOOKS.

“HE Story of a Cat” and “The Three Monkeys,” (Bell and Daldy), are two small square volumes, out of a series of six, called Books for Young Readers, which we can strongly recommend to our *very* little friends. Nos. 1, 2, 3, indeed are written in one-syllabled words only, but the rest go as far as two syllables; and, in spite of the heavy restraint upon power of composition, the stories both of “the Cat” and “The Three Monkeys” are very amusing. The former is founded on the fact of one of those curious attachments between the cat and dog race which occur from time to time, and fill us with surprise. Mrs. Fuss tells her own story, however, which casts an air of unreality over her statements; but we have good reason for asserting that the main facts of the tale are real.

The Three Monkeys needs no inquiry as to its truth. It is a capital tale as it stands, and the tempers of the three little animals are well shown. We fancy it might teach many a human monkey a very good lesson. But we are perfectly sure of its turning out a source of amusement, even in cases where the children are so delightfully good that not one of the monkeys' caps fit their heads!

To such of our young readers as can amuse themselves by French books, we warmly recommend the *Magasin d'Education et de Récréation* (J. Hetzel, 18, Rue Jacob, Paris). Its aim is excellent throughout, and, in this its fourth year of issue, it is not too much to say that it has completely succeeded in combining the

useful and the agreeable. Continuous tales of adventure in different countries of the world, admirably illustrated by Rion and others, are among its leading features, and in its pages have appeared some of those invaluable works by Jean Macé which have *really* brought science within the comprehension of children (the continuation of the “History of a Bit of Bread,” &c.); while shorter tales of every possible variety, and papers conveying real information amusingly given, abound. If, however, the word *education* alarms our younger friends, let us assure them there is here plenty of “milk for babes,” and very sweet milk too. In each number are three or more fine page illustrations by Fröhlich, Oscar Pleisch, Fath, or some other good artist, of children's adventures from day to day, told, as only the French can do it, in a few pithy words of description below the pictures. These will charm the youngest every time the magazine is opened; and when they have gone to bed, and are dreaming of “Mdlle. Lili's,” or “M. Pierrot's” last droll escapade, elder brothers and sisters may sit down to the perusal of the more exciting tales of romantic interest. Occasionally, they will come across something translated from the English. So we too once enriched our magazine with pieces from their pages—“Animals of Paris,” and “War and the Dead” (the “Anniversary of Waterloo”). In conclusion, we will say we believe this magazine to be as good as it is amusing, while the unusual merit of the illustrations, and its beautiful appearance, make it an acquisition even to a drawing-room table.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



THE following letter, just received from the Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, is inserted with the view of interesting a few more people in the cause of the Institution. *Aunt Judy* will be proud indeed, if any of the supporters of her magazine feel disposed to assist towards the establishment of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," proposed by Mr. Whitford. She protests strongly, however, against a system of making magazines an indirect vehicle for begging generally. But inasmuch as "Cousin Hester's" plan for furnishing toy-baskets for the invalids, offered a pleasant as well as charitable occupation to rich children with a good deal of spare time on their hands, she had no scruple in suggesting that; and she feels now that this letter may be equally acceptable to many a rich, happy parent, who may not previously have heard that there was a sick children's hospital at all; and who may be not only glad to know it, but to assist in supporting it by donations. These may be sent to "The Secretary, 49, Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, London, W.C." Every donation, however trifling, will be acknowledged, and should the sum required for the "Aunt Judy's Cot" be collected, there will be an announcement to that effect. *Aunt Judy* is happy to think that the present number contains a paper on the Institution from the pen of "Gwynfryn"—a coincidence which will throw light on the condition and management of the charity.

She has only to add that the donations need not be large to be acceptable. She would like every child with a kind heart and a "would if they could" feeling to believe that mites run up to sovereigns, when there are a good many willing hands to throw them into the same treasury.

"49, Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury.
"Dec. 10th, 1867.

"MADAM,—The kindly mention of our hospital in 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' some

months since emboldens me very respectfully to state that the committee are now making arrangements (that will entail largely increased expenses), for receiving fifty additional children by opening a country branch in the suburbs, which will enable us to transfer all our convalescent patients, and many others, whose cure will be facilitated by fresh air, to this country house.

"To meet the extra cost of this extension, the committee are inviting contributions, and I respectfully venture to submit for your consideration, whether or not the readers of your highly interesting and instructive magazine might not be induced by your powerful advocacy, to contribute for the support of a Cot, to be called the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot,' concerning the occupants of which we might from time to time supply some interesting information. About thirty pounds (indeed less than that) supports a bed, in which, during the year, from eight to twelve children are treated.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"SAMUEL WHITFORD.

"Secretary.

"Mrs. Alfred Gatty."

"Bookworm" is thanked for her note. We echo her warm admiration of "Bruno's Revenge," as well as her wish for "several more" from the same hand. But we must all "bide our time." Such stories cannot be written to order, and made up at a minute's notice like a French exercise or a will. They must wait the moments of happy inspiration which visit all such authors from time to time; but by no means once a week or month at will. "Bookworm" is thanked also for her kind intentions towards ourselves.

"A. B. and C.'s" note and communication for the children at the Round Table will be attended to when next games are given. It is not desirable to overburden a magazine with such matters.



LAUNCHING THE CANOE.

MAORI LEGENDS.

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.



HERE are many traditions amongst the islanders of the Pacific Archipelago which are of very considerable interest. A former governor of some of the islands which have been colonized by our pushing Anglo-Saxon race, gave a good deal of attention to the subject, and collected and translated many of their old traditional songs, mythological legends, and now nearly forgotten proverbs. They had, however, no written language, until the missionaries formed the oral tongue into the shape which it now bears as a language that can be written or printed. It followed, as a matter of course, that all their traditions were oral. The priests and old chiefs talked them over, and transmitted them to their successors. The ordinary people of the land knew them not; and, therefore, it was that priests and chiefs held a power which they did not scruple to bring into play at any time when they wished to excite some one or other of the passions of common humanity. They would, in their speech, quote from memory some apposite old song, or proverb, with the introductory words, "As saith the song" (or the proverb as the case might be), "made and used by our forefathers," and then would follow the quotations. These fell on the ears of the audience with double force, from their double application to past and present; and sometimes not altogether as a new thing, heard for the first time, but rather as the recollection of a strain of music to a man who knows not his notes; for it will easily be understood that the very same song, proverb, or legend might be heard several times in a life, by one of the uninitiated, without his knowing more about it than its general application.

It so happened that I was called to spend a good many years in the Australasian Archipelago as missionary clergyman. In order to be able to rightly perform the duties of my station, and carry on the business of life, I was obliged to learn the language of the natives; and when travelling about the islands I tried to secure some one, amongst the number of my companions, who would be able to wile away the tedium of a long walk with the tales and traditions of his forefathers; or to pass pleasantly the early hours of evening, when we had "camped out" for

the night, and were enjoying ourselves round our bush fire, drinking copious potations, from the tin pannikin, of tea, sugar, and water, all boiled together. This mixture, "cheering without inebriating" (to adopt a novel quotation), is most delicious under the peculiar circumstances in which it is imbibed; though I dare say it would be more nauseous than most beverages if any one was foolhardy enough to partake of it in a comfortable chair by a cozy parlour fire.

It was under such circumstances that I heard many of the old traditions of the islands; and I hope this attempt to rescue one from oblivion, and clothe the Maori* thought in English words, may be acceptable to the readers of "Aunt Judy's Magazine."

THE STORY OF THE MANUKAU.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIVOUC.

ON one of my journeys in New Zealand, it so happened that night came upon the small party as we were nearing the Manukau Harbour, on the eastern side of the Northern Island, and were only a very few miles distant from Auckland, which was, in those days, the principal European settlement in that "Britain of the South."

† The Waitemata Harbour on the one side (that on which the city of Auckland is built) and the Manukau Harbour on the eastern coast, are only separated from one another by a narrow isthmus of about six miles in breadth. Things were very different in 184— from their present aspect in 186—; and it then required a very careful guide, and one who quite knew what he was about, to enable a traveller to "make tracks to home," and avoid being hemmed in by swamps of unknown depth of mud, or lost in the bush. My companions on this occasion were two: an old fellow called "Honè," and one as young as myself, known amongst his fellows by the abbreviated name of "Niko." Both these men belonged to the "upper classes" of Maori society; and both, as I knew from former experience, had good store of the legendary tales I so much delighted to hear.

As we reached an open space, at the edge of a wood we had been travelling through for some hours, we came upon what probably had once been a native "plantation" or garden, and a gentle rippling

* The word *Maori* means *native—indigenous—aboriginal*.

stream murmured musically a hospitable welcome. The old man, Honè, hereupon called to his younger companion, who was carrying my tent on his back, "Niko! we'll camp here!"

"No, no, old fellow," I exclaimed, "that won't do! We are so close to the settlement, we'll push on. We've not had anything of a journey to-day, and you can't be tired."

"It's all very fine for you to talk," was the irreverent answer of old Honè; "your 'swag' (or burden) is'n't much more than half ours; so shut up! *We'll camp here, Niko!*"

I knew it was quite useless to urge the matter further, for without more ado he flung down his "carriage,"* an example readily enough followed by young Niko.

The night drew on apace—you know that in New Zealand we have scarcely any twilight—and, as the country was in those days, the old fellow was decidedly right and prudent. So getting our tomahawks out, we set to work to cut wood for the fire, poles and stakes for the tent, and fern for our beds. The tent was pitched, the fire was "built," the "Köhna," or iron pot, was set on to boil the evening meal, and the tin pannikins (with *tea* as per receipt given above) were seething by the edge. Niko was busy in the preparation of the supper; and having done his share towards getting things straight for the night, the old fellow, Honè, charged his pipe, and squatted down near to my side. He had thought of something that would interest me, evidently; and evidently, too, he was burning to tell it. I whiffed my pipe, complacently; so did he whiff his; until at last, tired out of patience at having to keep his tongue quiet for so long, he broke silence with, "Pakeha! have you heard the old legend about this Manukau?"

"No; *has* it a legend?"

"Pihea!" (an expression of intense disgust at, either my ignorance or assumed carelessness about his intended story.) "Pihea! don't you know that it has?"

"Oh, yes; I know most places in your country have legends; so have most places in mine—and one is about as true as another."

"Pakeha! *this* is *all* true; and, if you like, I will tell it you. I heard the story from my grandfather *te Waharoa* (the long-mouthed) and so it *must* be true."

* Literally, in the Maori tongue, *that which is carried*: and as all loads were carried by the natives on the back, the ordinary word would be "back-load" [Pikaunga].

"Fire away, old friend," was my response. "'Go ahead!' as the captains of the great smoke-canoes say. What's the story?"

Apparently he was quite satisfied at having excited my curiosity. He puffed away in complacent silence for some minutes; and then, bethinking himself of the wants of the inner man, he called to his younger companion—

"Niko! is the food cooked? how goes the supper?"

"It will be ready in half-an-hour!"

"Half-an-hour! Oh! what a long time to wait! Well, I may as well pass the time by telling you the 'Story of the Manukau.'"

"By all means, old boy," was my ready rejoinder. Both of us then recharged our "cutty clays," and knowing our *cuisine* was in safe hands when Niko was "to the fore," I listened most attentively whilst the old fellow went on with his story.

CHAPTER II.

THE FISHING-PARTY AND WHO COMPOSED IT.

"PAKEHA! you must know that our people did not always live in New Zealand. There was a time when the Rangatira,* if not also the Pononga† and Taurekareka‡ lived in another land; we are poor ignorant folk. We did not know how to make paper speak, or, as you have taught us to call it, how to write, until the English came, who have taught us that, and so many other good things. So we cannot tell the name of the land our forefathers came from. But I *do* know that we lived on an island quite as good, if not better, than this New Zealand. And I know, too, that my great grandfather's seventeenth cousin, twice removed, was own uncle to the ninety-fifth cousin of the sister-in-law of the great-great grandfather of the seventy-second cousin of te Waharoa, 'the long-mouthed,' after whom was named my grandfather, who told me this story of the Manukau, which I am going to tell you. One day he made up a party to go out with him in his fishing-canoe. There was Waharoa himself, and his two favourite wives, Mania and Poto; and there were also three slaves, which went with him in the canoe: one was a man of the name of Hoko, the strongest of his male slaves; two were girls, and their names were Kawè and Hui; the

* Rangatira—the gentlemen, or chiefs.

† Pononga—the servants, or lower caste.

‡ Taurekareka—the regular slaves, taken in war.

prettiest and youngest of his female slaves. So he called his household together—he was a *great* chief! was my old ancestor Te Waharoa, of whom I am telling you—he named by their names those whom he wished to take with him in his fishing-canoe, and the canoe was launched.* It was not one of our great war-canoes, but a very large fishing-canoe; and my ancestor and the party he had told out to go with him all went aboard, according to his orders. They took with them some of their mats; for they knew that the night wind would blow cold upon them. They took some calabashes of water, and some Taro† and Kumera‡ and all sorts of things that they thought they might want. Some of the old songs seem to say, that they took also the dog with long white hair, and with the yellow tail and ears; that there were two dogs, indeed, male and female, and that one was called Kuri and the other Kararehe; and my grandfather used to tell us that these were the progenitors of the native dogs which your great sea-chief, Captain Cook, who came not long ago to our land, said that he saw in great numbers, and that we used them for food as well as the rats! and that these two were all the animals we had! Well! perhaps he was right in his ignorance; he did not know of our birds” (here followed a long list of native birds, the uncouth names of which I will spare the jaws of the English reader); “we had birds, yes; and we had *lots of slaves*; but I must go back to Waharoa and his party. They launched their canoe, dragging it down to the water, until its nose was washed by the salt wave; and then they embarked. They had before coiled up and put into the canoe their fishing-lines of divers thicknesses and strength; and the fish-hooks, fitted to catch the shark, or the cod, or the barracuta; and the different kinds of bait which they might require, and so they started. There were Waharoa, as I have told you, and his two favourite wives, and his two pet dogs, and his two youngest and prettiest female slaves, and his strongest male slave, and all that they might chance to want; water in the

* Let me inform the English reader, that if a native of New Zealand is interrupted by a listener whilst he is telling a story, he would begin again, as we say “*de novo*,” from the very commencement: so I carefully avoided any interruption of old Hone’s narrative, and any needful explanation or information will be appended in the shape of a note.

† Taro, an esculent root of the Arum tribe; carefully cultivated and esteemed highly by the native gourmands.

‡ Kumera—the sweet potato, or yam.

calabashes, taro and kumera in the baskets, and everything. When they left their sea-side hut, the other wives and slaves of Waharoa sang this song after him :—

‘Go, my beloved, go to the great sea!
 Catch many fish, fat and good,
 And may you be prosperous!
 Go, my beloved, go, Waharoa!
 And soon may we haul your canoe high on the beach,
 And may our backs break under the great weight of the fish which
 you will catch and bring back for us to eat!
 Go, my beloved! Go, Waharoa! Go to the great sea!’

“And so they went; and having come to the nearest fishing-grounds, they began to let down their lines; but they caught few fish, and those only snappers. So Waharoa said to his people who were with him in his canoe, ‘Let us go to the deep sea, and catch greater fish! All the people in my village will laugh if we only bring back *these*!’ kicking the snappers which lay, *not* peacefully, at the bottom of the canoe. One of his wives—Mania it was—said ‘Let us not go to the deep sea fishing-ground to-night; we shall not get back before daybreak.’ But our women like to contradict one another, especially if they be two wives of one man. So Poto, the other wife, gathered her fishing-line into the canoe, and said to Waharoa, ‘*You* are our lord; if *you* say, go to the deep sea fishing-grounds, *I* am not the one to dispute our lord’s will.’ This was said with rather a vicious and significant glance, at Mania, as who should say, ‘I’ve got you there, my lady!’ But this glance was lost upon Waharoa, whose eyes kindled with pleasure at Poto’s ready acquiescence, and he answered her, ‘Yes, Poto, we will go, since *you* wish it!’ Oh Pakeha! you Englishman! you foreigner! *you* cannot know half the art of woman!”

This was an apostrophe from old Honè, the narrator of the story, and was responded to by a hearty laugh from Niko, my younger companion, who called out, “Right, quite right, you old fellow! before I get married, I shall come to you for advice! you are *so* funny! you are *so* knowing!”

This put a stopper upon the old man. After a short and dignified pause, he asked, solemnly, “Niko, is the food cooked?” and receiving an answer in the affirmative, we all went to our evening meal, which we very much needed, and of which we gratefully partook.

UNCLE TOM.

THE PALACE IN CLOUDLAND.

A FAIRY TALE.

By L. M. G.

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING HOW EDDA WINKED A SECOND TIME.



HE next morning when Una awoke, who should be standing by her bedside, but Edda; and as she held out her arms, Una sprang into them, and tried to clasp her round her great neck, but her arms would hardly meet round it. And Edda kissed her and laughed for joy, till the palace shook, and cried for joy till Una and she were nearly wet through. And then she told Una how she had found her under the tree two nights before, and all that had befallen them, until Una got safe into Cloudland, and then how she herself had gone to look for Morna and Nona, but had not found them, because the time of their penance was not over; and how she had gone back to the Queen of the Fairies, and the queen had told the vapours to carry her up to Una; and how the vapours had had a hard task of it, but had done it at last, and there she was. And they two rejoiced together very much. And, after a time, the Prime Minister, old Cumulus, came to give Una a lesson in business, and she was very attentive for a good while, and then looked up very tired, and asked if she might not go and play; and old Cumulus smiled down at her and said "yes," and she ran away to play, and old Cumulus finished all the business himself.

Then Una took Edda to show her all the wonders of the palace, and after a time, they came to a room that Una had not seen before, and over it was written: "Hall of the Magic Mirror," and they opened the door and went in very cautiously. They saw a room so dark that they could not tell how large it was, and the only light in it came from the magic mirror that was in the middle of the room; and they went up to this, and they saw in it the king's palace at Oudamou,—the outside of the palace, and the moat, and the sentry walking up and down. And then it changed, and they saw the dungeon at the bottom of the keep,

and in it lay Fal-lal the queen's chamberlain, on a bed of straw, in chains.

Then it changed, and they saw the queen's apartment, and the queen sitting there in great state, but very grim, for she had not had a good night; and the king came in to her, looking very sad, and Una and Edda heard what was said. The king entreated the queen, with tears, to tell him what had become of his children; and Grimgroula said, "My lord, when your Majesty was out hunting four days ago, the princesses fell ill of a fever, and I would not tell your Majesty, lest you should be grieved, and I nursed them myself, and I thought they would recover, but alas! they are all dead, and that is the reason I am so sad." But the king did not believe a word of it, and he made no answer, and went away; and hearing that the queen's chamberlain was chained in the dungeon, he thought he would go and see him, for he might know something about it. And Fal-lal told him of the queen's cruel designs on the princesses, and how Edda had carried them away in three sacks, and how he had let them pass without challenging them, and how the queen had sent him to the dungeon in consequence. Then the king was a little comforted, and he told Fal-lal he would soon cause him to be released, and promoted to a better post, and he went away. But the gaoler had overheard what Fal-lal told the king, and he went and reported it to Grimgroula, and she went into a violent rage, and sent orders that the chamberlain should be shot the next morning, and his body thrown into the moat. And after this the mirror grew dark, and they saw no more, and they went back to Una's apartments. And Edda was so angry and so grieved at what she had seen, that she could not speak for indignation; she sat a long time thinking, and at last she *winked*. Now the Queen of the Fairies had given her permission to go backwards and forwards, from the earth to Cloudland, as often as she wished, so she resolved to go that night to Oudamou. And after sunset she went to the window and looked out, and bowed three times, and said:

"Oberon, and Titania bright,
Good Queen Mab, who lov'st the right,
Help the silent fool to-night,
Give me WORDS till morning light."

After this she set out.

CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING HOW THE SILENT FOOL FOUND HER TONGUE.

THAT night was a sleepless one to several who dwelt in the palace at Oudamou. As the queen was preparing to go to bed, with all her ladies around her, suddenly she was aware of the tall figure of Edda standing by her side, looking taller than ever, and very stern. The queen turned pale, and her teeth chattered, but she affected to laugh, "Ha! ha! here's the silent fool come back to us: how very amusing!" said she. But Edda stood bolt upright, and waved with her hands for all the ladies to leave the room, and they obeyed, for there was something in Edda's face that would not be denied. The queen cast an imploring look round to ask them to stay, but they huddled off as fast as they could, and she was left alone with the terrible Edda. Then Edda with her large black eyes flashing, and her finger pointed straight at the queen, began to harangue her; she described to her all her wicked feelings, and all their consequences to herself, and others; she told her of the king, her husband, a broken-hearted man, of his children parted from him, and two of them lost, of the wicked lie by which she had tried to deceive him, of the innocent chamberlain condemned to die, of the whole Court corrupted by her wickedness. She spared her nothing; the words came fast to her lips, hard words and true. The queen remained glued to her seat, with her hands clenched upon the arms; her eyes glared at Edda, her tongue clove to her mouth, she could not speak. As the tale went on, and her bad conscience told her it was all true, she gradually sank from her chair upon the ground, and at last grovelled at Edda's feet, holding up her hands imploringly. "No more, no more," she gasped, but Edda spared her not a word of all she had to say, and, having finished her speech, went out, and left her there, closing the door after her with a thundering slam.

The king was sitting by himself, thinking very sadly, for he was too unhappy to sleep, and his face was covered with his hands. Suddenly Edda stood beside him, looking very serious, and he started at the sight of her, but it was as much with joy as with fear, for he thought she could tell him something of his daughters. But Edda would answer no questions till she had spoken her mind. She reproached the

king bitterly for his folly and weakness in letting himself be ruled by the wicked queen; and when she had made him sufficiently ashamed of himself, she told him it was not yet too late to mend matters, if he would only show himself a man, dismiss the queen and her son from Court, with all who had helped her, order the instant release of the chamberlain, and, in general, look after his affairs himself. She then told him all she could of the princesses, and making him promise that he would do all she had bidden him, she suddenly disappeared, leaving him in a maze of astonishment at all he had heard, and not least at the eloquence of the silent fool.

She next appeared in the dungeon, and gave some kind words to Fal-lal, assuring him that he would soon be at liberty; then she was seen at the gaoler's bedside, and told him what she thought of his tale-bearing. As she came out thence, she was met by a messenger from the king, entreating her to come back, as he wished to ask further advice from her; but Edda had seen the first streak of light in the east, and she was too wary this time to let herself be surprised by the loss of her powers; so she only gave the messenger a portentous shake of the head, and vanished. Early in the morning she was back in Cloudland, and did not speak a single word for three days.

The same morning Queen Grimgroula left the Palace of Oudamou with her son. Her hair had turned grey in the night, and she was so changed that the sentinel who let her out wondered who she was, and how she had come in.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE NEW POOR LAWS IN CLOUDLAND.

UNA reigned prosperously in Cloudland for a good long time. And one morning, having finished her business with old Cumulus, she stood looking out of a window of her palace, and she saw in the court-yard below, one of her officers sending away two beggar girls from the gate. He sent them away roughly, and the maidens looked very sad and sorrowful, but before Una could interfere they had gone far away. Then the little queen sent for the officer, and asked him in much anger how he dared send away pilgrims from her palace, without inquiring her pleasure; "Who knows," she ended, "but you may have sent away

my sisters !” Then the officer bowed, and said, with a courtier-like smile, “ Far be it from me, Madam ! these were not your Majesty’s sisters, they were two beggar girls, the one almost black, and speaking a strange gibberish, which no one could understand ; the other white as snow, and unable to speak at all ; there be many such pilgrims coming every day, and we send them all away, that your Majesty’s bounty may not be overtaxed.” Then Una, looking round upon all who were in attendance, said : “ Hear this, my lords : I will have none sent away ; let the east wing of my palace be opened as an asylum for all pilgrims ; hard indeed, if those who can find no rest down below should be denied even a little corner of a castle in Cloudland !” So Una’s commands were obeyed, and the asylum was opened ; and day after day some pilgrim or another took refuge there ; and Una went every day to see them, and cheered them with kind words, and found employment for such as could do anything, and those who could not, who were the greatest number, were allowed to amuse themselves in the Hall of Dreams. And Una put Edda over the asylum knowing that she would rule it wisely and kindly.

But Edda went down to earth once a week, to search for Morna and Nona ; and one day, when she was away, the same officer whom Una had reproved came to her and said, “ Madam, one of the beggar-maidens is returned : it is she with the white hair, who looks like a snow-maiden—she still cannot speak—yet, after long trying, she uttered one word, your Majesty’s name—Una.” Then, like an arrow from a bow, Una darted down the stairs, and into the court-yard, and into the arms of her sister Morna, for it was she indeed. And Morna fell down on her knees before Una, and kissed her hands, and wept very much ; but Una lifted her up, and embraced her again, and laughed and cried, and led her into the palace. Morna was white all over, even to her hair, but she had the same face as before ; and by degrees her speech came back to her, and she told Una all her story, and how, after she had hurt herself on the mountain, she had crept into a cave, and lived there with wild beasts, eating their food, for many months ; and she had never seen the sun nor the daylight, and that was the reason she had blanched all over, and she had never heard nor spoken a word, and had forgotten the use of language till the name Una suddenly came back to her mind. And she had come a fortnight before to the palace (for, after she got well, the fairies had sent her to Cloudland), and she and another pilgrim

had been turned away ; but, finding no rest, and none to take her in, she had come back again, for she thought she might as well die there as anywhere. Now Una could not speak for some time for sobbing and laughing, but when she found her voice she told Morna how all had prospered with her ; and then she took her to a beautiful chamber, and gave it to her for her own, and she gave her purple and gold robes, ready for the meeting of the Court in the evening. But Morna did not care for these—she only cared for the sun at mid-day, for she had been so long without seeing him, that she felt as if she could never have enough of his warmth ; so she wore always white garments, and was always out at mid-day. When Edda came home that night, there was a joyful meeting between her and Morna. And two days after, when Una was visiting the asylum, the officer came to her, and told her that the maiden had come again who had come before with the Princess Morna, and that she was brown all over, except her hair, which was very black, and that she talked very fast, but no one could understand her. Then Una darted to the gate, and when the brown maiden saw her, she uttered her name with a cry of joy—"Una !" and Una cried, "Nona !" and they fell into each other's arms, and sobbed, and danced round and round. Then Una led her sister in, and called Morna and Edda, and they all rejoiced together ; and Edda said, "Now, my dear princesses are all safely together in Cloudland, and old Edda's work is done—she need go backwards and forwards no more." And, after the first burst of joy, Una and Morna began to be very much amused at the strange gibberish that Nona talked, for they could not make out a word she said. However, they talked a great deal to her, and she began to make signs that she understood them, and so by degrees the old language of Oudamou came back to her mind. Then she told them her story, and how, after her first disappointment, she had lain in a swoon, she did not know how long, and when she recovered she had made up her mind not to be beaten, but to go on and on till she should really come to the edge of the world at last. So she had walked on many, many days, ever getting into hotter and hotter countries, till she came to one that seemed very near the sun indeed, but no nearer the edge of the world than before. And here she was taken prisoner by a strange savage people, and they made her a slave, and she had to work very hard, and was out in the sun till her skin grew dark brown, and her hair jet black ; and she forgot her own language, and could only speak

the jargon of the savage people. And one evening, after a very hard day's work, she had gone to sleep very sad, thinking of all her follies, and that she should never see Morna nor Una, nor the dear nurse Edda, any more; and in her sleep she seemed to hear the fairies whispering, "She has been punished enough—let us send her home now;" and then she felt herself lifted from the earth with a soft swaying motion, and carried over up and up, and the air grew cool and soft round her, and she felt happy in her sleep, and when she awoke she was in Cloudland, and that was all she knew about it. And many days ago she had come to the palace, and a Cloud-man had sent her away—oh! so harshly,—and she had wandered about, and found nobody to take her in, and she had come back again, for she thought she might as well die there as anywhere. Then Una gave her a beautiful chamber, and Court robes, and she held a great feast and ball, to celebrate the return of her sisters.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESCRIBES A FAMILY PARTY, AND WISHES THE READER GOOD-BYE.

Now, soon after this it befell, that for a whole week Una never visited the asylum, for every day Edda made some reason that she should not go, so that Una wondered; but at the end of the week Edda ceased to find reasons, and Una went. And, as she went, she saw in the courtyard an aged woman, dressed all in black, with long grey hair floating on her shoulders, drawing water at the well, and carrying it in heavy buckets for the use of the whole palace. She had worked very hard all the week, and looked very sad and weary, but she never complained. And Edda was standing and looking at her, and, as Una drew near to Edda, she heard her murmur—"It is about enough now." Then Una said to the nurse, "Who is that aged woman, and why do you let her work so hard, while many younger are doing nothing?" And Edda answered in her short way—"Go up and look at her, and answer both questions yourself." So Una went gently up to her and looked, but could not answer the questions. Then the woman looked round on her with a face full of sorrow, remorse, and shame, and said, "Do you not know me, Una?" Then Una saw it was her step-mother, and she started back several paces, and did not know what to say. But the former queen fell down at her feet, and clasped her hands, and looked up at

her with her sad eyes, saying, "Forgive, forgive!" "I do forgive," said Una, raising her up; "and see, madam, all the harm that you thought to do us has turned out for our good!" Then she called her sisters, and Grimgroula asked forgiveness of each, and they all embraced her; and Una tried to lead her into the palace, saying she would give her an apartment, and an attendant for herself, and a mantle of crimson and gold, befitting a former queen. But the queen said she would have none of these, but would stay in the asylum, and be a drawer of water and a servant to Edda. Then Una asked after the little prince, her half-brother, and Edda said, "I have made him a page of the backstairs to your Majesty, and this week past he has brushed the clothes of your Majesty's lords in waiting." Then Una remembered that she had seen an ugly little boy, who had run away when he was asked his name.

And a few days after this, one fine morning when business was over, Queen Una and her sisters were out walking beyond the grounds of the palace, and two little swift-footed pages were with them, to do their errands. Then Una saw a pilgrim coming up the hill, and she said, "Look, sisters, yonder comes a venerable pilgrim with a grey beard; we will go and meet him, that he may know betimes that he will be welcome here." So they ran down the hill, and the pilgrim toiled up: he was rather an old man, with a patient, serious face; and at the same moment all three of the princesses stopped short, and looked at each other, and said, "It is our father!" Then they ran to meet him in the greatest joy, and Una said, "Welcome, welcome!" and the King Takiteesi took them all in his arms, and was so happy that he could not speak. Then Una whispered to the swift-footed pages, and they ran back to the palace, and by the time the king and his daughters reached it, all the gates were thrown open, and the guard of honour was turned out, and the flags were flying, and the trumpets sounding, and all the people shouting "Hurrah! hurrah! Long live Takiteesi, the father of our gracious Queen Una." So they took him in; then he told them that, being very tired of kingcraft, which he had never been a good hand at, he had resigned the sceptre of Oudamou to his brother, and that the ex-chamberlain Fal-lal was the new Prime Minister, and that he had come to Cloudland to live out his life in peace. Then Una told him that her step-mother was there, and at this news the king's countenance fell, and he took up his hat, and seemed much inclined to go;

but his daughters told him that Grimgroula was quite changed, and besought him to forgive her, that they might all live happy together. So he did forgive her; and there was general rejoicing in Cloudland, and they all lived happy together, and live happy together still. For, after a time, Queen Grimgroula consented to come into the palace, but she would never put on purple and gold, nor come to the evening revels, but she lived a penitent life, dressing in black, and only going out in bad weather. And in bad weather you may see her still, in those black robes of hers, with her grey hair spread all about her. And as to the old king, you may see him in the moonlight, for he, too, said he would not wear purple and gold, for he was tired of Court life and gaiety; and he wears robes of grey, edged with silver, and only goes out in the moonlight. And in the bright noonday, when the little white clouds are dancing through the sky, you may see Morna among them, for she loves always to wear white, and still dances and rejoices in the noonday sun. And as to Nona, she is as wilful as ever, and will always go out when she ought not; so you may often see her before a storm, with her black hair, and in a copper-coloured dress, which she wears to suit her complexion. And on a fair evening, at sunset, whether in summer or in winter, you may see Queen Una holding revels with her Court, in crimson and purple and gold, while the hangings of her palace are deep blue and pale green and soft amber. And when, on a still summer's day, you see on the horizon a large, solid, firm-based cloud, like a pyramid of snow, piled up in soft rounded masses, cream-coloured in the lights, and tender grey in the shadows: a mass that stands still almost through a summer's day, and "moveth all together, if it move at all"—there you see Edda—the now grey-haired Edda—firm, honest, faithful and patient, the best of nurses, and the truest of friends, whose toils are over, and who is spending a serene and honoured old age with her beloved princesses in the happy Palace in Cloudland.

THE GIPSIES; OR, ELLIE AND WALTER.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER GIPSY.



HILE Ellie was being unconsciously carried through the forest, Walter and Cousin Roger met with some adventures in their turn. It was very hot, and Roger had some trouble in finding the way through knolls and tufts of furze to a trout-stream, where they were to find water to fill their bottle. Roger had slyly picked up Walter's fishing-rod, in order to have a little sport with the trout, the flies being safe in Walter's pocket. He was obliged to yield it to Walter, however, who made a stand-point on his right of ownership, but fully meant to divide, at least, the pleasure of it presently.

When, after a long time, they reached the stream, they found it so hot after their search, that they walked on till they got under the shelter of some trees; and then having filled their water-bottle, and refreshed themselves with the clear brown water, Walter proposed to go back to Ellie.

"I'll follow you in no time," said Roger. "She's all right, and you see, my dear fellow, it's of no use bringing the rod if one of us don't fish, and, of course, it's your duty to attend to your sister. She's not mine, that's one comfort, so my conscience is clear. Give me the hook with the flies, Walter, dear. I'll only have one throw."

"No, indeed, we must go back together," said Walter, sturdily holding the rod. "We must go home soon. We have come a long way, and we only agreed for one day, you know."

"But, my dear fellow, I'll follow you—only go and see after Ellie. I dare say the child's frightened about those bullocks."

"I—I think we had better go together," said Walter, looking up the long slope of the chase, where many cattle were grazing. "I don't—quite—like——"

"Like what?" said Roger, sticking his hands in his pockets, and looking most contemptuously, and with a very superior air, at Walter.

"Why, I don't like to go by myself amongst those fierce oxen; see how wild they are!" said Walter, colouring, and trying to keep down the tears. He really was considerably frightened.

"Well! if ever, in all my days, I saw such a muff."

"And, besides," said Walter, silenced for a moment by the grand contempt expressed in Roger's words and attitude. "I don't want to leave my rod."

The dispute threatened to become noisy, when in a pause for want of breath, a voice said:

"Oh, kind young gents, won't you be quiet? You wouldn't like to spoil a poor man's fishing, I know."

At the same time a head showed itself through some brushwood, down the stream. It was covered with long shining black hair, had a dark complexion, with a pair of narrow, but not small eyes, and a slightly hooked nose.

"You see, gents, the fish won't bite if there's a noise. Some says they can't hear, but I knows if anybody's nigh they won't bite."

Roger saw at once that the speaker was a gipsy. He was resolved that Walter should see that he was quite at his ease in the presence of these people, at once so interesting and so alarming.

"Well, my man, we'll make no more noise if you'll tell us the kind of flies you use. We can't get a rise."

"Why, Roger——" interrupted Walter.

Roger continued, not noticing him. "Have *you* had any sport?"

"Oh, it's nothing of a fly, master; if you'll come down stream, and not talk, or throw your shadows over, I'll try to please you."

Walter touched Roger's arm. "We can't; we must go to Ellie."

"Oh, stuff; we'll only stay a minute," replied Roger, walking on as fast as the brushwood would permit him, after the gipsy.

Presently they came to a beautiful pool in the stream. The gipsy threw his line in a way that surprised Roger very much, and before long he brought out a fine trout.

"By Jove! there's another," exclaimed Roger, in ecstasy. Even the tearful Walter, whose conscience was full of Ellie, gradually grew interested at the success of the fisherman, who really seemed as if his bait were a loadstone to fish of steel, instead of only appealing to their vulgar appetite for flies.

Lower and lower down the stream they went, forgetful of the time,

and forgetful even of Ellie. Till at last Roger said, "You may say what you please, there's something particular in that fly; will you sell me one or two?"

"It's a secret," said the gipsy. "But it's all one, for I could not give you the flies, and young gents like you doesn't come out on a lark with much tin, I knows."

"Oh, but we have," exclaimed in haste the imprudent Walter. The sager Roger interrupted him. "We have just a shilling or so with us; you wouldn't charge that for a fly."

"Well, masters, I've got none here that I can spare; but my house is not far off. If you'll come with me I'll give you a good fly like this for a shilling. I can't sell it for less. It takes a great deal of making. I've taught young gents to make them before now, but they paid me well."

A little prudence still clung to cousin Roger.

"No, we can't go home with you now; but if you'll tell us where you live, we can go there to-morrow."

"You'd best come now; it's not far," said the gipsy.

"We *must* go home," replied Roger. "Tell us where you live."

The gipsy gave a very minute account of the position of his "house," as he called it, and they parted. In a few moments, however, he came after them. "You shall have this fly for a shilling, master. It's not a bit the worse for wear, you see. And I'll get you some bran new ones at home."

"We can't stop now," returned Roger, resolutely, and the man then left them.

Walter was in tears. As soon as the excitement of the sport was over, and he saw how late it was, the thought of Ellie came remorsefully to his mind. Roger's "Oh, she's all right," betrayed too, in its tone, a doubt even on his part, and that caused Walter to feel still more alarm.

It was hours before they could find the place where they had left her. It was, of course, deserted. ~~But~~ while they were searching around the borders of the wood,—one of them, at least, trembling, lest some of the black spots on the chase should make a rush at them,—a loud roar shook the forest.

It was so dark under the trees that they had not ventured to go deep into the wood, so that when this roar, from no great distance, was

repeated, they recovered from their first surprise, and both darted off down the wide-spreading slopes as fast as the broken ground would let them.

Round and over furze bushes they went, round and over heaps of stones, overgrown with briars which caught their feet, and caused them many a fall. Performing great circuits to avoid groups of cattle, their hearts beat so fast that they did not in reality make much progress.

At last the earth seemed to shake behind them; neither dared to look back, they plunged wildly forward, and both fell into a gravel pit, luckily of no great depth.

The cattle which had pursued them, not seeing the objects of their pursuit, soon wheeled round and scoured over the chase towards the forest, so that the fall of the two boys was a very lucky circumstance for them, as certainly neither of them could have gone on much longer.

"Are you *quite* killed, Roger?" said Walter, finding that, at least, *he* was not.

"Are you alive, Walter?" said Roger, at the same instant.

"I—I don't think I'm *very* badly hurt; but one does not feel it at first," said Walter.

"There are my legs. By Jove, I can stand!" said Roger, in joyful surprise. "And my arms, they're all right. I wish I had one of those beasts here. I'd pommel him, I know."

"I think I can stand," said Walter, doubtfully. "But I'm afraid I'm sadly bruised. Where are you, Roger? let me feel you, that I may find out if my arms are not broken."

Convinced at last that no mortal injury, or any other indeed, worse than a slight scratch, had befallen them, Roger cautiously raised his head above the side of the gravel pit, in order to observe the motions of the enemy. He had withdrawn his forces so far away, that they were lost in the general dimness of the distance.

Walter was ultimately inspired by Roger with courage enough to emerge with him from the friendly gravel pit. But no sooner had his terror in regard to himself subsided a little, than his fears for Ellie resumed all their power, and he fiercely refused to return home without her.

"Then you may go back, or stay here by yourself," said Roger. "I

never saw such a goose! Can't you see that the only way will be to send people from Langton to search? Besides, Ellie has very likely got into the high road, and gone home when she found that we did not come back."

"She had no money," said Walter. "She could not walk all that way!"

"Stupid! Of course she couldn't; but I suppose she might meet some cart, or carriage, or something, going to Chorley! You'll find her all right, fast asleep in her own bed, if you'll only come on."

Not convinced, but willingly yielding to the hope thus suggested, Walter suffered himself to be once more put in motion. And after a long and weary march between shallow pools, heaps of stones, and whole regions of furze and brambles, they emerged at last in the dawn of the summer morning on the Moreton high road.

Weary, hungry, wretched, and thoroughly alarmed about Ellie, they finally reached Langton Moss from the station at ten o'clock in the morning, after that of the commencement of their first attempt at realizing

"How merrily they live that gipsies be!"

The confusion and dismay at Langton Moss were indescribable. The loss of Ellie sent the servants flying in all directions. They did not like to write to Colonel and Mrs. Stanmore before they had tried at least to discover her. They went to the rural police at Chorley, to the city police, at the cathedral town, a few miles distant. They thought of the wake at Chorley; and their suspicions turned at once upon the gipsies, for most of them had had their fortunes told by two gipsy women the night before the wake, quite against the orders of their master and mistress.

When Roger woke up, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he set himself at once at the head of the search, and finding that no one had thought of going to the nearest magistrate, who lived about five miles off, he ordered the carriage; and the servants not knowing that anything better could be done, brought it round before Roger had finished his late breakfast.

Walter, wearied with his grief about Ellie, was still fast asleep, so Roger went in state, and with an air of great importance, to Sir John Stanley's, at Bradfield Hall.

Sir John received him at once, and heard his story.

"What an imprudent thing to think of going alone to Moreton Chase!" said he.

"The two children *would* go," replied Roger. "If they'd taken my advice—a fellow, you know, Sir John, that's been two years at Eton ought to know how to manage two mites like those."

"But," said Sir John, smiling a little, "it was cruel to leave the little girl alone, as you did."

"She—we all wanted water; and, in fact, there was a gipsy fishing in the brook, and my uncle's little boy had his fishing-rod. In fact, I could not take care of both."

"A gipsy. Oh! there was a gipsy in the case?"

"Not near Ellie. Only down at the stream. He had such a fly! It was like magic to see how he got the fish to take it. Little Walter was so delighted, I could not get him away."

"Oh, I see," said Sir John. "Could these gipsies, who, I suppose, were at Chorley Wake, have known of your plan about Moreton Chase?"

"Oh, no. We only talked of it in retired places about the grounds," returned Roger.

"And you went partly by train?"

"Yes. But there was nobody in the carriage but a sort of farming man. We went second class to save money."

"Did you talk to this man?"

"Very little. A fellow that's used to travel isn't stiff and proud, you know. And I wanted to persuade him that we were nobodies. I flatter myself I *did* him neatly in that respect. Sandwich, that's my uncle, Lord Sandwich, you know, always says he sees most of the world in the railway. He says he sometimes goes second class; he likes to know what second-class travellers talk about."

"It may be wise in him, but certainly is not so in you, to talk to casual fellow-travellers," said Sir John.

"Were you at Eton?" said Roger.

"No. I had not that advantage," said Sir John.

"One learns a good deal there," said Roger. "One learns, as Sandwich says, to put one's dignity in one's pocket on occasion, and also to take it out again when it's wanted."

Sir John sent for his clerk, and they took down in writing all Roger

had to say about the loss of Ellie, and the encounter with the gipsy. Then he asked Roger to take some refreshment, which that young gentleman condescendingly accepted, and left him to confer with his clerk, and to send to the police-station at Stowchester.

The whole country was searched for the gipsies, for to them Sir John, who discovered the fortune-telling at Langton Moss, and also the prying of the man on stilts, thought the loss of Ellie might be referred. For he knew that Colonel Stanmore had done his best as a magistrate to get the gipsies out of that part of the country. Two of them had been in prison on account of thefts or damage on the Langton Moss property, and he thought it very likely that revenge might have something to do with the disappearance of little Ellie.

When it was found that the gipsies had decamped from the spot where they had been located for some few weeks on the very night of Ellie's disappearance, these suspicions were naturally strengthened. But the hordes were soon overtaken on their way to the north of England, whither they generally went towards the end of the summer, and not a trace of Ellie could be discovered. Bosville led the band, as usual. Every facility was afforded the police as to searching the tents and questioning their inmates. Even the early departure of the hordes for the north was accounted for; a great fair at a large manufacturing town which they frequented every year, took place, from some local reason, earlier than usual this season. Nothing remained to throw suspicion on the gipsies, and the search was prosecuted in other directions.

Colonel Stanmore was, of course, informed of the loss of his little daughter, but it was kept a secret for the present from Mrs. Stanmore, who was in a very weak and delicate state of health.

CHAPTER V.

ELLIE AND HER NEW FRIENDS.

WHEN Ellie woke she felt a most unpleasant stifling sensation, and on opening her eyes found that she was in darkness. She called out loudly for Lucy Simmons; her dislike to that female tyrant had diminished wonderfully that day and night.

Lucy, however, did not appear, though a faint red light suddenly made itself visible. But instead of the smart, trim nursemaid, with

snowy cap and apron, a woman came out of the smoke, and stood beside Ellie with a cup in her hand, neither smart, trim, nor clean.

"Drink this, pretty little Busnee lady. It'll do you good; you've been sadly frightened," said she, offering Ellie the cup.

"Oh, where am I?" said Ellie, starting up in her narrow bed, and trying to pierce through the gloom with eyes sadly swollen with tears.

"In a nice place, little lady; we are going to take you home. It is not so nice a bed, maybe, as yours at Langton Moss, but it's all poor people can give you. Won't you drink, my dear, it's only tea?"

Ellie being very thirsty, drank a little out of the cup; but oh, how the stuff burnt her mouth! She could scarcely breathe.

By-and-by she was able to speak again. She said, "Oh, you bad woman! What have you given me to burn me so? You said it was tea." Poor Ellie raised up her voice and wept at this piece of cruel deception.

"It was tea, my beautiful little lady," returned the woman. "I only put a drop of brandy in it just to cheer you a little."

"How—how long will it be before we're at home?" sobbed unhappy Ellie. "Oh, I hope the bull didn't get loose! Oh, what can have become of dear, dear Walter, if the bull got loose?"

Ellie was not destined to be satisfied about the bull or Walter till much later in the day. The woman, whose name she found was Esther, gave her some excellent tea without the fiery stuff in it that had burnt her mouth, and also some nice bread and butter. But Ellie, though she perceived at first that they were travelling in a very jolting carriage of some sort, had had no idea that it would have taken them so long to get to Langton Moss. The windows of the cart, that was Esther's house, were shut. There was a fire in one corner that gave a red glare, but did not light up the cart. Ellie thought some other people had got out early in the morning, but after she really woke up she saw nobody but the woman who said her name was Esther. It was very stifling. She had a bad headache. She prayed that the windows might be opened, so that she might see whether she was near home. But Esther refused to open them. Esther said very little. Now and then she spoke to some people outside, and Ellie thought she heard the rumbling of another cart. Whenever the red firelight enabled her to see the features of Esther, she thought they

were like those of the man who saved her from the bull. This idea grew stronger and stronger, and Ellie, however pleasant she might have thought it to play at gipsying in the bright warm summer weather, in the green woods and fields, felt her heart sink within her at the idea that she might be in the power of real gipsies.

At last she said, for the twentieth time at least, "I'm sure we must be near Langton Moss now!"

At that moment the door of the house on wheels opened, and with a stream of fresh air that seemed to relieve Ellie's aching head at once, a man bounded in, and said:

"Here you are, all safe, pretty little lady. We'll show you a little of gipsy life since you're so fond of it." He laughed rudely. Ellie saw it was the man who had saved her from the bull. He had a long rope twisted round his arm.

"Do you know this rope, miss?" said he; "it's that saved your life."

"How did you get it away?" said Ellie, in astonishment.

"I tied the bull's hind legs tight together with a very strong rope. And then, as he was pretty well done up, I got this—it's a lasso, you see, with a slip knot—I got it off him by degrees. He could not get up for the rope round his hind legs."

"Are we not near my home?" said Ellie, plaintively, thinking as the man had helped her he must take an interest in her.

"No, not by a great many miles," said the man, laughing. "And you'll be farther off yet by to-morrow morning. But come out and take a walk with me, it will do you good."

"Farther! did you say?" screamed Ellie. "Farther from Langton?"

Poor Ellie's burst of grief seemed to make this man very angry. He took her in his arms and lifted her out of the cart. Then he held one of her hands in his strong grasp, and telling Esther to put one of the children's cloaks and hats on Ellie, he walked with her, crying as she was, for a considerable distance up a pretty green lane, expanding here and there into broad grassy hollows.

She saw that there were several tents round three or four carts, and a number of men and women taking down the tents and packing them on one of the carts. Many ragged children were playing about, and dogs without number running in and out among them.

"Oh, sir," she said at last, as the man whose name was, as he had

told the children, Tolemy Bosville, led her back towards the carts, "papa and mamma would give you a great deal of money if you will take me home. I'm sure you will find me very troublesome here."

"Your papa, as you call him, put my brother and cousin in jail," returned the man, looking very fierce, "and I'll pay them off for that, and we won't let you be much of a trouble, pretty miss; you shall learn to walk on stilts and ride on those fine wooden horses that you admire so much!"

"Oh, you won't be so cruel! oh, let me go to mamma! She would not like to see me on stilts or on wooden horses—oh!"

"What! you've changed your mind, have you?" said Tolemy. "I heard you say very different in the garden at Langton when I was behind those laurel bushes where there is a large seat and a bed of red flowers in front. But go in now, and Esther will give you some new clothes and some supper, and you'll be quite a little Romany girl before long."

So Esther put a soiled and ragged frock on Ellie instead of her own, intending no doubt to change all her clothes little by little. She offered her some food which she could not eat, and then told her to go to bed, which meant a sort of box with an old blanket or two on it, on which she had slept the night before.

They travelled many days through bye-lanes and over heathy wastes. Ellie was well watched and guarded. One by one her neat clean clothes were taken from her, and with great disgust she found herself obliged to put on some very dirty and very old ones instead. She heard a great deal of talk carried on in a strange language, at first, but after a little while she heard no one speak except old Esther, and a young and very pretty girl about twelve years old who was very kind to Ellie, and tried to amuse her. Now and then Tolemy put his head into the cart and said a few words; but Ellie saw him no more after her second sleep in the cart; another man appeared to have taken his place. All the noise of dogs and children and the talk of drivers to their horses, and the rumbling of cart-wheels was gone. Though the wooden shutters were kept nearly close so that she could not see much out of the windows, she felt sure that Esther's cart had now separated from the rest of the horde. She also thought that they must pass through any towns or villages which lay in their way

during the night, for she never heard any of the sounds of the life of inhabited places.

At last, after many days, the cart stopped, and she was let out of prison. She found herself in a hollow of high, bare chalk hills. Scarcely a tree was to be seen; a little brook flowed through the valley, and by its side were pitched the tents of another horde of gipsies, amongst whom Esther, Zenobia (Ellie's little companion), and Ellie, now spent some weeks.

The children seemed at first inclined to be rude to her, but Esther spoke sternly to them, and then they were more kind, and talked to her, and asked her to play with them, rather by signs than words, for their speech was strange to her. Still she gradually learnt to understand the more common phrases, and to submit to this strange wild life. "You must learn to be a Romany girl!" old Esther constantly said, and partly for the sake of talking to Zenobia, partly to keep Esther in good humour, she took pains to learn the gipsy language, and to make brooms and baskets as the other children did.

Amidst the chalk-downs Ellie passed the early part of the autumn; but the half-freedom which she was allowed to enjoy here was soon to be exchanged for a close imprisonment. As the autumn drew on, Esther once more separated from the friendly horde with whom they had spent many weeks; her house on wheels set out under the conduct of Bosville, who suddenly reappeared, and they rejoined the horde of which he was the leader in the neighbourhood of London, where they spent the winter.

Ellie was kept, closely watched, in the waggon-house. Zenobia even could not be kept in this seclusion, so that poor Ellie had little companionship beside that of Esther during this dreary time. Sometimes Esther would tell her stories in English to amuse her, but Bosville was always angry when he found her doing so. He always said she must learn to be a Romany girl.

I will not dwell on the unhappiness of poor Ellie. Had she not been taught from earliest infancy to put her trust in an Almighty God and to pray to Him for help and comfort, I know not how she would have passed through this winter.

At last, when spring came, the tents were packed, the waggons were put in motion, and the tribe set out for the green lanes and wide heaths of central and northern England. During the journey Ellie



ELLIE AND ZENOBIA.

saw no houses, and no other people than the gipsies. No doubt they took care to pass through towns and villages in the night, and to keep in very wild and retired places during the day.

At last they came to a very wild moorindeed. It was flat for a long distance all round, and no road was visible across it. At one edge of this moor there always seemed to Ellie to be a dark cloud hanging in the air. It was in fact the smoke from a large manufacturing town at some miles' distance; but this she of course knew nothing about.

In this desolate place the gipsies pitched their tents. It was bright summer weather, and Ellie was glad to be allowed to breathe the fresh air. The yellow flowers of the gorse looked beautiful to the little prisoner, and the sunshine on the pools, and the song of the larks, were far better than the close, smoky waggon, and the talk in a tongue she could not even yet perfectly understand.

She was much more at liberty now. Probably the gipsies knew she could not get away from them across that wide moor, and Tolemy took her to some of the little girls to play with them.

Next a pair of stilts were brought out and she was made to try and walk upon them, which after many falls and some hurts, she succeeded in doing. After this, she was taught to dance on them, and walk a long way over the moor; Zenobia being appointed to teach her; and Ellie still thought she liked her the best of all the gipsies, for she was kind and gentle, and Ellie fancied pitied her.

As there was certainly not the slightest chance of escape in this wild spot, it one day struck Ellie that if she were quiet, and able to hide her tears and her misery, the gipsies would at last think she was reconciled to their kind of life, and would consider it safer to go near the towns and villages again, with which idea she really took pains to improve in her *elegant* dancing on the stilts, and made close friends with Zenobia, and sometimes played with the other children, hoping that by this means she might eventually see her parents and Walter again.

Every night however, remembering how wrong she had originally been in listening to Roger's temptations, in defiance of the wishes of her father and mother, she prayed for forgiveness and patience, and cried silently, often for hours; for her misery was great, and that which made it still greater was the thought that she had brought it all upon herself.

The gipsy men and women often went out for a long time: when they returned they brought poultry and fruit, fine peaches, apricots, and nectarines, even pineapples and melons. Sometimes the children went on their stilts quite out of sight, and then they brought back money, halfpence or sixpences, often in great numbers.

They seemed to find something on the outskirts of the moor that made it worth their while to remain there, for it was late in October before the tents were packed up, and they began their long journey to the neighbourhood of London, where they again passed the winter at Norwood. While they were on the heath Ellie improved much in her gipsy education. She could soon understand and speak their language; and she bid fair to rival all the true Romany in the art of walking and dancing on stilts. She grew very thin, and her face lost its delicate white and pink. But the out-of-door life rendered her strong and healthy, and she began to grow rapidly.

She was certainly very unhappy, for although she took such pains to use the stilts, Bosville, who seemed to be the leader of the horde, never allowed her to go with the other children to Leighford—the town which smoked so untiringly on the borders of the moor; or to the distant turnpike road on which they gathered their harvest of sixpences and pennies.

Just before they left the moor a fair was to be held at Leighford, and Ellie saw Zenobia and several other girls and boys dressed to dance on stilts and ride on velocipedes. She could scarcely help crying when she saw the same dresses that she had seen some of them ride in at Langton, brought out and put on. So smart and clean they looked, with blue and pink colours, all trimmed with gold and silver. She remembered with horror the foolish admiration she had felt for these gaudy, tinselled dresses, and how she had for a little while felt the wish to wear them.

"Mr. Bosville," said she, "may not I go too? I'm sure I can dance as well as Aurelius and Anotoly, or Miriam and Amanda."

Bosville looked her all over from head to foot. "No," said he, "you're not a Romany girl yet; not dark enough, and I don't like the look of your eye."

Ellie's heart sank within her. The gipsies were plainly determined not to allow her to speak to any one but themselves till she had lost the look and manner of a young lady, and of an English girl. And

now how she longed for the hated Miss Pratt! all the things that she had detested Miss Pratt for teaching her, she now thought it the greatest hardship to be obliged to forget. History and sums and music, and French, and many other things besides—she should forget them all, and if ever she should be found, her papa and mamma would be ashamed of her, as an ignorant, vulgar girl!

But she certainly made use of her good sense now. She set it steadily before her that her only chance of escape was to let the gipsies think she was contented with their mode of life, and not likely to betray them by making herself known. So she attached herself more and more to Zenobia, and remembering that the dear mamma, whom she would perhaps never see more, had said, "There is no situation in life in which we cannot do *some* good," she tried with all her might to make Zenobia a little Christian child, so that she might cease to steal and quarrel, and perhaps teach the same to other gipsy children.

Poor Ellie! it is a difficult thing for a little child to *teach*. Still she did her very best, and the wonder with which Zenobia heard her certainly gave her the advantage of having an attentive pupil.

ZOOPHYTES.



HE learned folk would laugh at us, no doubt, for our fanciful subdivision of zoophytes. Neither is it founded on scientific principles. Science very properly looks at the structure of the animal before it classifies. But how can amateurs do this in the case of the minute polyps which go to form a compound zoophyte? Such examination requires not only the possession of a good microscope, but skill in the use of it; and the latter is a qualification not to be attained without considerable knowledge and practice. The mere art of knowing *what* you see when you see it is not acquired in a minute. Nevertheless, seaside visitors, who have no particular occupation for the five or six weeks they are resident on the coast, would very often like to know what the "bits" are which they "pick up" on the shore; and we consider we are doing them a good turn by helping them to a little knowledge of the subject, in however desultory a way,

and shall be satisfied if our fanciful classification opens the door to further inquiry on their part.

Well, then, having given instances of altogether fleshy zoophytes, simple and compound, we come next to *soft-bodied polyps, enclosed in horny or stony*, or, we may add, *soft and membranous covers*. And these are by far the most abundant on the British shores. They lie in bright buff or pale brown heaps, in some parts of the coast in great quantities (as north-east), or fringe and enliven dark olive sea-weeds, or stand up, sometimes like feathers, sometimes like stiff little bushes or trees, on shells or stones from deep water. These last are often called *Sertularian* zoophytes, from the name of a chief family in the division (*Sertularia*); and they all have covers more or less distinctly *horny*. Those with covers more or less stony or coral-like are as often white as buff-coloured, and sometimes encrust as well as grow from stones and shells. And the softest membranous kinds are occasionally pink. But one general description serves for all: *soft-bodied polyps enclosed in horny or stony or membranous covers*. A common species of the horny ones (perhaps the most *horny* of all) is *Tubularia indivisa*. It is a collection of tubes, each of which is *simple*, not *compound*. You find a bundle of them together, it is true, for they are of a social disposition, apparently, but each polyp has a stiff little tube, two or three inches long, to himself, the open end of which serves him as door or window, whichever you like to call it,—for out of it he puts his pretty scarlet-tipped head, surrounded with two rows of feelers (tentacles). But how does he get there? what does he *hold by*? so to speak, for the head is always just outside the end of the tube. Well! all along the tube upwards, from the horny root whence it springs, runs a semi-fluid pulp, pinkish-buff in colour, from the end of which, as it issues from the tube, grows the polyp! The tube is transparent enough to let you see this pulp (called the *medulla*) quite plainly when the zoophyte is alive, but at its death the scarlet head of the polyp drops off like a faded flower, and generally the pulpy mass oozes out of the tube, so that dried specimens are commonly empty. From this zoophyte, the simplest of its kind, it is easy to understand the structure of Sertularian zoophytes generally. For, although the complicated, beautifully-branched ones look so different at first sight, the principle is the same in all—a tubular formation, filled with a pulp or medulla, which breaks out into polyps at the open extremities of the cells. These cells are often ranged along the

sides of the tubular stems and branches, and they are easily seen, if not by the naked eye, yet with a tolerably good lens or magnifying glass. While living the pulp of the Sertularian zoophytes is generally a brighter colour than after death, but in one case it is milk-white (*Sertularia fallax*), which seems all the more singular that this species dies into a decided brown. Those who are lucky enough to meet with it alive, may observe quite clearly the milky medullary pulp running through every ramification, however minute, of the specimen, and breaking out at every cell-opening into a polyp! Hence, they will understand the applicability of the name—compound zoophyte—to these creatures; the pulp being the original source of the life, and forming as such a connecting link between all the hundreds of polyps in the polypidom; each of which, nevertheless, enjoys an active life of its own, taking in food, &c., like the sea-anemones on the rocks. A strange and apparently contradictory existence; *singular* in the common life-source of the medullary pulp, *plural* in the individual lives of the separate polyps which spring from it!

Unluckily, *Sertularia fallax* is less common than others in which the central pulp is less easily seen. Moreover, living specimens are not so easily met with as dead ones, and our readers, when they pick up a Sertularian zoophyte on the shore, will generally have to take the medullary pulp and the polyps for granted, and wait for a sight of them till they can obtain a few fresh specimens by dredging, or learn to find the very common species (*Sertularia pumila*) which fringes the stems of *Fucus* at extreme low-water mark. Bearing in mind, however, that there must always have been a medullary pulp, and that from every open-mouthed cell there once peeped a polyp with tentacles, it is easy to understand a Sertularian zoophyte even by the *skeletons* that lie scattered on the shore after rough weather. There is the commonest of all, for instance, *Sertularia abietana*, a coarse specimen of a beautiful race—but that is no matter. Its external characters are simple enough: it is buff-coloured; it is flexible—that is, it bends to and fro, though its natural growth is stiffly upright; it is roughish to the touch; it is horny, and the surface is glossy, except in very old, brownish bits. It grows like a plant, having a holdfast root, and a stoutish stem always clothed with shortish branchlets on each side, sometimes dividing into other long branches clothed in a similar manner, the amount of branches varying greatly, however, in different

specimens. Thus much for naked-eye observation. Under a magnifying-glass you see as follows: Along all the stems, on each side, are setting little bag-like cells, bulged below, open at top. They stand a little sideways from the stem itself, which takes rather a zigzag twist. Each of these is the chamber of a polyp, but each opens into the tubular stem through which runs the medullary pulp, when the creature is alive. And this, with numerous small differences of detail, is the structure of all Sertularian zoophytes.

We may here, by the way, just hint at one of the distinctions between these and the Polyzoa or Bryozoons. In the latter the obvious connecting link of a medullary pulp is wanting. And yet they build a common house (well called a *cœnecium*), and live together just like the true zoophytes, forming beautiful little shrubby or feathery tufts, sometimes horny, sometimes stony, sometimes of a softer membranous character. But in these each polyp has its chamber to itself, the door of which is shut, the window only open; the connecting link between one chamber and another being of too subtle a character to be spoken positively about.

We have mentioned three horny polypidoms — *Tubularia indivisa* (simple), *Sertularia fallax*, and *S. abietana* (compound). The stony ones — more or less stony and coral-like, that is — are often milk-white, like little bits of ivory joined together. The softer and more membranous kinds are generally buff, or sometimes brown; and among them is one of the very commonest that is known to us, *Flustra foliacea*, the leafy Flustra. This zoophyte is flat and leafy instead of tree-like and bushy; for here the polyps live side by side in cells on a plain surface: the cells close together, and on each side of the leaf! So that it would be no easy task to count the polyps contained in one single specimen. *Flustra foliacea* is a Bryozoon, remember, and we do not rightly understand the connecting link between the cells, *i.e.* chambers of the *cœnecium*, or common house. When fresh it has the scent of a lemon verbenæ.

So much for our second division — the zoophytes consisting of *soft-bodied polyps enclosed in horny or stony or soft and membranous covers*, of which the coral, of the coral-reefs, forms, of course, the most notable example, but it is unknown to our temperate shores.

EDITOR.

JANUARY 1, 1868.*



WANING crescent hangs above,
The air is chill, the clouds are grey,
Through wintry hours that slowly move,
Breaks on the world a New Year's day.

And some awake with lightsome heart,—
And some to turn aside, and weep,—
Because their waking, with a start,
Brings back the thought of those who sleep

A sleep that may not broken be
For sight and sound of all things glad:
O might mine eyes such dawning see
That all should laugh, and none be sad.

Hark, from the clashing minster-tower,
Hark, from the tuneful village bells,
To greet the fresh unwearied hour,
The pealing music dies, and swells;

And hovers o'er the frozen lea,
And wanders to the distant hills,
Till all the land, careering free,
A wild melodious echo fills.

And here and there a ling'ring note
Seems laden with a long regret,
Echoed from hearts whereon it smote
The chord whose burthen is—*Too late.*

And here and there a hopeful word
Rings in the silvery tones, that chime
Together in a strong accord
Of warning, *To redeem the time.*

The chill moon fades, the grey clouds pass,
Or in an azure depth are lost:
Keen sparkles on the crisped grass
The arrowy lustre of the frost.

The wintry sun is gladly bright:
The world is never dark and drear
To those who dwell beneath the light
Of Him who grants the new-born year.

C. STANWELL.

* Received too late for January, but not the less welcome in February.

POPULAR TALES FROM ANDALUCIA,
AS TOLD BY THE PEASANTRY.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

FRIENDS IN NEED.



ONCE upon a time there was an old woman who had brought up in her house her niece, a good Christian girl, very charitable and kind-hearted, but shy, timid, and very ignorant. The poor old aunt was often heavy at heart to think what might become of the girl when she should die, and there was no one to take care of her. She often went, upon different errands, to see a gossip of hers, who kept a boarding-house. Now among the guests there chanced to be a cavalier, fresh from the Indies, who gave out that he should be glad to marry, if he could find a good, quiet girl, industrious and clever. The old lady pricked up her ears at hearing this, and told him he would find what he sought in her niece, who was a treasure worth her weight in gold, and so clever she could paint the birds as they flew in the air, if she had a mind to do it. The knight from the Indies declared he should be delighted to make her acquaintance, and that he would go to see her the very next day. So the old lady went home post-haste, and bade her niece clean the house well, adding that she must, on the morrow, dress herself and arrange her hair with unusual care, as a visitor was expected.

When, according to appointment, the cavalier arrived, he asked the girl if she knew how to spin.

"If she knows how to spin?" repeated the aunt; "why, the skeins disappear under her hands like water in summer."

"Oh, what have you done?" cried the poor girl, in despair, after the cavalier had taken his departure, leaving behind three skeins of flax, which she was to spin for him; "what have you done, dear aunt? you knew I could not spin."

"No grumbling, niece," quoth the old lady; "spinning is no such hard work; and I can tell thee, spin these three skeins thou must, for thy future life depends upon it."

The poor girl went to her room that night in great distress of mind, not knowing where to turn for help. But, in the midst of her distress, three beautiful ladies, clad in white, appeared. They bade her take

courage, for as she had all her life tried to help the poor, so she should now be well requited ; and they each took up a skein, and spun the whole almost in no time.

Next day, when the Indian came, he was quite amazed to see so much diligence united with such capacity.

" Did I not tell your honour how it would be ?" cried the delighted aunt.

The knight then asked the girl if she could sew.

" You should just see her at her sewing !" exclaimed the aunt ; " long seams vanish under her hands like cherries in the mouth of a school-boy."

The cavalier had this time brought linen enough to make three shirts ; and, not to be too tedious, the same happened as on the day preceding. And again, on the third day, the Indian brought a satin waistcoat to be embroidered. But at night, when the girl had been calling, with tears, upon her unknown friends to come and help her, and they appeared, one of the three said :

" Do not be distressed, for we are willing to embroider this waistcoat for you, but it must be upon one condition."

" What condition ?" anxiously inquired the girl.

" That you invite us to your wedding."

" Am I going to be married ?" she asked, surprised.

" Yes, to this rich Indian."

And even so it fell out ; for on the day following, when the cavalier found his waistcoat so richly embroidered as almost to dazzle his eyes, and yet so delicately that you could hardly believe hands had touched it, he was charmed, and told the old lady he desired nothing better than to take her niece for his wife.

The aunt was ready to dance for joy. Not so the niece, who said to her :

" Think, aunt, what will become of me when my husband shall find I can do none of these fine things he requires !"

" Never fear," said her aunt, " there is always a way out of every difficulty, as you have found ; and those who have stood your friends hitherto will continue to help you."

The wedding soon took place. On the evening before, according to instructions she had received from her unknown helpers, the bride went to a retired spot near the village, where she repeated these words :

" To-morrow will be my wedding-day,
Come, friends of mine, to the feast, I pray."

Accordingly, on the wedding-day, when the merriment of the feast was at its height, there came into the room three old women of so striking and finished an ugliness that the Indian opened wide his eyes in amazement. The first had one arm very short, while the other was so long that it touched the ground; the second was hump-backed; and the third had great goggle eyes, as red as carrots.

"Who, in the name of wonder, are these three frights?" exclaimed the astonished cavalier, addressing his bride.

"They are three kind friends whom I have invited to my wedding."

So the bridegroom, not to appear wanting in good breeding, went up to speak to them and offer them seats.

"Will you kindly explain to me," he said to the first comer, "why one of your arms is so short, and the other so long?"

"My son," replied the stranger, "it is because I have spent so much time in spinning."

The Indian arose hastily, went up to his bride, and said:

"Mark my words; the first thing you have to do, is to burn your wheel and distaff, and, mind, never in your life let me see you spinning!"

Presently, he asked the second of the ill-favoured strangers how she came to be so crooked-backed.

"My son," was the answer, "it is in consequence of having spent so many hours over an embroidery-frame."

The Indian, with three long strides, stood by his bride, and said:

"Now, listen to me; burn thy frame, and never, for thy life, let me see thee at embroidery again!"

He then went up to the third of his unknown guests, and soon took occasion to inquire what had made her eyes so red and inflamed.

"My son," she replied, squinting into his face, "it is through overmuch sewing, and stooping my head close over my work."

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than the Indian sprang to his wife, exclaiming:

"Take thy needles and thy thread, and fling them into the well; and bear in mind that the first time I see thee sewing, I will go straightway and get a divorce! I have given thee fair warning."

And this, gentlefolks, is the end of the tale.

C. P.

HALF AN HOUR IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.



I was winter time. The snow of the preceding night lay unmelted on the ground, and stray flakes wafted down now and then, betokened that the dull clouds overhead had not yet entirely emptied themselves of their frozen vapour. My afternoon lessons were over, and with two schoolfellows whose home lay in the same direction as my own, I faced the cutting blast, and half-ran, half-walked down the streets of the cathedral town of W——, looking forward to a blazing fire at the end of my walk, and the yet warmer welcome of the most indulgent of fathers.

My father was a widower, and I was his only child. With him would die out the name of the ancient and once noble family of Talbot, in our branch at least. But it had come down in the world since the days of the Red and White Roses, of the Cavaliers and of the Jacobites; and the last of the Talbots was a country solicitor, having indeed a large county connection in W——shire, but retaining only an old family-house, with its panelled walls and quaint portraits, to testify of lands, wealth, and titles long since passed away. It was a solid red brick house, which had been rebuilt and remodelled many times during the lapse of ages, and had now no great beauty to boast of. It stood within iron gates, with a red brick arched gateway, surmounted by a stone slab and a headless greyhound. That was our crest, a *greyhound*, not a *headless* one; time, or accident, or mischief had brought our faithful hound to its present unhappy condition. In former years the house had stood in a small park sloping to the river's brink, and looked grimly down on the cathedral tower; but little by little the land had been sold and built upon, till only the old-fashioned shady garden was left,—a luxury not enjoyed by our neighbours around, and which made up in some measure for the unfashionableness of our locality.

I pushed open the heavy iron gate, ran up the well-worn stone steps, and had soon thrown off my snowy walking garb, in the lobby which had been fitted up for my use since my school-days had begun. I then peeped into the library, where my father generally sat when

his morning business was over, writing letters, or taking a nap in the dark hour. But oftener still, in his arm-chair by the side of the fire, he would tell me thrilling stories of his youthful days, of my great-aunts and great-great-uncles, or of ancestors further back yet, who had sung Jacobite songs within these walls, and had sheltered royal fugitives in its secret chambers; who had laid down their lives for Charles I., or had trained archways of clustering roses in honour of the house of York. Such stories were my delight; and as I sat at his feet, or rested against his knees, I would wish I had lived in the times of those gallant Cavaliers or valiant knights of yore. Then, if my father fell asleep, I sat and thought of what I had already heard, and made friends with the grim portraits which stared down at me from the dark oak panels. I had a story for each of them in my own mind, particularly for one—a little girl in a light blue satin frock, with brown hair, and a white muslin cap; a pretty quaint little thing, to whom I had given the name of Winnifred—Lady Winnifred, for she was the daughter of some old earl or duke—and many a game of play I had made believe to have with her. “Winny,” I would say, “I wish I had a little sister like you—I wish you would come down and play with me;” and the little blue eyes would look down at me sometimes smiling, and sometimes sadly, according to the humour in which I felt. But, after all, it was dull work playing with things which could not answer me, and I was thirteen now, and getting too old for such games; so I went to school instead, and played with girls of my own age, and read stories for myself from Froissart, and from more modern writers, of the romantic Days of Chivalry.

This afternoon my father was not in the library, so I ran down into the housekeeper's room to inquire for him.

“Where is papa, Dorothy?” I exclaimed to an old woman who was sitting half-asleep in a chair by the fireside. Dorothy, or Dot, as I generally called her, was once my nurse, but since my mother's death had been promoted to the rank of housekeeper.

“Oh, Miss Ellen, are you home? I did not hear you come in. Your papa was called away on business this morning, my dear, after you were gone to school, and he said he did not think he would be able to get back to-night. He left this book for you, my dear,—brought it back his own self after I thought he was gone for good, because, he said, he could not tell you a story to-night, and you would be lonely

in the library all by yourself. But, Miss Helen, my dear, I thought maybe you would come and have tea with old nurse to-night, and I have a nice cake baking for you in the oven. John and Margaret can have their tea at five o'clock in the kitchen, and I lighted the fire here that you and I might have a comfortable cup of tea together."

"Thank you, you dear old Dot," I cried, giving her a hug. "That will be nice and snug; and I will go and read my book—I do believe it is a new one, dear father, how kind!—till tea-time; you must send Margaret to tell me when it is ready." So saying, I left the dear old body to finish her nap, and, impatient to begin my story, stirred the library-fire into a blaze, took possession of my father's easy-chair, and was soon deeply engrossed, by the flickering firelight, in "The Lances of Lynwood."

I read on and on, until the blaze of the fire died out, and the coals, having exhausted all their store of gas, had changed into red-hot cinders, which no amount of poking could stir into a flame. I came to a pause as the cathedral bells chimed out the half hour, and raised myself, and strained my eyes, to catch sight of the hour-hand of the time-piece on the high chimney-piece. "Half-past five! it is no use making up the fire, Margaret will be here directly to say tea is ready, and I shall not sit here any more to-night;" so I threw myself back in my chair, and fell into a reverie about what I had been reading.

"Dear! how nice to have lived in those days, when ladies did nothing but enjoy themselves. No lessons, only to spin and work tapestry, or to sit in the window-seat, and look out of the long narrow windows down into the court-yard below, and watch the keepers feeding the dogs, or the retainers buckling on their armour and riding out of the gates on fiery, prancing steeds. Or, better still, on a bright sunny morning, how delightful to be mounted on horseback oneself, with a hooded hawk on one's wrist, and to be treated with such respect by polite and handsome knights; I wonder whether they would have behaved so to *me*, and have carried away my glove, and gone and fought to please me? I wonder whether Winny went out hawking?"

I was just going to look up at the picture and ask her, when the line of panel on which it hung slid aside, and Winny herself came in, in her blue satin frock and little prim cap. I was rather surprised, though I scarcely knew why. "I did not know there was a secret room there, Winny," I said.

"Did you not? oh, it is only a tiny little place, leading down into the cellars; I often hide there when I want to be alone; we will go there another day. What were you going to ask me, just now?"

"I forget. Oh, I know! Do you ever go out hawking?"

"Yes; we are going out to-day. Do you not hear the dogs?"

"What, in the dark?" I exclaimed.

Winnie opened her blue eyes with surprise, and turning to the window, I saw bright sunshine streaming in through the casements. "Oh, what a lovely morning! Dear me, I must have been asleep when you came in; I thought it was the evening." I walked to the window, and looked out.

Down below, in the court-yard, grooms, in quaint dresses, were saddling horses. Beyond, opposite the drawing-room windows, by stretching out my neck, I could just catch sight of the quaint evergreens and dark alleys of the garden, and then bright green sward sloped away for a long distance down to the sparkling waters of the river. From behind a dark mass of trees rose the cathedral tower, and another long dense line of forest trees bounded the park.

"We must be quick, Helen, Aunt Hester does not like to be kept waiting" (Aunt Hester was my father's only sister), said Winnie, as we went upstairs together; "this is your riding-dress, it is longer than mine." We were soon equipped with jaunty little hats and herons' plumes, and Winnie led me down a staircase which I did not know, to the court-yard.

"Children, you are late," said Aunt Hester, in an unusually severe tone; "it is not for the younger members of the family to keep their elders waiting. But I overlook it to-day," she added, seeing how abashed we looked at this rebuke, administered in the presence of many gay ladies and mounted knights.

Winnifred was already perched behind a groom with a large red beard, called Rupert, to whom she was holding tight by his belt, and with whom she seemed to be very good friends; another groom, with a rough voice and short-cropped black hair and beard, came up to me, and was preparing to hoist me up in the same manner, but I drew back. "I would rather go alone." The man looked very surly, but just then, a young and very good-looking knight, with a waving plume, came to my help.

"Stand back, Bertrand," said he, "the Lady Helen will ride alone."



HALF AN HOUR IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

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Then turning to me, "Has no one sought the honour of mounting you, fair one? Then must I!"

"There is no horse for the lady," said Bertrand, in a sulky voice.

"My steed carries both man and lady," replied the knight, "and the saddle shall soon suit," and diving into his saddle pockets, he produced some cruppers, and the saddle was turned into a lady's in a wonderful manner. With his help I vaulted lightly in. But Aunt Hester interposed—

"Sir Hubert, we cannot spare your good company; my niece is too arrogant!"

"Nay, gracious madam, say not so. Would that my stalls furnished a fitter steed for the Lady Helen. But my horses, like their master, are, for the most part, more accustomed to the din of war than to peaceful sports; and her gentle touch could ill restrain their fiery tempers."

"At least, then, you must mount Bertrand's mare, and not forsake the hunt. And now to horse, for the morning wanes."

The hooded hawks were one by one detached from the perch where they were placed in line, and fastened on the wrists of the riders. Sir Hubert buckled one on mine, the signal was given, and the gay party rode out of the Castle-yard. How soft and springy the green velvety sward felt under the horses' feet! Though I had never ridden before, all seemed as easy and delightful as if I had been accustomed to it all my life: and now one gay cavalier and now another rode by my side, making pretty speeches to me, till I began to feel very important. Surely, I thought, these must be the Days of Chivalry. How nice they are! I knew they must be delightful!

We rode on and on over the park, until we came near the line of wood. Then the signal was given to unhood the hawks and let them fly. We had taken several kinds with us, for they used different sorts to strike at different kinds of game.

My sparrow-hawk was soon let fly, and Winny's merlin and several falcons, at a flock of pigeons hovering near, and some crows which were quietly swinging in the tree-tops. What a commotion they made! the frightened pigeons flying in all directions, and myriads of rooks, startled from their nests, cawing in concert. Sir Hubert handed me the pigeon my sparrow-hawk had brought down, as a trophy. *It was my pet pigeon!* My pretty white pigeon which I fed every day, which came

when I called, perched on my shoulder, and cooed so gently. I could have cried if I had not been amongst so many grown-up people. Sir Hubert was very kind, and promised me some turtle-doves instead; but all the rest of the ride I could only look at my poor dead pigeon, and wish I had never come out hawking. How glad I was when the signal for return was given, and the hawking party rode back to the Castle.

Though it was yet barely twelve o'clock dinner was already laid out in the great hall, but very different from what I had been accustomed to. The stone floor was strewn with sand and rushes, and only hard rough benches supplied the place of chairs; but the linen on the long and somewhat sloping and crooked table was clean and fine, for it had been woven at home. I thought the table looked very miserable, no knives and forks or plates, only wooden bowls and platters, skewers and wooden spoons. The sole ornaments consisted of two very large golden tankards, filled, the one with sack, the other with a sweet wine intended more especially for the ladies. I had never before seen these vessels in use, for my father valued them highly, and only brought them out on special occasions to show to friends or visitors. They were placed about the middle of the table, the upper half of which was somewhat elevated above the lower part. Here Aunt Hester, the ladies and knights, placed themselves; to my surprise, the servants who had hitherto stood in a line at the further side of the hall, drew near and took their seats at the lower end of the table. There were many strange rough faces, amongst whom I recognised Rupert, and my old enemy, Bertrand. Dorothy, too, was there; and John and Margaret, looking quite at their ease, and not at all disconcerted at dining with the company. I was much perplexed by this arrangement, and did not half approve of it. I looked round for my father to ask some explanation of the strange scene, but he was not there; and I then recollected I had not seen him all the morning. Where could he be? Just at that moment Aunt Hester supplied my question.

"Where is Lord Talbot, holy father?" she said, addressing a grim shaven priest by her side, whom I had not before noticed.

"Lady, the Earl was summoned to the camp in haste after matins. News is ill; the enemy has collected its forces and is bearing down on us. We may have them in the midst of us ere long. The Holy Virgin give success to his arms, and bring him back safely to Talbot

Castle!" More conversation followed about the war, which I strained my ears to catch, but I could not make it out. Indeed, I did not understand half the talk that went on around me; every one seemed to use such strange words, quite a different language from what I had been accustomed to, though here and there I caught a few words which told me they were speaking English. Still I had heard enough to fill my mind with fear and dread. My father gone to the wars! and without saying good-bye to me! Why had he not told me he was going? Would he ever come back again? I wondered how Aunt Hester could be so unconcerned. Nobody seemed to think about it! Father Thomas pronounced the blessing, and dinner began.

Huge steaming bowls of boiled meat and soup were placed all down the table, and everybody helped himself or his neighbour to some in their little bowls. I thought it looked very nasty, but there was nothing else, and I was hungry after my morning's ride. The golden tankards were passed round our table, and I drank some of the sweet tent wine. The servants at the lower end filled their pewter cups from a *bombard*, or large leather black-jack which stood in the hall. After the wine had gone round Aunt Hester and the ladies moved away from table, and I gladly followed them into the drawing-room. Winny and I were set some tapestry to work, which I did very badly; we sat in the window-seat, and talked in low whispers, and looked at the live peacocks on the terrace, and the great green peacocks cut out of the yew and box-trees. The ladies sat and talked about the wars, and their husbands and sons who were in it. At last Aunt Hester gave us leave to go and play in the garden, and away we ran; dodging and chasing each other in and out of the dark alleys covered with trellis-work and ivy; or running races up and down the straight garden-walks with high yew hedges on each side. We picked a number of roses, and stuck them in our hats and in our bosoms. By-and-by Sir Hubert rode past the gate, with a number of armed men. He stopped when he saw us, and dismounted from his horse.

"Can I carry any message from you," he said, "to your noble father, Lady Helen? I go to join him."

"Oh, yes! Sir Hubert," I cried eagerly; "tell him to come back to me. Why did he go without bidding me farewell? Tell him that his Helen is miserable without him, and frightened at all these rude men."

"Nay, noble lady, the men are rough, but good at heart. Your

honoured father will come back when he has fought valiantly for his rightful king, vanquished the usurper of his country's throne, and won laurels for the ancient house of Talbot!"

Then he came and knelt before me, and said, "I go to the wars; give me one of those white roses to carry with me into battle on my helmet, that I may fight valiantly for my lord of York and for the sake of the fair Lady Helen."

I picked out my best rose, and gave it to him. Winny ran to the flower border, and picked a white everlasting flower, and presented it to him, saying, "And I will give you this flower, Sir Hubert, to wear in your helmet." But he looked very sad, and said, "A bad omen, my little Lady Winnifred. Do you not want to see Sir Hubert again?" Then I remembered that everlasting flowers were put on people's graves. "Farewell!" he added, "pray our blessed Lady, to preserve and prosper us!" and away he rode with all his retainers. Somehow I felt ready to cry. It seemed so sad he should go away, and perhaps be killed, and never come back. I was tired of the garden and of play; I wished to sit quiet a while and read. "Winny," I said, "let us go into the library, and get a book to read."

Winny opened her eyes again.

"Read—a book!—what do you mean? Oh, I know. I can't read, nor you either; but the holy father Thomas can; he carries a little book with him, and is always reading; but it is all Latin, you could not understand it, and I am afraid to ask him. He is so grave, and it would be very dull."

"Oh!" I said, "indeed, I can read; not Latin books, but English. There are plenty in the library, all about the Black Prince and Edward III., and the wars. Come along, Winny, I will teach you to read."

But to my astonishment, when we came to the library the books were all gone! I scarcely knew the room again. No book-shelves, only dark panelled walls, windows with deep sills and tapestry cushions; a wooden table and some very ugly hard-looking chairs. No easy chair, no carpet,—it all looked very comfortless.

"There," said Winny, "I told you so. I never saw any books; but look," she added, pointing to the portrait of a man in armour over the fire-place, "that is my father. You know this house belonged to him once, that is how I come to know it so well; but he was killed in

these great long wars, and then your father came into it. I will show you my mother's picture; it is on the staircase."

Ding-dong went the cathedral chimes, ding-dong, ding-dong.

"Dear me, I did not know it was so late. There are the bells ringing for vespers. We must go to the chapel. Father Thomas is angry if he does not see us there, and gives us horrid penance next day."

I followed Winny through a stone passage, into the chapel which adjoined the house. Though it was daylight outside, tall candles were burning at the other end of the chapel, and the painted glass windows kept out the evening sun, only throwing coloured shadows on the stone floor. Father Thomas and some other priests began saying over something in a low, singing voice; and all the ladies and women, for there were scarcely any men, knelt down and counted some beads. Even Winny did so. I had no beads; then I recollected my black necklace which papa gave me on my last birthday. I took it off, and began counting them over and over till I was tired.

Suddenly there was a sound of distant music, and a noise of tramping and confused cries. Aunt Hester and everybody started to their feet; the priests stopped their chanting; the women crowded together, whispering and crying, "It is the Lancastrians—they are coming!" Then followed loud knocks at the door.

"They are trying to get in—we shall be killed! we shall all be killed!" I cried, in terror, wringing my hands. But Winny seemed quite calm.

"Let us go and hide," she said, "in my hiding-place—you know."

We pushed our way into the stone passage, and through the crowd of flying servants, and at last reached the library. Winny touched a spring: the panel slipped aside—"Jump in, quick, before any one comes and sees us," she cried. I jumped in, but, oh horror! I jumped only into air, and Winny was gone. I fell, and fell through one dungeon into another, and still the noise grew louder of shouts and marching men. Above it all I heard my name being called.

"Miss Helen! Miss Helen!" I awoke with a great start, and found Margaret standing beside me. "Whatever is the matter with you, miss? I knocked at the door till I was frightened. It has gone six, miss, and Mrs. Bridgman bid me tell you tea was ready."

"But, Margaret," I said, looking timidly round, "what is that noise of drums and shouting?"

"Them's the volunteers, miss, just gone by, and such a crowd of idle

men and boys after them, hallooing and making a terrible noise. Why, miss, you have been asleep, and let the fire out. You look quite cold and pale."

Right glad was I to find my dream but a dream, and to follow Margaret into Dorothy's comfortable room, where, in an easy-chair, by a blazing fire, I sipped a cup of warm, sweet tea, and ate her steaming cake. John and Margaret were called in after tea to hear the story of my wonderful dream, in which we had all been transported back into the Days of Chivalry, and found them not quite so pleasant as I had expected. Indeed, my dream, when I found time to think it over, suggested to my mind an entirely new train of ideas. I found I had been looking only at the bright and romantic side of the days of yore, and forgetting its common-place, every-day life. I found that absence of lessons did not make up for loss of books; nor the pleasures of hawking for the refinement and comforts of our own times; neither did the courtesy of knights make up for the insecurity of constant warfare, and the anxieties of domestic life. Above all, I thanked God that our worship was no longer one of ignorance, but of intelligent love;—that in my own language and with my own lips I might approach the throne of God; and instead of wishing my lot had been cast in the troublous times of the gentle Henry VI., the unfortunate Charles, or the fascinating young Pretender, I rejoiced to be living in the peaceful days of our gracious Queen Victoria.

A carriage drawing up to the door broke up our party. My father had been able to return home sooner than he expected, and brought home a more substantial knight than Sir Hubert, in the person of Herbert Percival, a youth of about seventeen, and his young sister, wards of an early friend and playmate, just deceased, and now transferred to my father's care.

It was not without a feeling of receiving him back from the wars, that I sprang into my father's arms; nor was I sorry that Dorothy's comfortable parlour was preferred to the library that night.

My mute friends were discarded now that I had a living playmate; nor could I for many a day look without a shudder at the treacherous little Lady Winnifred, and her deceitful panel; but I finished "The Lances of Lynwood" under less terrifying circumstances, and rested satisfied with my insight into "The Days of Chivalry."

H. T. S.

49, GREAT ORMOND STREET.



CHRISTMAS holidays hurried on our last number, and an editorial note upon "Gwynfryn's" interesting account of the Hospital for Sick Children was too late for insertion. It was to the effect, that the vivid and but too life-like picture there drawn of fashionable town society in the eighteenth century, was less applicable to that particular house—49, Great Ormond Street—than to most others of the same pretension. The fancifully-painted walls and spacious apartments tell unmistakably, it is true, of past luxury and wealth; and Hogarth's pictures of the revelries and revellers of the days of our great-grandmothers, with all the gimcrack surroundings put in words by "Gwynfryn," rise involuntarily to one's mind as one walks from room to room: nevertheless, the painted panels of 49, Great Ormond Street—if they were painted then—must have looked down on something more than brocaded dresses surmounted by empty heads; for, walking about in any gay assemblies, there would be the learned, the accomplished, the benevolent physician, Dr. Mead;—a scholar from his earliest days, a correspondent of foreign literati—himself an author—the patron especially of art and poor artists, large-hearted and liberal-handed. Surely, no one ever hunted honestly for information on any particular point, without coming across a great deal more than he expected, and becoming much more interested than he intended? The mere inquiry into the former inhabitants of the Hospital House in question, has led us to an acquaintance we are half-ashamed not to have made before—that of Dr. Richard Mead, of the days of Queen Anne and the Georges. Now, however, that the introduction to the new friend has taken place, it is a far more complete one than had we merely gone through the ceremonial—"Mrs. —, allow me to introduce to you Dr. Richard Mead."—"Dr. Mead, Mrs. —." For the living man who is introduced to you may, for all appearances to the contrary, be a charlatan—a rascal under the disguise of a saint: whereas the dead man has not only gone to the tribunal of his Maker, but has passed before that of his fellow-men. For him there is no

Future—of *change*; which is Schiller's meaning in Wallenstein's pathetic lament over his young friend Max Piccolomini—

“Für ihn ist keine Zukunft mehr;”*

a passage as cruelly, as shamefully, misinterpreted by the evil-disposed into an expression of doubt. This, too, in the mouth of Wallenstein, who believed in the influence of the stars!

But we have wandered far afield from our subject, and as an amends to our young readers, who love excitement, and in proof of the wisdom of the old adage, “Make many acquaintances, but few friends,” we will whisper in their ears, that we ourselves once went through the ceremonial of introduction above described: “Mrs. —, allow me to introduce to you Dr. —.” “Dr. —, Mrs. —:” to a man for whose neck the hempen rope was already spun! Yet no shadow of the gibbet fell over the tea and conversation of that evening; for a man may be conceited, and pretend to more scientific knowledge than he possesses, without being—a *wholesale murderer*!

There! I said that on purpose, knowing beforehand what a hubbub of feeling it would cause. And I seem now almost to hear a host of eager voices, imploring me to tell all about the murderer and his murders, and leave that stupid Dr. Mead alone!

I shall do nothing of the sort, my dear young friends. Your wicked men—your murderers, even—are too commonplace for my taste. The daily papers are full of them. I prefer thinking of the “ten righteous,” for whose sake God would not destroy the accursed city; trying to hope we have them among us yet,—have had in all ages.

Allow me, then, to introduce to you, kind readers, not a murderer, but Dr. Richard Mead, Court Physician; born, A.D. 1673; died, A.D. 1754; at 49, Great Ormond Street. *Æt.* 81.

But here some historical young lady breaks out at once—“O, that horrible eighteenth century!—latitudinarian in faith, Swiftian in morals, Miocene in brain; *i.e.* with such brains as Miocene skulls would be sure to have if geologists had the luck to find human bones in so low a formation.†

Well! all the more need of the “ten righteous,” say I; and most firmly do I believe they have never been wanting:—that the Almighty

* “For him there is no longer any future.”—*Coleridge*.

† I am indebted to a wiser head than my own for this joke.

has never left Himself without witnesses, intellectual, moral, and religious:—no, not even in the days of Queen Anne and the Georges!

We are greatly improved since then, no doubt; for refinement *must* be improvement, whether superficial or complete, and manners had necessarily grown very coarse in times when tipsy squires reeled unforbidden into drawing-rooms, and fine ladies had to listen to and join in their talk.

Still there is no room for boasting. My friend of the hempen rope—a scarcely middle-aged man of the enlightened nineteenth century—neither drank nor swore; at least, not in company. And though court-plaster is no longer used to patch ladies' faces, Madame Rachel's imperishable beauty-enamel has more than supplied its place to those who can afford to pay for it; the moral of which is—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and make sure he has not done so already.

As to light, intellectual and divine too, it is a curious fact that in a period of such small general enlightenment the stars seem to have gathered a particular amount of brightness. Let the happy believer in the miserable twilight of those days and the noonday splendour of ours, find another Mrs. Elizabeth Carter to translate another Epictotus. Ask your best esteemed friend to pen you a letter on Confirmation surpassing in orthodoxy and impressiveness that of Mrs. Bowdler to Elizabeth Smith. Show us a moral enchantress to rival Miss Edgeworth! Write a diary of deeper piety than Mrs. Trimmer's—if you can! Or, nobler hymns for the unfolding of God's glory to the juvenile mind than Mr. Barbauld's. Or, better stories for the poor than Hannah More;—which you cannot! Servants are too shrewd nowadays, perhaps, to put much faith in fortune-tellers—so "Tawny Rachel" may strike less home in this generation than the last; but let any one, man or woman, match the tale as a strong life-like picture. As to "Black Giles, the Poacher," I have seen the fellow more than once myself, and half London must know "Betty, the St. Giles' Orange Girl," by sight. Nor do I ever see a clergyman slipping away from the creed of his forefathers without thinking of "Parley, the Porter;"—how he first parleyed, then peeped, then picked bit after bit out of the separating hedge, till there was a hole large enough to let him out into the wilderness, but, unfortunately, large enough also to let the destroyer in! But, on another point also, Hannah More alone might save the eighteenth century from condemnation, for she saw its faults as clearly as we do

now from the vantage post of superior light,—she in her darkness!—and reproved the high-born sinners quite as fearlessly as the “Tawny Rachels” and the “Black Gileses.” Hear her, in her “Thoughts on the Manners of the Great” and her “Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World,” reproving the Sabbath-breaking gamblers—the immoral—the careless; telling the nobility and gentry, they neglect public worship because they dread hearing the Ten Commandments; that it is difficult to be a comfortable sinner without being an unbeliever; and that, if manners and morals are to be reformed, the reformation must begin with THEM! Does any one speak plainer to fashionable sinners now? Peace to the ashes of Hannah More! We have many gifted women in these days, but who enters the lists against infidelity—I might ask, who *could*,—as she did, when the principles of the French Revolution were first disseminated in this country—deceiving many? Who dares to attack vice, even in high places, as she did? This were enough, perhaps, to redeem the century, but when Samuel Johnson can be added to the list, the value of the “ten righteous” seems almost more than made up. Yet these were not all. There were many others, even of men who fulfilled Dr. Arnold’s conditions: “first Christians—then gentlemen—then scholars.” And among such—to return at last to our subject—was Dr. Richard Mead.

Though the son of a “Nonconformist minister” (that is, one of those clergy who, on the restoration of Charles II., refused to subscribe the Act for the Uniformity of Public Worship, and forfeited their preferments in consequence), our Richard had the advantage of a very superior education. For his father was wealthy, as well as well-born and well-educated, and whatever his Puritan crotchets may have been, he showed no narrow-mindedness in the bringing-up of his no less than thirteen children!

Of these Richard was the eleventh. He began his scholarly career at home under a family tutor: then at ten years old was sent to school, and thence at sixteen to the universities of Utrecht and Leyden; and finally, after a prolonged tour in Italy, and having taken a doctor’s degree in philosophy and physic at Padua, he returned to England (1696) to commence practice as a medical man; residing in the same house in which he was born.

But he moved to London after a very few years, being appointed Physician to St. Thomas’s Hospital in 1703; and henceforth one honour

after another was showered upon him ; greatly, no doubt, owing to the fact that his manners, character, and accomplishments were at least equal to his medical skill. A list of his laurels—such as his being chosen by the Company of Surgeons to read their anatomical lectures for seven years in succession, &c., &c., would fall dreary on the ears of the general reader. But it is worth mention that his studies in natural history, botany, and zoology, on the Continent, introduced him to the Royal Society ; and that, after being put on their Council in 1707, he was in 1714, chosen one of the vice-presidents by Sir Isaac Newton himself.

He certainly began his introduction to Court under no very favourable circumstances, for he was first sent for in consultation on the occasion of Queen Anne's last attack of illness, and pronounced with more freedom than met with credit or acceptance, that her case was hopeless. Her death two days afterwards, however, justified his opinion, and he was employed by her successors, the Georges, up to the time of his death. Besides royal patronage, he had the friendship and support of the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, also a physician, whose munificent legacy of his enormous fortune to his country is known to all who have lionized Oxford, and been shown "The Radcliffe Library." He was not a book-learned man himself, as Mead was, and perhaps appreciated all the more his younger friend's accomplishments. He used his influence in all ways, both at Oxford and London, in Mead's favour, and when he retired from practice, recommended him to his patients. Speaking of the two, the biographer says :—"We may safely challenge any country to produce two individuals of the same period who have with equal generosity applied their revenue to the promotion of science and of erudition and the relief of misery."

On the death of Dr. Radcliffe (1714), Mead moved into his house in Bloomsbury Square, but how soon afterwards he "flitted" to his splendid mansion, 49, Great Ormond Street, we have not been able to ascertain. The house was a large one, built in the reign of Queen Anne, and both it and the one adjoining (48, now also belonging to the hospital) had spacious gardens at the back, looking "out into the fields:" which gardens are now, as may be supposed, a great boon to the poor little invalid children when recovering.

But to return to Dr. Mead. He was now at the zenith of his fame and usefulness. Among other efforts he had already published two books, both very curious in their way, and attracting the attention of

the learned men. One, "The Mechanical Action of Poisons" contained a theory of his youth, which forty years later in life he candidly admitted to be fallacious. The other, "On the Influence of the Sun and Moon on Human Bodies," called forth a curious remark from his old biographer Martin. "Such is the Progress of Science, at every Step we ascend, the Horizon widens, but grows less distinct: We begin with thinking every Thing is to be explained; we end by finding in Reality our own Deficiency." Happily these abstruse theories formed but a small part of Dr. Mead's labours. His practical work of healing was exercised all along to such good purpose that his advice was sought far and near, and his practice is described as having been "absolutely without a rival" at the period; his London receipts amounting to from £6000 to £7000 per annum, a sum equivalent to double the same nominal amount now. Yet the routine of daily work did not prevent Dr. Mead from studying the larger questions of the day. Early in life he had laboured to find a cure for hydrophobia—no unworthy aim, however vain the effort has always been hitherto. But now *Innoculation for the small-pox* was the great subject of hope on one side, doubt and fear on the other; and he lent his influence towards its adoption in all quarters. A rumoured approach of the plague, too, set the public mind on inquiring if it were really contagious or not; and on this point he gave his decision in the affirmative so satisfactorily, that Government established a quarantine in consequence. He also persuaded the Lords of the Admiralty to adopt a plan—ingenious enough in its day, though now superseded—for expelling foul air from ships and other confined places. These things are mentioned to show that Dr. Mead did not take a merely money-making view of his profession, but was philosopher as well as doctor, as his Paduan degree testified! His last-written works were: "*Medica Sacra*," an account of the chief diseases mentioned in the Scriptures, and a volume of "*Medical Precepts and Cautions*," which called forth the following remark from his biographer: "How worthy is that man to have lived, who died thus occupied!"

Of that other side of Dr. Mead's character, his almost princely benevolence, we read that "his charity and hospitality were unbounded;," "that Clergymen and all Men of Learning in general were welcome to his House, and the Indigent always to his Advice and frequent Assistance." Moreover, that he "excelled all the nobility of his age

and country in the encouragement he afforded to the fine arts and the study of antiquity." He is said to have constantly supported from his private purse several scholars and artists, who "laboured at his expense, for the benefit of the public."

Those who have visited the hospital in Great Ormond Street will have been shown one of the *waiting-rooms* for out-patients (a side building off the back of the house) in which now about 200 mothers with their children congregate on week-days for advice. That was Dr. Mead's museum, gallery of art, library—whichever you like to call it, for it contained his numerous collections—gems, medals, coins, statuary, pictures, prints, drawings, books, manuscripts—many of them very rare and valuable. And this collection of treasures was not kept for his own solace only. He threw it open to all scholars, whether rich or poor, of his own or foreign countries. There they might come when they chose for instruction and delight, and there they did come; for his own correspondence with Boerhaave, and other learned foreigners, no doubt spread the fame of his liberality to other lands. So widely, indeed, was he known, that the King of Naples once wrote to him offering an exchange of books, Mead's Treatises complete, for a great work then coming out under royal superintendence, on the "Antiquities of Herculaneum;" and the proposal was accompanied by an invitation to the Neapolitan Court.

Reviewing, however briefly, such a life as Dr. Mead's, one is puzzled to think how there can ever be a doubt of the value of that possession which after "righteousness," exalteth an individual as well as a nation more than any other—knowledge.

Dr. Mead was a family man;—indeed twice married; but of his wives we hear little more than the names: Ruth Marsh, who bore him eight children, and Anne Alston, childless, who survived him. Still, knowing, as we do, that his house was the resort of all the most eminent men of the age, besides the many "poor scholars" whom he fed and comforted, it is fair to conclude that the two Mrs. Meads, and some, if not all, the eight children, may have benefited by the unusual advantages they had for the cultivation of the intellect and all generous impulses of the heart. How could they fail to do so in the society of a man, the ruling principles of whose life were "the good of mankind and the honour of his country?" On the 16th of February, 1754, Dr. Richard Mead died, aged eighty-one, after an illness of only three

days. He was buried in the Temple Church, the inscription on his monument being "*Non sibi, sed toti*" (not for himself, but for all), chosen by himself. And to us who record the fact, it seems a singular coincidence that *his* house, of all men's, should have eventually been devoted to the use of a charitable institution, and one specially employed for the healing of the sick.

Could he rise from his grave to return to the old place; rather let us say, if the spirits of dear ones departed *be* amongst us, conscious and seeing, though themselves veiled from sight, with what pleasurable sympathy must the good Samaritan of *his* day look down upon the good Samaritanism which, since he inhabited the house, appears to have haunted it. . . . Its only other eminent occupant was Zachary Macaulay (Lord Macaulay's father), who combined with Wilberforce and Clarkson to effect the abolition of slavery! . . .

"Haunted!" did we call the house? Well, if by the spirit of Christian charity, as this seems to be, one would wish more houses similarly visited. Long may the influence hover over the Hospital for Sick Children!

EDITOR.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.



WE have said a good deal about not admitting very juvenile compositions into our pages, but there is an exception to every rule. Three *bonâ fide* essays by a Negro boy of ten years old!

They come into our hands from a clerical friend, who is taking temporary duty in one of the West Indian islands—Barbadoes—and of whose school George Augustus W. Bispum is a scholar.

The spread of the school-books of the S. P. C. K. into the colonies, and of newspapers among schoolmasters, sufficiently accounts for Master Bispum's marvellous acquaintance with the last literary gossip of London (the publication of the Queen's book), as well as for other English information of various sorts. We suggest to the elders, that when the children have laughed sufficiently at the blunders of the little Nigger, they shall be requested to re-write the essays *correctly*!—ED.

"*The Life of Prince Albert*.—Prince Albert was born in Germinney in Europe and was the Consort of Queen Victoria and a C. E. He was Celebrated as a Father and erected a Mossleum at Kensington London for the grate Mr. Coal, were you may Learn art and sighence

and Buy ginger Beer and bath Buns which is a grate Blessing to the subjex of Her grashious Madjisty. He left a newmerous proginncy which are Praid for in the Stablished Church and are all Princes and princesses. Monnuments are errected everyware to this Innimitabel prince, and His Biogriffey was written by the Royal Queen of England."

"*The Hippopotamus*.—I of the most Treemenjuice of Animells is the Hippopotamus. He is also called the River Horse because He rezemblis An emence Pig, being Amfibbyus and wares no Hair. He has no Tayle and is celledrated for His Emence Toshes. It is very difficult to catch Him as you never know ware to find Him. When you go to the Zoo-loajikkals you never see Him because He always keeps Under water which makes the Ignorant say He is A Fabel. In His Native wilds and orriginall state He is verry Terriffeck. He Treads upon His Enne-meys with His Feet and is the Behee Moth of Scripsher."

"*Discripshon of the Lyon*.—The Lyon is the King of Beests. His Concert is The lyoness, but She is not so nobel as The Lyon. If you want to see Nobillity in a Beest you must go to the Lyon, but You Must not go Alone, or you will Get et. The Lyon has 2 Roes of emence Teeth, and it is Treemenjuice to hear Him Rore. He has a long Tayle, and His Propensateys are verry kannibell. The Lyon is menshuned in Scripsher and the lyon of Judy was much istcemed. He is now distinked xcept in Babylone, and Afrikker, and the Zoolojikkals, and in Woomwell's show of Wild Beests where He is domesticatted and Lets A lady ride Him which is a grate Blessing of providence and shows the supremmicey of the Humin Rayce."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS W. BISFUM,

Aged 10 years.

JUPITER AND THE HORSE.

(*A Fable, from the German of Lessing.*)



"ATHER of beasts and men," thus spake the Horse

Before the throne of Jove,

"'Tis said that few, or none, of all thy creatures
Have more good points, or more attractive features
Than I: and my self-love

Bids me believe implicitly, of course:

And yet, dear Jove, if thou dost love me,

Dost thou not think thou couldst improve me?"

Jupiter smiled benignantly,
 And said, "Speak on, and tutor me;
 What thinkest thou, with thy self-love,
 That I could possibly improve?"

"Tis clear," said the Horse, "I should always be winner,
 Whenever I raced, if both longer and thinner
 My legs were; and then, for the rest,
 I venture, O Jove, to suggest,
 My neck might be more swan-like—longer:
 A broader chest would make me stronger.

And since thou hast ordained it that thy favourite, man, should ride me,
 A natural saddle on my back, to help him to bestride me,
 Were not amiss, for when he mounts me now
 He claps a saddle upon me anyhow."

"Wait," replied Jove, "a moment's space;"
 And with serene and serious face
 He gave forth his creative word.
 Suddenly in the dust was stirred
 New life: organic matter grew
 At once together, and in view
 Before the throne the ugly camel stood,
 Complete in skin and bones, and flesh and blood.

The horse beheld it shudderingly;
 And, with aversion, horribly
 He trembled at the sight,
 And longed to take his flight.

"Behold," said Jupiter, "these legs, more slim, of greater length,
 Behold this swan-like neck—this chest of greater breadth and strength.
 Behold the saddle made with thee;
 And tell me, horse, if thou wilt be
 Transformed to this?" The horse still shook
 And shivered at the ill-favoured camel's look.

"Go, then," said Jove, "and be instructed now,
 Unpunished." To the camel then he turned,
 And spake, "New animal, continue thou;
 And when thy ugly form shall be discerned
 By the proud horse, repentingly,
 Remembering his audacity,
 He at the sight shall shake and shiver—
 Thy ugliness shall make him quiver."

H. B. F.



“WHEN THE ASS IS TOO WELL OFF, HE GOES
DANCING ON THE ICE.”

UGH! One has to be very cautious in giving advice to man, with his “god-like gift of reason,” lest he take offence instead of a hint! So we put his folly upon a guiltless donkey or goose, and strike the moral home to the higher animal by a wide blow.

A well-to-do donkey really wanting to dance upon ice, for instance—who ever heard of such a thing? But a well-to-do man, wanting to show off beyond his means, and take a place he is not fitted for!—ah! one has not to go far to look for him!

Still, there lies the donkey in the picture, and I must whisper a word in his long ears. “Why did you leave safe ground for slippery places, when you did not know how to skate safely across them?”

“You had as much business there as any one else,” do you say? “You are as prosperous and well fed as anybody.”

A true ass’s answer, indeed! Will oats or beans even give you the paw of the bear, or the skate-making brain of man? Hush! donkey dear! The greatest secret of life is to know your own place in the world, and keep it till you are qualified for a better.

EDITOR.

The Snow-Man.

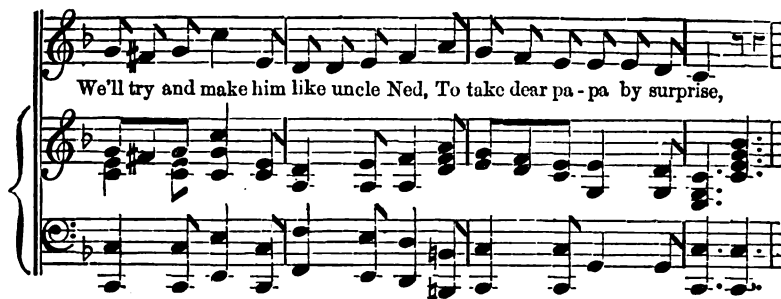
Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

mf Allegro.

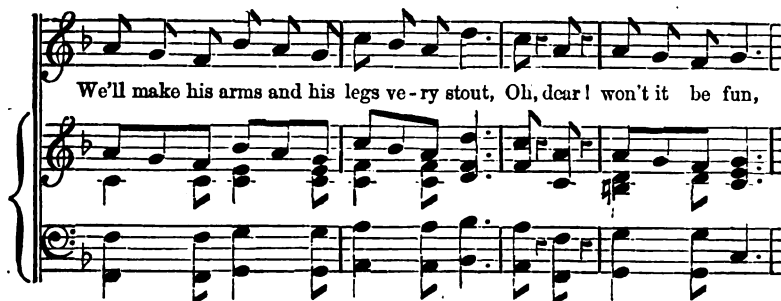
Come out, dear Dolly, and make a snow-man, Ha! ha! e-ver so big;

You must work, Dolly, as hard as you can, Ha! ha! dig, Dol-ly, dig;

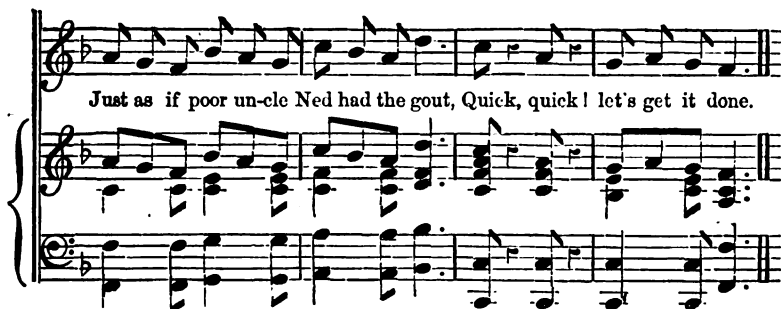
You get the snow whilst I make his head, And pick me two stones for his eyes.



We'll try and make him like uncle Ned, To take dear pa - pa by surprise,



We'll make his arms and his legs ve - ry stout, Oh, dear! won't it be fun,

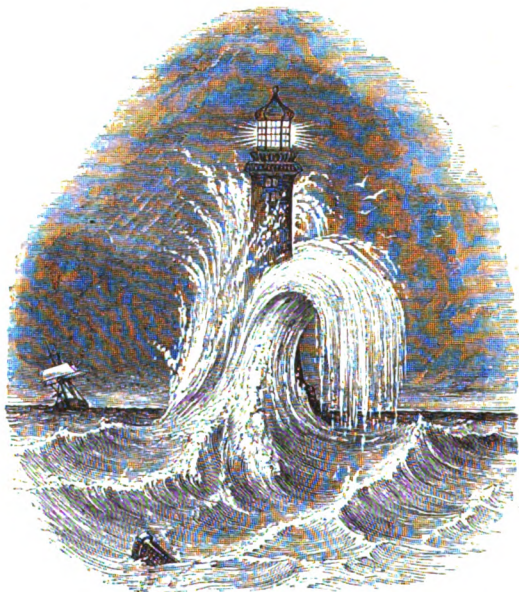


Just as if poor un-cle Ned had the gout, Quick, quick! let's get it done.

2.

Run in, dear Dolly, and fetch papa's hat,
Ha! ha! out of the hall;
Oh! what a pity we've made him so fat,
Ha! ha! 't wont fit at all.
Oh' Dolly, dear, how clumsy you are
You've knocked a great hole in the side
Of father's new hat, and here comes mamma,
So dolly let's run and hide.
If, Dolly, mother should ask by and bye,
Ha! ha! how did you that?
Tell her we'll save all our pennies to buy—
Ha! ha! father a hat.

FEBRUARY MEMORANDA.



Now melt the snows, and from the mountain's height
The floods descending, swollen with vernal rains,
With turbid waves invade the marshy plains;
And breezes mild dispute stern winter's right.

And snow-drops, pure as fragile, cheer the sight,
And crocuses in golden diadems,
And rose-mezereon-flowers on leafless stems;
And blue hepaticas, the child's delight.

Anon,—with blighting breath that seems to kill,—
The east wind whistles over wood and wold,—
While, as some sage, denouncing wrong and ill,
The missel-thrush,* in song prophetic, bold,
Amid the storm, proclaims in accent shrill,
The reign of spring and hope decreed of old!

H. S. E.

A.D. 1779, February 14. Massacre of
Captain Cook, R.N., at Owhyhee (Hawaii).

In our free country, unusual ability,
however humbly born, can always make
its way upwards, unless it be marred by

misconduct or misjudgment. James Cook,
the scientific navigator, whose name will
be on record to the end of time, was the
son of obscure Scotch parents, who had mi-
grated from the Borders to Martin in Cleve-

* Storm-thrush, or storm-cock.

land, where James was born, but who seem to have settled at last somewhere at or near Newcastle-on-Tyne. We certainly read of little James beginning life here in the coal-pits, and then of his being apprenticed to a shopkeeper in the small town of Snaith,—whom, however, he persuaded to cancel his indentures, and allow him to go to sea, for which service, like most naval men of eminence, he seems to have had an early and unconquerable passion. His first voyage was in a coal-merchant's brig, and at this rough seaman's work he continued up to the age of twenty-seven, when he entered the navy. As a child, James Cook had no advantages of education. Through the generosity of a gentleman, who seems to have taken pity on his ignorance and poverty, he was sent to a school, where he learned a little reading, writing and arithmetic. This was all; but it was enough for one who had a will, and was determined to find a way. By close attention and observation during his service in the coal-trade, he became a skilful mariner, in some respects also a scientific one; and the moment he entered the navy this served him in good stead, drew notice to his merits, and insured his promotion. Merit of a kind to be practically useful is not easily hidden on board a ship. In fact he distinguished himself so much, that in three or four years he was appointed mate of the "*Mercury*," a vessel belonging to a squadron then proceeding to attack Quebec during the disastrous American war. Here his first exhibition of talent was a chart which he constructed and published of the River St. Lawrence. Even then, however, he felt impeded and embarrassed by his ignorance of mathematics, and accordingly, though in the thick of the hostile operations going on against the French on the coast of North America, he contrived to combine with his active duties the study of "*Euclid's Elements*," and afterwards that of astronomy. "Never utter that brute of a word to me!" exclaimed Mirabeau once to his secretary, who complained that

something he had been asked to do was "impossible;" and Cook seemed to have been guided by the same sentiment. A year or two afterwards, and whilst still employed on the American station, he communicated in exact and scientific description to the Royal Society an account of a solar eclipse which took place on the 5th of August, 1766. This established his reputation for knowledge far beyond that of able seamanship, and he was in consequence appointed Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland and Labrador, the stormy coasts of which he charted with admirable skill. Cook was next appointed, with the rank of lieutenant, to the command of the "*Endeavour*," and was sent on a voyage of scientific discovery to the South Pacific Ocean. Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander accompanied the expedition as naturalists. Returning in 1771, he was promoted to the rank of commander, and in the following year explored the Southern Ocean, returning to Spithead on the 30th of July, 1774. For this service he was posted, and made a captain of Greenwich Hospital and a member of the Royal Society. With the determined spirit of a discoverer, Captain Cook volunteered for the hazardous and arduous attempt at finding a north-west passage betwixt the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, which has since cost the country the loss of many noble and gallant seamen. His course, however, was stopped at Icy Cape, 70° N. lat., by a barrier of ice extending betwixt the two continents. Still in this, his last fatal voyage, he discovered the two largest islands of the Sandwich groups, Mowee and Owhyhee, and when visiting the latter on his return he was treacherously killed at Owhyhee by the savage natives, on the 14th of February, 1779. Thus perished one of England's best and noblest heroes. His laurels were not gained in contests with his fellow men, but with a lion heart he braved the most tempestuous seas in the most trying seasons; with the keen eye of an explorer he observed the heavens on every side of our terrestrial globe, and

applied the knowledge so gained to the practice of his profession and the extension of human knowledge; he mastered all the difficulties of navigation in the vast oceans which enwrap our world; and in the management of the crews under his command—their subordination to discipline, and their health in bad climates and on short food—no man in the naval service ever surpassed the hardy and self-taught Captain Cook.

1811, February 1. The Bell Rock Lighthouse, built on the Inchcape Rock, off the coast of Arbroath in Forfarshire, Scotland, was first lighted. Shipwrecks were of very frequent occurrence here, before this friendly beacon of danger gave nightly warning to the bewildered or unsuspecting sailor. But from early times efforts had been made to give notice of peril to approaching ships. The legend on which Southey founded his ballad of "Ralph the Rover," tells us that one of the monks of Aberbrothock placed a bell on the reef which became visible at low water, and the machinery to which it was attached allowed it to be swung to and fro by the waves:

"When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And bless'd the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

When the present grand lighthouse was erected, at a cost of about 60,000*l.*, the old bell contrivance was not overlooked; for the same machinery which turns the reflectors and causes the light to revolve also rings at intervals, in foggy weather, two large bells, each weighing about 12 cwt., which announce the vicinity of the dangerous reef.

The subject of lighthouses is a most interesting one, especially to islanders, as we are; and foremost amongst our hydraulic engineers stands the name of John Smeaton, who was born in 1724, and who built the Eddystone Lighthouse, which you see from Plymouth Breakwater, standing alone far out in the sea, which demands all the strength of that mighty far-stretching breakwater to moderate its stormy

attacks upon the harbour. All honour to the engineers, whose skill and courage dare to rear in mid-ocean these little watch-towers of safety!

For example, what a terrible disaster was that, in 1707, when a large portion of the British fleet, returning from foreign service under Sir Cloudesley Shovel of Queen Anne's time, and whose monument may be seen in Westminster Abbey, struck, ship after ship, on the Gilstone Rock in the Scilly Isles, and about 2000 men, with their admiral, perished! There was no lighthouse to warn them on their entering the British Channel, of what dangers they were incurring. But lights are now raised in that stormy quarter. On the Bishop Rock, which is counted as one of the many Scilly Isles, and rises as a mere point above the sea, an iron lighthouse was erected some years ago; but when the skeleton of it was complete, a storm in the night of the 5th of February, 1850, washed it all away. The rugged prominence of granite on which it stood, affords only just room for a lighthouse, and when a stone building was to be erected there, it occupied above two years to chisel the base level, as the masons could only land in fine weather. Then slowly rose the solid walls, several feet in thickness, and smooth both within and without; and stiff and hard as the building is, the three men who always occupy it—one being relieved every three months—feel it bend under the Atlantic wave, which curls up and breaks over its summit.

In the neighbourhood of the Bishop Rock is the St. Agnes' Lighthouse, built on another island. This has a revolving light, which appears and disappears in the course of two or three minutes. When the Lord of the Scilly Isles first visited them, more than thirty years ago, he slept at a farm-house within the precincts of Tresco Abbey, still said to be haunted. He went to bed, and, before he could sleep, down the side of the wall of his chamber glided a mysterious light, which disappeared and was repeated; and before he could rouse himself to investigate the cause, fatigue

had rendered him insensible. But when, on the second night, the same phenomenon occurred, he rose to ascertain the cause; and, as with most ghost stories, a solution was found in the reflection from St. Agnes' Lighthouse. Passing from the Scilly Isles to the mainland of Cornwall, you pass within sight of the Wolf Rock, another dangerous point on which a lighthouse has been recently erected, through like difficulties which obstructed the workmen on the Bishop Rock.

Lighthouses of some sort are of very ancient construction. The oldest, or at least the most celebrated on record, was that on

the Island of Pharos, mentioned by Homer, and which Alexander the Great connected with the mainland by an artificial mole, in order to form a safe harbour for the future capital which he at once founded, B.C. 332. Ptolemy Philadelphus erected a pillar crowned with a light on this island, B.C. 283; and from this circumstance the Greek word Pharos has come to signify a lighthouse. It is said, too, that this same Ptolemy confined the seventy translators of the Jewish scriptures in Pharos during their labours over what we know as the Septuagint version.

TALK UPON BOOKS.



TN a pretty volume of tales, "Told in the Twilight" (Jackson, Walford and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row), we are pleased to see three old friends, "Little Johnny," "Nellie's Fault," and "Left Alone," which appeared first in our pages. They come out now, with several others, in a more important form, and very nicely got up. The stories are all pleasant reading, and more or less instructive as well as amusing. It is a pretty book for a drawing-room table, and we think, further, would be a popular one in a lending library, provided the readers were of the intelligent class so commonly found now in the busier and more progressive parts of Old England.

There is another little book on our table, bright without and no less bright within, which will delight the young folks, and satisfy their parents too, "Courage and Cowards; or, Who was the Bravest?" (Nisbet and Co., London).

The tale is very interesting and well sustained, and the writing particularly lively. Moreover it has a very amusing opening chapter, headed "Is it Boy, Girl, or Monkey?" And every one knows what a good thing a good beginning is. Yet attractive as the book will prove to children, their elders will discover that it teaches, indirectly, some most important lessons.

AUNT JUDY'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



AYOUNG friend asks us "What is a Novel?" meaning, of course, in what sense is the word used at present. To this we answer that we should call a novel any tale containing a plot, more or less complicated, in which grown-up men and women, of everyday life, are the actors; love affairs

being, of course, a staple commodity in such compositions, as they are of life itself. Our correspondent will see by this that we should agree with her in excluding her favourite, "Melchior's Dream," from such a heading. Juvenile literature, however high its aim, can have no place among novels. Indeed the higher its aim the

less fit it is, perhaps, to be classed with writings which, generally, only offer themselves for amusement. Still, it is not easy to draw an exact line of separation. There are juveniles of many ages, and there are tales of an intermediate character in the same way. As, for instance, some in which a young lady begins a child and ends as a wife and mother; after the fashion of those juggler's trees which you see grow up, bud, blossom and bear fruit before your eyes; but then, in most such cases, good teaching forms the really leading feature of the writing. This will be seen in several of the stories in the list forwarded by our correspondent; so that none, perhaps, are strictly novels (in our interpretation of the word). Nay, even in the Melchior volume—the least grown up of all—there is actually the Viscount who begins as a lad and ends as a married man.

How well good Miss Edgeworth knew all this! She had her children's books, and her intermediate juvenile tales, and her novels, all kept as distinct as possible!

The etymological origin of the word Novel, as applied to tales of real life, is an interesting subject of discussion, but far beyond investigation here. Of course the word means, literally, *something new*; and France, Italy, and Spain give it the same conventional application as ourselves. Some think that when the wild romances of knights and magicians were succeeded by tales of a more realistic character, these latter were called novels from their being a new style of literature. Further back still, certain additions to the law code of Justinian were called "Nouvelles," so that Johnson gives, as the second meaning of Novel, "A law annexed to the code;" his first meaning being "A small tale, generally of love." However, our correspondent has asked only the present conventional use of the word, and we have satisfied her as well as we could.

Aunt Judy acknowledges with grateful pleasure the following subscriptions to the

"Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Hospital for Sick Children:—

Mrs. Fossett, Surbiton (annual)	1	1	0
Miss M. A. Butler, Wantage			
(annual)	0	2	6
The Misses Dixon, Page Hall	1	0	0
Rosie, Chester	0	5	0
Waltham Abbey Sunday School,			
1st class. Girls	0	3	6
E. B. M. L.	0	2	6
"Trot," Limerick	0	1	0
Jessie, Daisy, and Tiny Scott .	0	2	0
Ada Morgan	0	1	0
Three English Children at			
Portobello.	0	2	6
Ellen and Emily, Brixton . .	0	2	6
Miss Emily A. Buttanshaw,			
Chinnon Tetsworth	1	0	0
C. J. & M. T.	0	1	3
Mrs. C. M. Griffiths	0	10	0
John and Arthur Shaw . . .	0	1	6
Miss C. A. Martineau (annual)	0	10	0
Victoria and Charles Robert .	1	0	0
"Some little Children in York-			
shire"	A parcel of Clothing		
The Misses Brear, Bradford .	A Box		
	of Toys and Scraps.		

The children at a Country Parsonage write thus:—

"We cannot afford a great deal at a time, so we are going to set up a box, with a hole in the lid, and put in what we can ourselves, and get what we can from other people, so as to be able, *at the end of the year*, to send something towards 'Aunt Judy's Cot.' We do like your magazine so much! It is just what we wanted."

The Secretary also informs Aunt Judy that one clergyman is thinking of putting up a Contribution Box in the porch of his church for the benefit of the Hospital; and that several letters have reached him inquiring further particulars, and mentions the notice in the magazine. He also gratifies us much by announcing that he has of late received several fresh contributions to the Hospital generally, which he attributes in part to the "touching account of the charity" given in our pages.



THE PORTER'S SON.

Frontispiece.]

Page 257.

THE PORTER'S SON.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Translated from the Danish.)



THE General's family lived on the drawing-room floor, the Porter's lived in the cellar. There was a great distance between the two families—the whole ground-floor and the grades of society; but both lived under the same roof, and their windows looked out upon the same street and the same yard. In this yard there was a blooming acacia—whenever it did bloom; and the smart nurse used to sit under it with the still smarter child, the General's "little Emily." The Porter's little boy, with his large brown eyes and dark hair, used to dance barelegged before them; and the child would laugh at him, and stretch her tiny hands to him; and if the General saw this from his window, he would nod down at them, and say, "*charmant!*" The General's lady, who was so young that she might almost have been her husband's daughter by an early marriage, never herself looked out of the window into the yard; but she had given orders that the cellar-people's boy might play about near her own child, but never touch it. The nurse kept strictly to her ladyship's orders.

And the sun shone in upon those on the drawing-room floor, and upon those in the cellar. The acacia put forth its blossoms; they fell off, and new ones came again next year. The tree bloomed, and the Porter's little boy bloomed; he looked quite like a fresh tulip.

The General's little daughter grew a delicate child, like the faint rosy leaf of the acacia blossom. She seldom came now under the tree; the fresh air she took in a carriage. She went with mamma for her drives, and she always nodded to the Porter's George; aye, and kissed her fingers at him, till her mother told her that she was now grown too big for that.

One forenoon he had to go up to the General's floor with the letters and newspapers which had been left at the Porter's lodge in the morning. When he had mounted the staircase, and was passing the door of the sand-bin, he heard something wailing inside it. He thought it was a stray chicken chirping to get out; and lo! it was the General's little daughter in muslin and lace!

"Don't tell papa and mamma; they will be so angry!"

"What is the matter, little lady?" asked George.

"It's burning all over!" said she—"it's burning and blazing!"

George opened the door to the little nursery; the window-curtain was nearly burned: the curtain-rod had caught fire, and stood in flames. George sprang up, pulled it down, and called for help; without him there would have been a house on fire.

The General and her ladyship examined little Emily.

"I only just took one match," said she, "and that lighted up, and then the curtain lighted up. I spit all I could, but it was no good, and so I came out and hid myself, for papa and mamma would be so angry."

"Spit!" said the General; "what sort of word is that? When did you ever hear papa or mamma talk of spitting? That you have learned downstairs."

But little George got a penny-piece. It did not go to the bun-shop, but into the savings-box; and there were soon so many halfpence that he could buy himself a paint-box, and put colour to his drawings; and of these he had many: they seemed to come out of his pencil and his finger-ends. The first coloured pictures were presented to little Emily.

"*Charmant!*" said the General. Her ladyship herself admitted that one could see clearly enough what the little one meant in his pictures. "There's genius in him!"

Such were the words which the Porter's wife brought down into the cellar.

The General and his lady were people of rank: they had two armorial shields on their carriage, one for each of them. Her ladyship had arms worked on every bit of clothing, inside and out, on her nightcap, and on her night-bag. This, her own shield, was a costly one, bought by her father for shining dollars; for he had not been born with it, no, nor she either; she had come into the world prematurely, seven years before the shield of arms; a fact that was remembered by most people, though not by the family. The General's shield was old and large; one's back might well creak with the dignity of this alone, to say nothing of two shields; and there was a creaking in the back of her ladyship, when stiff and stately she drove to the court-ball.

The General was old and grey, but sat well on horseback: he was

quite aware of it, and rode out every day, with a groom at a respectful distance behind him. When he came to a party, it was just as if he came riding in on his high horse, and he wore orders enough to bewilder one; but that was not by any means *his* fault. As a very young man he had performed military duties, by taking a part in the great autumnal reviews, which used to be held in the piping days of peace. Of that time he had an anecdote to tell, the only one he had. His subaltern cut off and took prisoner one of the princes; and the Prince with his little troop of soldiers, prisoners like himself, had to ride back to town behind the General. It was an event never to be forgotten, and the General told and retold it, year after year, always ending with the remarkable words which he had spoken when he returned the Prince's sabre to him: "Only my subaltern could have made your Royal Highness a prisoner, I myself—never!" and the Prince had answered: "Monsieur, you are incomparable!"

In active service the General had never been; for when the war went through his native land, he went on the diplomatic road, through three foreign countries. He talked the French language till he almost forgot his own; he danced well, he rode well, orders grew on his coat in indescribable profusion, the sentinels presented arms to him, one of the prettiest of girls presented herself to him,—and she became the General's lady; and they had a pretty babe that seemed to have fallen from the sky, it was so pretty; and the Porter's son danced in the yard before it as soon as it could take notice, and gave it all his coloured drawings; and she looked at them, and was delighted with them, and tore them to pieces. She was such a dear sweet little thing!

"My rose-leaf!" said the General's lady, "thou art born to be a Prince's bride!"

The Prince was already standing outside the door, though nobody knew of it. People cannot see much further than the door-step.

"T'other day our George shared his bread and butter with her, that he did!" said the Porter's wife. "There was no cheese, nor yet meat with it; yet she relished it every bit as well as roast beef. There'd have been a fine to-do if some folks had seen the little feast; but they didn't see it."

George had shared bread and butter with little Emily; gladly would he have shared his heart with her. He was a good boy, clever and sprightly; and he now went to the evening school at the Academy in

order to learn drawing thoroughly. Little Emily, too, made some progress in learning: she talked French with her "Bonne," and had a dancing-master.

"George is to be confirmed at Easter," said the Porter's wife. So far advanced now was George.

"It wouldn't be amiss either to have him prenticed," said the father, "to something tidy, of course; and so we shall get him out in the world."

"He would come home, though, to sleep at nights," said the mother. "It wouldn't be easy to find a master with a spare room. Clothes, too, we should have to give him:—the bit of food he now eats is easily come at, he can make himself happy with a couple of baked potatoes; and he has his teaching free. Just let him go his own way, and he'll turn out a blessing to us, you may be sure! Didn't the Professor say so?"

The confirmation-clothes were ready. Mother herself did the sewing, but they had been cut out by the jobber, and he knew how to cut them: if he'd only been better placed, and could have opened a shop and taken prentices, said the Porter's wife, the man might have become Court tailor.

The clothes were ready, and the candidate was ready. On the confirmation-day George received a great pinchbeck watch from his godfather, the flax-dealer's old shopman, the richest of George's godfathers. The watch was old and well tried: it always went too fast, but that is better than going too slow. This was a splendid present; and from the General's came a hymn-book bound in morocco, sent by the little lady to whom George had presented his pictures. On the fly-leaf stood his name and her name, and "his gracious well-wisher." This was written after the dictation of the General's lady, and the General had read it through, and said, "*charmant!*"

"That was really a great attention from such grand gentlefolk," said the Porter's wife; and George had to go upstairs in his confirmation-clothes, and with his hymn-book, to show himself and return thanks.

Her ladyship sat in a number of wrappings; and she had her bad headache, which always came when she felt *ennui*. She looked kindly at George, and wished him everything that was good, and none of her headache. The General was in his dressing-gown, and wore a tasseled cap, and boots with leggings of red russia. He paced up and down

the floor three times, in thoughts and remembrances of his own, stopped still, and said :

" Little George then is now a Christian man ! Let him be likewise an honest man, and pay due respect to his superiors ! This sentence, some day, when you are old, you can say that the General taught you ! "

This was a longer speech than the General was accustomed to make ; and he fell back into meditation, and looked imposing. But of all that George heard or saw up there, nothing remained fixed in his memory so clearly as little Miss Emily. How winning she looked, how soft, how fluttering, how fragile ! If her portrait was to be painted, it must be in a soap-bubble. There was a fragrance about her clothes and her curly yellow hair as if she were a fresh-blossomed rose-tree. And with her he had once shared bread and butter ; and she had eaten it with a sharp appetite, and nodded to him at every mouthful. Could she possibly recollect it still ? Surely yes ; it was " in remembrance " of this that she had given him the handsome hymn-book. And so, next year, as soon as the New Year's new moon was shining, he went out-of-doors with a loaf and a shilling in his hand, and opened the book to see what hymn he should turn up. It was a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. And he opened it again to see what would turn up for little Emily. He was mightily careful not to dip into one part of the book—the place of the funeral hymns ; and yet, for all his care, he *did* dip in between death and the grave. This was not the sort of thing to believe in ; not a bit of it ! and yet frightened he was, when soon afterwards the dainty little girl was laid up in bed, and when the hall-door was visited daily by the doctor's carriage.

" They'll not keep her," said the Porter's wife ; " our Lord knows right well whom He will take to Himself. "

But they did keep her, and George drew pictures to send her. He drew the castle of the Czar, the old Kremlin at Moscow, exactly as it stood, with turrets and cupolas ; they looked like gigantic green and gilt cucumbers—at least, they looked so in George's drawing. It pleased little Emily so much, that in the course of the week George sent some more pictures, all of them buildings ; for then she would have plenty to think about, wondering what was inside the door and the windows.

He drew a Chinese house, with bells hanging to all the sixteen storeys. He drew two Greek temples, with slender marble pillars and

steps round it. He drew a Norwegian church; one could see it was entirely built of timbers, deeply carved and quaintly set up; every storey looked as if it had cradle-rockers. But most beautiful of all was one design, a castle, which he called "Little Emily's." This was to be her dwelling-place, and so George had imagined it all himself, and picked out for it whatever seemed prettiest in each of the other buildings. It had carved beams, like the Norwegian church; marble pillars, like the Greek temple; a peal of bells on every storey; and at the top of all, cupolas, green and gilded, like those upon the Kremlin of the Czar. It was a true child's palace! And under every window was written what the hall or chamber inside was intended for: "here Emily sleeps;" "here Emily dances;" and "here she is to play at 'visitors coming.'" It was amusing to look at, and looked at it was, you may be sure.

"*Charmant!*" said the General.

But the old Count—for there was an old Count, who was even grander than the General, and had a castle and mansion of his own—said nothing. He had been told that this had been imagined and drawn by the Porter's little son. Not that the boy was so very little now; indeed, he was confirmed. The old Count looked at the pictures, and had his own quiet thoughts about them.

One morning, when the weather was downright grey, damp, and dismal, it proved one of the brightest and best of days for little George. The Professor at the Art Academy called him into his private room.

"Listen, my lad," said he; "let us have a little talk together. Our Lord has favoured you with good abilities; he is now favouring you with good friends. The old Count at the corner-house has spoken to me about you. I have seen your pictures also; between ourselves, we may cross them out, they require so much correction. But henceforward you may come twice a week to my drawing school, and so learn in time to do better. I believe there is more stuff in you to make an architect than a painter. This you will have time to consider; but go up at once to the old Count at the corner-house, and give thanks to our Lord for such a friend."

It was a fine mansion, that corner-house: round the windows were carved figures, both elephants and dromedaries, all of the olden time; but the old Count was fondest of the modern time, and whatever good it brought, whether out of the drawing-room, or the cellar, or the garret.

"I do think," said the Porter's wife, "that the more folks are really grand, the less they are stuck up. You should see the old Count, ever so sweet and affable! and he can talk, bless you, just like you and me—you won't find that at the General's. There was George yesterday, clean upside down with delight, the Count treated him so graciously; and I am much the same to-day, after getting a talk with the great man. Wasn't it lucky now, that we didn't prentice George to a trade? The boy has good parts in him."

"But they must have help from outside," said the father.

"Well, and now he has got help," said the mother. "The Count spoke out, plain and straightforward, that he did."

"It was at the General's, though, that it was all set going," said the father: "they must have their turn of thanks too."

"They may have it, and welcome," said the mother; "yet there's not overmuch to thank them for, I reckon. I'll thank our Lord above all, and thank Him all the more, now that little Emily is coming round again."

Emily kept getting on, and George kept getting on; in the course of the year he won, first the small silver medal, and then the great one.

"It would have been better, after all, to have prenticed him!" said the Porter's wife, in tears; "we should have kept him here, then. What does he want in Rome? Never more shall I set eyes on him, even if he ever comes home again; and that he won't do, poor dear child!"

"But it's for his own good and glory," said the father.

"Ah, it's all very fine talking, good man," said the mother. "but you don't mean what you say. You are just as downhearted as I am."

And it was all true, both as to the grief and the going away. It was a grand piece of luck for the young man, said the neighbours.

And there was a round of leave-taking, including the General's. Her ladyship did not appear; she had her bad headache. The General at parting related his only anecdote—what he had said to the Prince, and how the Prince had said to him, "Monsieur, you are incomparable!" and then he gave George his hand,—his slack old hand.

Emily, too, gave George her hand, and looked almost dismal; but there was no one so dismal as George.

[*To be continued.*]

THE GIPSIES; OR, ELLIE AND WALTER.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.



IT is once more May; and through the green lanes of central England the gipsy carts are slowly travelling, stopping now and then when any clever tinkering is wanted at retired villages or farm-houses, or perhaps when something very tempting offers itself, which is not *always* work.

The horde commanded by Mr. Bosville directed its general course towards the north of England, that party having found the neighbourhood of Leighford very lucrative in the autumn of the preceding year. Perhaps they had good reasons for not taking quite the same route as the year before the last. But they earned enough, in various ways, to keep them till late in August before they reached Belton moor, their old station, only a few miles from the smoky town of Leighford.

The gipsies thought Ellie so completely altered that there was not the slightest chance of her being recognised. She was so silent about her home, and had seemed so much pleased with Zenobia, that they believed she had quite habituated herself to the manners of the horde, except that she was obstinate about never taking clothes from the hedges or poultry from the farm-yards. This, time, they hoped, would alter; and as she was so very far from Langton, Bosville and his companions thought she might go, with two of the other children, to the high road, there to display her proficiency in the elegant stilt-dance.

Ellie took care to testify no feeling either of joy or displeasure at this announcement, but set off early in the morning with Zenobia and two other gipsy children. She felt something like the pleasure of being free when she was out of sight of the tents and the waggons, with the wide moor all round her. A pleasant breeze filled the air with the perfume of the furze blossoms, the larks were singing in the sky, and the murmur of innumerable bees was heard amongst the heath that grew in large purple patches all over the moor. At last a long

white line showed where the high road lay. It led from a railway-station, through villages and past gentlemen's seats and farm-houses, to a small town ten miles off.

Now Ellie's heart beat fast; she was resolved to call out and make herself known if any carriage passed slowly enough to give her time to speak. And still she felt as if she should not have strength to do it, she was so anxious and so excited.

The children sat down on a little bank covered with heath and wild thyme, and Ellie amused herself and concealed her agitation from her companions by making a very pretty garland which she put upon her head. It was made of heath and ling, with a little yellow broom in it, and Zenobia crowned herself with another like it.

"A carriage! a carriage!" cried the children, in the gipsy language. A very smart carriage and four came driving along the level road.

Now was Ellie's time!

She got up with her companions, and they mounted on their stilts. As the carriage was open there was no chance of their not being seen.

On swept the carriage towards them. They emerged from the gorse to the height of seven feet at least, and advanced to it, so that it should pass them close. Two gentlemen were inside.

Alas! the unwonted sight caused the near leader to shy rather violently; the postilions whipped the horses, and, like lightning, the carriage flew past them.

Ellie's tongue seemed as if it were glued to her mouth. Even if this accident had not happened, it is not likely that she could have spoken. So great was her anxiety, so deep her desire to crown the self-control of nearly two years with her liberation, and her return to her mamma, and all the dear ones at Langton Moss, that the very strength of that desire seemed to take away the power of fulfilling it.

But if her tongue was slow, her eyes had been quick. In the carriage, as it passed her like lightning, she had seen a boy reclining with folded arms against the cushions. He was very gaily dressed in a light suit, had on a shining beaver hat—which I am much afraid he would have called a jam-pot—and was smoking a short clay pipe. There was no doubt of the fact, it was no other than the author of all her misery—cousin Roger!

Now was the time for Ellie to call up all her self-command; if she

betrayed any sorrow or disappointment, or divulged that any of her relatives were near, farewell to any hopes of freedom! Providence sustained her in that trying moment. Even if any emotion showed itself in her countenance, the children did not observe it, their disappointment was so great.

"The chaise had a crown, a queen's crown upon it!" said Zenobia. "When there is a queen's crown they often give us more money."

"Then it was certainly Roger's uncle, Sandwich, Lord Sandwich that he was with," thought unhappy Ellie. "Could I but have spoken—oh, cowardly Ellie!—could I but have spoken, they would have saved me!"

It was doomed to be a day of disappointment, for no other carriages came along the road till it was time to return to the tents. Esther and the other gipsies were very angry because the children had brought no money back. But the eye of Esther was caught by the pretty wreaths that Zenobia and Ellie, whom they called Juanna, wore, and they were ordered to make a number on the morrow, to be sent into Leighford for sale.

Glad indeed was Ellie when she was allowed to go to bed. The habit of silently crying made it no difficulty for her to conceal it from the companions of her tent. She seemed to have been on the very point of success, but her rashness, as she imagined, had lost all. We may all be sure that she prayed earnestly for strength; as the other children, except Zenobia, had, to secure themselves from punishment, asserted that Ellie had frightened the horse by standing out too suddenly and closely upon him, Ellie was punished by being forbidden to join them on their journeys on the stilts for two days. This was, as may be imagined, a great disappointment. But Bosville often defended Ellie against Esther, who was very cross and passionate, and he now told her that if she were good she should ride on a velocipede at Leighford fair.

"Oh mamma!" thought poor Ellie; "I am at least glad that she cannot see me riding on a velocipede at Leighford fair."

Ellie's only comfort for this great disappointment was in Zenobia. She had become so much more gentle and soft in her manners than when she had first been ordered to teach Ellie the use of the stilts, that Ellie, too young to reflect much, felt, rather than thought, that she could be made to love her, and that there was a hope of teaching

her. The older gipsies were very particular about the behaviour of the girls. They were not allowed to play much with the boys, or associate much with them, except when they were learning to perform such plays as enabled them to dazzle the eyes of country people with their splendid dresses. But the girls quarrelled dreadfully among themselves. The work they had to do was not sufficient to occupy them, and in bad weather their chief amusement seemed to be to find something to disagree about. Esther was a person of great authority in the tribe. The elder girls all obeyed her, and she allowed no one who was not well-behaved to enter her tent or her waggon-house.

The chief men of the horde used to come in to consult her on matters respecting the tribe in general; but they never remained long. Her advice was often requested also by the married women of the tribe about the management of their families. Ellie was an inmate of her tent all the time she remained with the horde; and when it was found that she grew fond of Zenobia, the two were permitted to be there as much as she pleased.

But Ellie liked a great deal better to wander as far as she was allowed to do over the breezy free heath with Zenobia. And there, seated on some knoll covered with summer or autumn flowers, poor little Ellie would make her first attempts at converting or at least reforming Zenobia.

"You ought not to steal, Zenobia; don't you know that the eighth commandment says, 'Thou shalt not steal?'"

"Commandment! what is that?"

"Have you never been to church, Zenobia? If you cannot read, you could hear the commandments there."

Zenobia had never been to church. Her father and mother were married at church,* and she knew what churches were.

Ellie found the giving this gipsy girl even a faint notion of religion a very different thing from going to the school at Langton and hearing her class say their lessons. Still, after a time, she felt sure that her pains had not been thrown away. Zenobia became less quarrelsome, kinder to her brothers and sisters, and more helpful to her mother. But it was a very hard matter for her to leave off stealing. To do so was to disobey her parents and the chiefs of her clan, and once she was severely whipped because she refused. Bosville, however,

* This is a very usual occurrence.

interfered. He seemed desirous not to make little Ellie extremely miserable; and seeing that her only resource was in the company of Zenobia, he used his authority over Zenobia's parents to leave off ordering her to steal for the present.

When Ellie and Zenobia roamed about the moor together, or sat upon some bank, when the summer wind brought the sound of church bells from some distant village or town, Ellie would say:

"Oh, I wish you could hear what the clergyman will say at the church where those bells are ringing! He would tell you all so much better than I can. You would see then what a happy thing it is to be taught religion. Ah, if I had but attended better when I went to church, I should not have been here now!"

"Then you would not have been with me, Juanna. You love me and are happy with me, are not you?"

"I do love you, Zenobia." Ellie's excited feelings were now very nearly leading her into a confession of her utter misery. Happily she had self-control enough to say no more.

Sad as she always felt when she thought of her mother, she felt perhaps more sad still when she heard the chimes for church on Sundays. And now, since she had failed in asking for help from the travellers who would so gladly have given it, another misery came upon her heart. Bosville had said she was quite a little Romany girl now. Was she then so completely changed? Would not her own parents and dear Walter know her again? Perhaps she would never be able to convince anybody that she was really Ellie Stanmore of Langton Moss; and then the possible idea followed that she would in that case be obliged to live all her life with the gipsies, and hopelessly to walk about begging on stilts, and riding in pink and blue and gold and silver velvet dresses on velocipedes to amuse the crowd at Leighford fair, or other amusements of the same kind.

CHAPTER VII.

WALTER'S NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

If Ellie was unhappy in being separated from all she had ever loved, scarcely less so was Walter in losing his darling Ellie, his constant companion and friend. And Walter's was not altogether a selfish

sorrow. His mother had looked very pale and ill when she left Langton Moss; and when Roger had said that she had left her children to enjoy and amuse herself in London, Walter was only withheld by his dread of incurring the anger and loss of patronage of Roger from flatly contradicting him. Now Walter saw how very much worse she looked, how often she cried, and with what nervous anxiety she watched for the letter-bags, and opened her letters.

His papa was constantly going journeys by train. Policemen were often coming to the justice-room, for Colonel Stanmore was, it may be remembered, a magistrate. How worn and anxious his father looked! How busy everybody was, trying, but in vain, to find any traces of Ellie.

When the spot where the two boys had left Ellie was searched, their baskets, bags, and everything they had taken with them on the day of their unlucky gipsying, were found exactly where they had left them. The only proof that any other person had been within the wide extent of the Chase that day or night was that the bull was discovered in a state of great exhaustion; indeed, nearly dead, with his hind legs bound very firmly with a thin but strong rope.

The evidence of the two boys proved that a gipsy had been in the neighbourhood. This, and the fact that Colonel Stanmore had made himself disliked by a party of these people who frequented the neighbourhood most summers, was all that the Stanmores had to guide them in their search for their lost child.

"Is there nothing *I can* do?" was Walter's constant inquiry; and he asked the question so often of himself as well as of others that he at last persuaded himself that there must be something which he could do that might help in restoring Ellie. But a great obstacle to any act of personal heroism on the part of this valiant little man was to be found in the great anxiety of his father and mother about him. They were afraid that if it were true that revenge on the part of the gipsies had induced them to steal Ellie, the same feeling might also lead them to make an attempt to deprive them of Walter as well. Certainly this was not very likely, as Ellie's misfortune could not have happened if the children had not gone out alone. But it was natural that Colonel and Mrs. Stanmore should be even unreasonably timid about Walter; so that when he was not with them he was constantly attended by Lucy Simmons. The lawn gates were locked when he went out to walk

or play, and if he went into the garden the door was also locked inside.

Lucy Simmons had convinced her master and mistress that she had not been to blame about the escape of the children; so she was permitted still to remain with Walter. But she was certainly much more fond of talking to the gardeners, whose wives or sisters, or both, were always her especial acquaintances, than of attending to the amusements of Walter.

Thus it was that Walter, listless and sad, wandered among the cucumber and pine-apple frames, and watched the gold and silver fish playing in a pond in the centre of the kitchen garden amongst white and yellow water-lilies, and whipped off with a little switch the heads of onions and the spikes of asparagus run to seed. Being tired of all these exciting amusements, he found himself at last watching the manœuvres of a woman who was weeding some of the beds. Neither spoke for some time; at last she said :

"So you've heard nothing of your pretty sister, master?"

"No, nothing," said poor Walter, sighing. He noticed for the first time that the woman was not one of those who usually came to weed the beds when the gardeners required them.

"You must be very dull without her. You've no playfellows now but Lucy Simmons, and she's good company for the gardeners, it seems."

"Ah, yes, I'm very dull, indeed," said Walter. "I'd give—oh, I'd give everything I have to have my Ellie back again." Walter drew his hand across his eyes. To have used his handkerchief to wipe away his tears would have betrayed his weakness, he thought. He stood quietly watching the woman weeding, and she spoke no more for some time.

"Can you keep a secret, master?" said she at last, resting upon the hoe.

"A secret!" said Walter, rousing himself from his half-dream with something like interest. "Yes, *I should think* I could."

"I suppose you would, if it depended upon that, whether you would get back your pretty sister?"

"I should *rather* guess I could," said Walter, now thoroughly on the alert. "Oh, if I could but do anything to get my Ellie back again!"

"I'm very sorry for you, master," said the woman. "So you really would give all you have to get this little deary back again?"

"Yes, yes, indeed!" said Walter.

"Because," said the woman, pretending to hoe most vigorously, but coming quite close to Walter at the same time—"because a friend of mine wrote me word of something that you must keep all to yourself if I tell. You're sure you'll not tell—not anybody at all?"

The thought that he ought by no means to have a secret with a woman like that, a secret which he was not even to tell his mother, grew faint, and vanished before the dazzling idea that this secret might open the way to the restoration of Ellie, and that he might be the means by which that happy event was to be brought about.

"I promise—I promise!" cried he, eagerly. "I won't tell—I won't break my word—indeed, I won't. What *did* your friend say?"

"She said—but she lives a very great way off—that there *was* some of them creatures they calls gipsies in a lane near with a strange child."

Walter jumped up in ecstasy higher than could have been believed. But the woman checked him, saying, "If that's the way you keep a secret, master, I'll say no more. You'll have Lucy Simmons wanting to know what it's about."

Walter found it hard now to pacify the woman, and make her say anything that seemed hopeful. At last he said, "But if you won't tell me where these gipsies live, or where your friend lives, I don't see the use of telling me anything about it. So I shall go away."

This was not what the woman wanted; so she thought it advisable to be restored to good humour.

"Well, little master, I don't want, you see, to get my friend into a mess with these gipsies. I'll write her a letter to see if she can't get to speak to some of these young children that follow the carts, and find out if there is any stolen child amongst them. She might get the speech of little Miss herself."

"Oh, if she could!" said Walter. "But tell *me* the name of your friend, and her direction. I can write beautifully. I should send a message to my Ellie!"

"No, master, that won't do. If we lets the cat out of the bag too soon, the gipsies will hear of it, and fly off to some waste or other, and we shall never hear of this pretty little sister again."

"Then write directly yourself," he exclaimed. "When can you have an answer?"

"Well, that I can't say. But after all, you see, the letter's got to be paid beforehand, and I can't afford that. And then my friend lives in a village near this lane, and far away from the town where the letters is sent; and maybe though you spoke so fine at first, you mayn't like to spend your money to get your sister back again."

"How dare you say so, you nasty, bad woman!" cried Walter, colouring up. "It's a shame of you to say so. I love my Ellie dearly!" Walter's face grew scarlet as he spoke. He was really quite in a passion.

"Well, then, my pretty little gentleman," said the woman, in a whining tone, "the paper and the cover and the stamp and the money it'll cost to send the letter from the town to the village where my friend lives—well, master, how much would you like to give?"

"I've got a whole shilling," said Walter, "and only that," he might have added. For the general subscription fund raised for the gipsying had been confiscated, excepting of course Roger's portion, by the parents of the little runaways, in consequence of the unwise and dangerous purpose to which their money had been devoted. So Walter's private fortune amounted at the present time to one shilling.

"That *might* do," said the woman; "that is, for one letter; perhaps she won't charge for the letter coming back. But I'll say the shilling for the expenses of my letter; and then, sir, you see I'm a poor woman. So I can't buy the things without you'll give me the shilling first."

"I'll go and fetch it at once. I'd give twenty shillings to help my Ellie to come back," said Walter.

The woman persuaded Walter that it would be best to bring the shilling in the afternoon, as Lucy Simmons would want to know why he went to the house now if he did so at once. So after dinner he induced Lucy, nothing loth, on account of her interest in the undergardener's sister, to return into the kitchen garden.

The shilling was given; and after many delays an answer was said to have been received. But Walter's new acquaintance, who said her name was Selina Burritt, refused to reveal its contents till her friend had been paid for the expenses of the letter—another shilling, of course.

With amazing difficulty, and after much thought and the exercise of great courage, Walter found the desired shilling safely in his trousers

pocket. Lucy Simmons had lent him one sixpence, and in despair he went to his mamma and coaxed her to give him the second. His delighted thanks and kisses seemed to express a gratitude so far beyond the occasion that she asked him what he wanted the sixpence for. He kissed her again, said it was for a good, a very good, purpose, and that she would know quite soon; and then he skipped joyfully out of the room, and called Lucy Simmons to accompany him in his now favourite walk in the kitchen garden.

Solina Burritt's news was good. Her friend had learnt that there *was* a strange young lady with the gipsies. But there was great caution necessary, as the gipsies were determined not to let her be taken from them.

More letters were required, and Walter's funds were below zero. His friend, Mrs. Solina Burritt, declared that without money the correspondence could not go on, and that Ellie consequently could not be recovered. Walter's despair was indescribable. He even established an argument in his own mind whether it would not be more wrong in him to let Ellie remain in captivity for the want of money, than to break his promise of secrecy to Mrs. Burritt.

That person, however, relieved him from his anxiety by suggesting that though he had no money, he might have that which was worth money. When Walter protested with tears that he had no money, and that he thought it would be best to tell his mamma, Mrs. Burritt reminded him that he had a beautiful little toy carriage and horses, and that if he would bring it to the garden on the following Thursday when she came to weed, she would sell it to raise five shillings.

"How did you know that I had a carriage and horses?" asked Walter.

"No matter: I know more than you think. I fancy I might get perhaps four and sixpence for it, and I would not mind standing the other sixpence or a shilling, though I am only a poor woman——"

It was a bad business; Walter had first to secrete his toy in the garden, and then direct his crafty friend to it; adding moreover a pictorial history volume to ensure the value of five shillings. And alas! many more of his treasures—maps, puzzles, books, &c.—followed these first sacrifices. At last a very tragical air was given to the whole affair. Solina's friend had found that Ellie had been very ill, was better, but quite unable to run away at present. But alas! the gipsies were very cruel to her, and their unkindness took the

form of starving her. Selina's friend had found means of sending her food through a real gipsy girl who came to her village to sell brooms. But she could not do this any longer, being so poor. But if money were sent through Selina Burritt, food would be bought and Ellie preserved from starvation.

Meantime the nature of Mrs. Burritt's news, her constant claims upon him, the weight of such a secret upon so young a mind, and the wearing uncertainty he was kept in, had a very bad effect upon Walter's health as well as upon his spirits, and his father and mother became extremely anxious about him. It was thought at last that it would be best for him to be sent to school, where his mind would be more occupied, and he would not think so much of Ellie. To her loss the change in him was naturally attributed.

When Selina told Walter the piteous tale about Ellie's health, his wretchedness knew no bounds. He had parted with nearly all his possessions in the progress of this negotiation.

"What shall I do?" said he, "I shall lose her—lose my Ellie! and—and I shall have given you all my things for nothing! oh, what shall I do! and I am going to school far away from here, and I shall have nothing more for you to sell, and Ellie will die! Mrs. Burritt, you *must* tell mamma. That will save Ellie's life. I'm sure, papa will manage so well that your friend will get into no scrape—you *must* tell mamma."

"Going to school, are you; well, and I'm a going to leave Langton village in a day or two."

"Then you must tell mamma."

"I'm sure I shan't do no such thing. I'm not a going to."

"What good have I done to Ellie, then! where is she, and where does your friend live? you must tell me, that I may write to her."

"I say I shan't do no such thing."

"Shan't!" said Walter, aghast. "Then what good has it done about Ellie, to lose all my toys and books—and my two shillings—and to have a secret from mamma!"

"Why, it's put you in a way of getting your sister back again. It isn't my fault if the child's been ill and can't run away nor travel."

"Then I can't help my Ellie, and we shall never see her again!" said Walter, pale and trembling.

"Yes," said the unconquerable Selina, "you *can* help her. My friend says little miss is quite moped there away amongst the gipsies.

She sent word in the last letter that she would so like it if you would send her best doll; that one with the *cheny* head, and the out-of-door clothes on her, and the muff. That would amuse her, like, and take away the mopes, and then she might get well."

"What! Ellie's best doll! why, mamma keeps all her toys locked up in a drawer. She often goes and cries over them."

"Well I suppose your mamma leaves her keys about sometimes. I'm sure my missus used to do when I was in service. You could just unlock the drawer, you know, and take out the doll; it might save your sister's life."

"Why, that's like stealing!" said poor Walter, his heart beating very fast. "To take mamma's keys and unlock her drawers—and take out Ellie's doll! No, I could not do such a thing!"

"Then I shan't come here no more, it's no use," said Mrs. Burritt, laying down her hoe, and arranging her dress as if to depart, "Good-bye, master."

"Come once more—oh, come *once* more. I'll think of it—but I'm sure——"

"Well, once, on Thursday; only once, and if you are a good boy and really want to save your sister's life, why, when I'm gone you may tell your mamma all about your sister, and I'll tell you the place and my friend's name."

"It can't be right—it can't be right," Walter kept repeating to himself all the way as he went to sit by Lucy Simmons till his dinner was ready. But a servant came to say that Master Walter was wanted in the drawing-room.

There he found a gentleman whom his papa seemed to know very well, but whom he had never seen before.

"This is Mr. Mildmay, Walter," said Colonel Stanmore. Mr. Mildmay was not at all an alarming-looking man. He was a young man and very good-natured looking, so that Walter's natural horror of going to school for the first time was much lessened at the sight of his future master. He was not a little startled, however, to hear that—Mr. Mildmay being obliged in consequence of his curate's illness, to go home immediately—he was to go with him that same afternoon to Charlton, the town at which he lived, which was only three stations from Chorley.

"Why, Walter, my man," said his father, "there is nothing very alarming in this, that you turn so pale, is there? You will come home

at Christmas, and your mamma and I mean to visit you, with Mr. Mildmay's permission, from time to time: so now put a good face on the matter. I should recommend you to wash it, rather, as you look as if you had been wiping your eyes with soiled hands. We are going to luncheon as soon as mamma comes down—but here she is."

"Walter, darling," said his mother, "where have you put all your books and toys? Lucy says she has not seen them for a long time, at least not the best of them. Your little carriage, and the map-boxes, and the soldiers, and the pictorial histories, and——"

Walter's face was red enough now: he hung down his head in indescribable confusion. His promise of secrecy hung like a dead weight upon his heart.

"Where are they, my boy?" said his father. "They are all to be packed up and taken to school to play with when it is bad weather, out of school hours."

Poor Walter did not know what to say: at last he ran up to his mother, and burying his face in her dress, he said, "I gave them away—no—I did not give them away——"

"Hold up your head, Walter, and speak out, my man," said Colonel Stanmore, drawing him away from his mother, and then he sat down and made Walter stand before him.

"Now, Walter, my boy," said he kindly, but in a determined tone, "what have you done with your toys?"

"Papa, it was all for Ellie," stammered Walter, in utter confusion. His papa's commands and his promise to Selina Burritt stood before him in irreconcilable opposition; "and papa, I promised not to tell. I quite promised."

Colonel Stanmore was not a harsh man, he thought he saw that Walter was puzzled by what he believed at least to be conflicting duties. He rang the bell, and ordered Lucy Simmons to be sent up.

"Whom has master Walter been talking to lately, Lucy?" said he.

"Nobody, sir, but me. Master Walter's taken such a fancy to the kitchen-garden, sir. I suppose it's the gold and silver fish; as to talking, he might have asked one of the gardeners about them, sir, but I'm positive he's talked to no one else, sir."

"You naughty, bad Lucy Simmons!" cried Walter, whose nature was certainly rather passionate. "How dare you tell such a story?"

And now the presence of the weeding-woman came out, and

Simmons was severely blamed for letting Walter be so long out of her sight. Colonel Stanmore spared Walter as much as he could. He did not ask him to betray anything that he had promised to keep secret. But leaving his guest, Mr. Mildmay, with many apologies, to take luncheon with Mrs. Stanmore and Walter, he went down without a moment's delay into the village.

Eventually Mrs. Burritt's boxes were searched, and Walter's "properties," uninjured, were recovered. Nor did she reappear in the village, nor make any complaints; and so the boxes, minus the toys, were sent after her to Chorley, whither she had departed.

But when Walter found that she was actually gone, he clapped his hands and ran delightedly to his papa, for the events of the afternoon had caused Mr. Mildmay to depart alone, Colonel Stanmore having engaged to take Walter to school on the Monday morning.

"She told me I might tell all when she was gone," said Walter, "and now I will tell you everything, dear papa!"

And when Walter's revelation was made, and his father and mother knew how he had parted with all his treasures in the hope of tracing out his sister, they kissed and embraced him with great affection. But they required him to observe that nothing but evil ever came from children having concealments and mysteries which their parents were to know nothing about.

L. S.

[*To be continued.*]

A GUESSING STORY.



WE are born all day long, and every day, and in great numbers; and, although we almost all live for but a very short time, yet some of us, who were born before Adam, exist still, and will continue to do so until the end of the world.

We are visible to the eye, and yet we are entirely unsubstantial, and have indeed a somewhat spiritual existence, as we are emanations from the soul.

We cannot exist without a free press, and yet we are to be found in larger numbers in Russia and France than in England itself.

We suit all moods. When the matter is weighty we are as deep as you can wish, but when children are playing we are as light as they.

We are nearly all of the same size, and when through some great feat we manage to increase a little we are not nearly so much admired.

We are always much impressed by any society of great people, and, in fact, many of us have an aristocratic connection, and look up to the hero of Waterloo as our parent.

Finally, although most of us are incapable of doing anyone the slightest harm, yet some of us have shaken the foundations of creeds, and thrown doubt and dissension among men.

W. E. WILCOX.

CAT "FOLK-LORE" AND A "POST-AMBLE."



SOME years ago there appeared in "Notes and Queries" (every one knows our learnedly chatty contemporary), a curious bit of Cat-Folk-Lore, headed "Northumberland Tradition." It was as follows:

"Joaney, or Johnny, Reed, the parish clerk of a village near Newcastle, was returning home one evening, and in passing a gate by the roadside, marvelled much to see nine cats about it. His wonder was changed to horror when one of the cats addressed him: 'Joaney Reed, Joaney Reed, tell Dan Ratcliffe that Peg Powson is dead.' Joaney hurried home to his wife, and instantly informed her of the circumstance, wondering at the same time who 'Dan Ratcliffe' might be; when up sprang the cat from the hearth, and exclaiming, '*If Peg Powson's dead, it's no time for me to be here!*' rushed out of the house, and was seen no more."

This communication appeared in 1852, and was signed "P. P." No one made note or comment upon it; but in 1860 "D. C." sent what seemed another version of the same tale. This, however, was boldly inscribed, "*Doldrum, King of the Cats,*" and ran thus:

"The following tradition is often heard in South Lancashire. A gentleman was one evening sitting cosily in his parlour reading or meditating, when he was interrupted by the appearance of a cat, which came down the chimney, and called out, 'Tell Dildrum, Doldrum's dead!' He was naturally startled by the occurrence, and when shortly afterwards his wife entered, he related to her what had happened, and their own cat, which had accompanied her, exclaimed, '*Is*

Doldrum dead? and immediately rushed up the chimney, and was seen no more."

The drollery of the names here helped to make the story irresistible. Laugh one must, and did, though it was difficult to say why: called one's cat "Dildrum" for months, and never stroked him without asking whether "Doldrum" was dead, and if he knew it. But one also went about asking, what could the story mean? There must be *some* idea belonging to it if one could but find it out! All in vain, learned and unlearned friends shook their heads—never heard of Dildrum and Doldrum before. As to "D. C.'s" speculation on the subject, it seemed perfectly wild. "Of course," said he, "there were numberless conjectures upon such a remarkable event, but the general opinion appears to be that *Doldrum had been King of Catland, and that Dildrum was the next heir.*"

So as one could neither discover nor suggest anything better, the matter fell asleep till next year (1861), when "A Pusseyite" gave a third and Irish version of the legend, referring back to "D. C.'s" Lancashire one.

"This tale," says he, "is told in Ireland also, 'with a difference,' which makes it somewhat more poetical. A County of Meath farmer was riding home at nightfall, when, in hastening past a suspicious-looking churchyard (?) a cat jumped from the wall on his horse's back, clawed up to his shoulder, and whispered in his ear: '*Tell Maud that Maudlin's dead!*'"

Home he sped, and taking off his boots at the kitchen fire, where his own cat gravely superintended the operation; says he, "I was bid to go home and tell you, Maud, that Maudlin is dead." Into the middle of the room jumps she, sets up her back, and likewise a terrible howl, dashes through the window, and was never seen or heard of, from that hour. So far so good: but "Pusseyite," too, must speculate though we rather suspect half in joke and at "D. C.'s" expense.

"Maudlin, I suppose, was Queen of the Cats, or, at least, the Lady-Lieutenant, and Maud was perhaps one of her maids of honour!"

Well! the biographical dictionaries did not contradict, if they did not confirm, this conjecture any more than the other, and it might therefore have stood good as a "hypothesis," but that in the same number of "Notes and Queries" another correspondent, "R," gave the true solution of the mystery, though only by reference.

"This is a Scandinavian legend, probably, like some others, brought in by the Danes. Its most complete form will be found in the legend of *The Trolld turned Cat*—one of the Scandinavian legends in the Fairy Mythology."

This was cold and brief enough, as "R" gave no clue to any volume wherein the legend had appeared. We must not quarrel with him for not having given it himself, however, for in that case we should have missed the pleasure of doing so ourselves. As it is, a correspondent has furnished us with a translation of the *Danish Version* of the story, and any reader of antiquarian tastes and inquiring mind will be interested to compare it with the others, and trace how in the process of "skedaddling" from land to land, this "oral tradition" was reduced to a skeleton—that is, lost its spirit while retaining its form; the foundation stone—namely, the metamorphosis of a Trolld turned into a cat—being completely lost sight of.

We are sorry that Doldrum should not be "King of the Cats" after all, nor Mandlin, Queen, or even Lady-Lieutenant; but, truth above all things, though the Heavens should fall. So here follows the veracious legend of "Bröndhöi"—("Brönd" signifying a stream or fountain, and "höi" a hill):

"A quarter of a mile from Sorøe* stands the town of Vedersborg, and at a little distance from it is Lyng. Between these two towns there is a hill called Bröndhöi, which is said to be inhabited by Trollds. Among these there was once an old Trolld whom the others named Knurremurre,† for he was often the cause of noise and disagreement in the hill. This Knurremurre once quarrelled with a young Trolld, and threatened his life. The latter therefore thought it better to fly from the hill, and transforming himself into a tortoise-shell cat, repaired to the town of Lyng, where under this shape he ingratiated himself into the favour of a poor cottager called Plat. He lived with him a long time, had milk and oatmeal given him daily, and lay the whole livelong day on an easy chair beside the stove.

"Late one afternoon Plat came home, and as he walked into the room, the cat sat in his usual place, eating oatmeal out of a pan, and licking the sides. 'Now Puss,' the man began, 'I will tell thee what

* On the Island of Zealand, Denmark.

† Grumblemumble.



PLAT AND THE CAT.

happened to me on the road. As I passed the Bröndhöi there came out a Troll, who called to me, and said,

"Listen Plat!
Tell thy cat
That Knurremurre is dead."

"At these words the cat stood up on his hind legs, let the pan roll down, and rushed to the door, shouting as he slipped out, '*What! Is Knurremurre dead? Then I must hasten home.*'"

Now, if after reading this any friend of "Aunt Judy's Magazine" should pursue the subject further, and discover a more ancient, better, or fuller (this is very short) form of "The Troll turned Cat," it will be gratefully received, duly made public, and the name of the sender honourably acknowledged.

* * * * *

Here follows "THE POST-AMBLE."

We have a misgiving, and it is one which applies not to this paper in particular, for here there is childish fun as well as a bit of learned research; but equally to others we have inserted and may feel inclined hereafter to insert. It is best, therefore, to unburden one's mind once for all. We know we are open to the accusation of not always confining our choice of contributions to strictly juvenile literature. But, although this may cause some of our readers to find fault and pass such pages over in disgust, we entertain the belief that there are others who will find in them their particular pleasure. If life-experience is worth anything, this is the conclusion we have confidently come to. It is born with many, besides the immortal Dr. Daniel Dove, of Doncaster, and his friend the schoolmaster, to be "Flossofers," and in such cases, the complaint "Flossofy" breaks out at a very early period of life. We ourselves can recall a small hankering of the sort in our *teen-hood*, when Young's "Satires" were far more interesting reading than a fairy tale—or we tried to think so: when we plodded, alone, with proud satisfaction through the three 8vo. volumes of Middleton's "Life of Cicero," not missing one extract from his speeches to the "Conscript Fathers:" begged Adam Smith's "Moral Sentiments" as a birthday present: struggled faithfully through the incomprehensible political mysteries of "Junius," and, above all, dipped from time to time with a most excelsior sense of the communion of mind with mind, into the magnificent, or magniloquent—which must we call them?—perorations

of the Notes in Matthias's "Pursuits of Literature;" gazing, too, at the house which once held *him* for its inhabitant with almost reverential awe. The man who wrote *so* in English, dared *so* to satirize his contemporaries, sparing not the highest in rank or talent where religion or morality were at stake, and then retired to Italy and devoted the second half of his life to the Italian Muse . . . what *must* he not have been! They told me insignificant-looking, eccentric, and rather tiresome . . . Bah! it was impossible! Ah! but all this was in the happy days before that cruel, hard verdict "bombastic" had fallen from older and wiser lips, upon one's early idols, chilling—or perhaps I ought to say sobering—the fervours of the Ossianic period of life.

It was a glorious time, however—for the time at any rate. One seemed to be on a height, drinking-in mountain air—and no matter if it was a little misty now and then. There was a rare enjoyment, a new-born independence in the very position. Now, first one felt to realize one's individuality; yet now first to feel oneself a member of the great universal world.

"These fervent raptures are for ever flown,"

sings Wordsworth, of his own young feelings. But might they not revive even in old age, were favourable circumstances possible (taking a different direction, perhaps—exercised on a different class of subjects); were it possible, for instance, that worldly cares should be lifted from the brain, and the mortal tabernacle subjected to the soothing influences of soft climes and beautiful scenery? Leaving such idle inquiries, one thing is certain—what we ourselves experienced in our young days, some others are liable to experience now in their youth (there are no solitary idiosyncracies of character in the world), and it is to such we have from time to time appealed, and shall continue to appeal occasionally.

If further excuse be necessary for the introduction of contributions which, in their ramblings, sometimes range beyond the limits of childish intellect, it is to be found in the pages of "Flossofer" Dr. Daniel Dove's history:

"Oh, what blockheads are those wise persons who think it necessary that a child should comprehend everything it reads."—(SOUTHEY).

EDITOR.

HIDDEN WINGS.



EAR, dear, what can it all mean?" cackled the plump, fussy Mother Goose, glancing round at the same time to see if her goslings were safe round her.

"All that from an insignificant little brown bird!" gabbled a pert Drake, who, because he had a golden gleam on his white feathers, gave himself great airs, and set up as an authority on all kinds of subjects.

"What in the world do you want, little bird?" again said the Goose, addressing the singer, a Lark in a wicker-cage, which had been placed by the Child, its owner, on a sunny bank close to the water, that its heart might be cheered by the glad song of the stream, flowing past amid the flowery fields. And the Child sat by, half-dreaming, half-listening. But the gladness only stirred the Lark to sorrowful longing, and its wild song went up into the blue, sunny sky, whither it would fain have followed.

"I want to be free, to soar into the wide sky!" sighed the poor little Lark.

"Dear, dear, what a strange fancy!" said the Goose. "I never want to soar into the sky; why should one, with everything comfortable in the fields, and on the stream?"

"All nonsense!" pronounced the Drake, severely.

"You do not know the joy of using your wings!" urged the Lark, plaintively.

"Stuff!" said the Drake. "Childish folly, and nothing else! I used to have some such ideas myself before I grew wise enough to prefer the solid ground and firm water to empty air. But I have seen enough of what that leads to among my cousins, the Wild Ducks, who taunt me, forsooth, with my idleness in not using my wings as they do, in their ridiculous journeys over land and sea, when they might settle down respectably in the farm-yard! I know better than that, I'm thankful to say!"

Here the stately Swan floated up to the group, looking, as his white plumage glistened against the blue water, so like one of the fleecy

cloudlets in the blue sky, that the Lark was stirred at the sight into a fresh burst of song and of longing.

The Swan sailed close to the Lark, and bending his long neck caressingly over the cage, murmured in his softest tone: "Poor, foolish, little bird, wasting your breath over that which you cannot reach,—learn our lesson! We too have wings, but we see the folly of vain efforts to reach the sun, and have learned to content ourselves with what we can get. And it is enough, for if you only knew the joy of floating with the stream, the rest it is to be borne smoothly past the waving reeds and smiling flowers, to linger among the gleaming water-lilies, and rejoice in the warm sunshine, you would never long for more!"

"But I could not float with the stream. I should be drawn down into the cold waters!" said the Lark.

"Poor creature, he positively cannot swim!" said the Drake, with a pitying air. "What could you expect from a bird who cannot swim?"

"I can fly," said the Lark. "That would content me."

"Don't be impertinent!" snapped the Drake. "We must know better than you, for we can walk on dry land, and we could have flown if we had chosen to do it; but we can swim too, which you can't do, so we must be able to understand things better than you can. To set yourself up because you can fly, indeed! We all have relations who fly, and our ancestors all did so till they grew wiser, and chose the solid comfort of the farm-yard rather than the uncertainties of vague flights in the air. If you are wise, you'll follow our example!"

"But the Wild Swans, Wild Geese, and Wild Ducks fly away to sunnier lands through the long cold winters!" said the Lark.

"And half of them never come back!" sneered the Drake; "much good that is to them! Wearying flights and the chance of losing yourself in the clouds, or dropping dead into the sea!"

"Our sheltered life is certainly incomparably superior to the uncertain joys of what the Lark calls freedom," observed the Swan. "For my part, I could never regret the choice of my parents, and their wise counsels to me."

"I can't see much good in the sunshine of which the Lark sings so much; it never makes any difference to me!" said the Goose. "While

as to the flowers, I must say I very much prefer good grass and stubble."

"I know what flowers are!" interposed a fresh speaker, a tame Raven, who had joined the group. "I was once deceived by their bright colours into thinking I had found a treasure. But they turned to dust and dry stalks when I hid them away. Nothing better than that, I assure you!"

The Raven was a bird of mark, greatly respected by all the inhabitants of the farm-yard. There were strange stories of his wealth; he was known to lose no chance of adding to his stores, and as no one ever knew what he did with these treasures, there was a mystery about them which added to their value. His wisdom, too, was undeniable, and the two things gave him an influence which quite weighed against his black and ragged plumage, even in the eyes of the whitest of the community, who all prided themselves on the spotlessness of their feathers, and would have nothing to say to any bird with a coloured feather, unless, indeed, there was some very strong reason for an exception in its favour.

"Very true," agreed the Goose and the Drake. The Swan did not quite agree, for he thought that flowers were very well in their proper place, and, indeed, gave an additional charm to life.

"And as for the sunshine," continued the Raven. "It is very uncertain. Those clouds now that look so bright are really only mist and vapour, quite cold and damp. I know all about it, for when I was young I could fly with the best. I was, indeed, foolish enough to lament at first, when my wings were clipped by the Old Woman; but now, of course, I can estimate the superiority of the farm-yard to the woods; and walking, after all, is easier than flying, besides being safer."

Much clapping of wings and fluttering applause followed this speech; but the Lark, turning to the Raven, said:

"You are indeed to be pitied, since you can no longer use your wings; but that is not so with these other birds, who might fly if they would take the trouble. Ah! believe me, if you had but once risen into the pure air of heaven, you would never again talk of the joy of walking on the earth, or of floating with the stream!"

The storm of indignation which he excited was almost too much for the poor Lark to bear. On all sides he was assailed.

"The impertinence of a little brown thing like that presuming to advise us!" exclaimed the Drake, setting up his feathers till the gold shone again.

"This, then, comes of soaring in the air; that you pretend to know better than people who live respectably, and teach their children to do the same! Are you not ashamed of yourself?" said the Goose.

"You have no right to any sort of opinion of your own!" said the Raven. "It has been your privilege to be admitted into our society, and, therefore, our opinions ought to be yours. The Old Woman certainly disapproves of flying, or my wings would not have been cut; and who are you, to differ from her?"

"As if you could be wiser than the Swans, who are so graceful and splendid!" said the Drake.

"Or than the Goose, who is so much larger than you are!" added the Raven.

"The poor thing knows no better!" said the Swan, with condescending kindness. "But how should he, for he is only a stranger among us! We shall soon be able to convince him of his mistake."

"Listen to that!" said the Raven to the Lark. "If you will take my advice, which is not without some small weight, if I may venture to say so,"—here the others all loudly assented—"you will certainly give up these notions. Perhaps the Old Woman may clip your wings, and then you will come out and be quite like one of us."

"I would rather beat myself to death against the bars of my cage!" exclaimed the Lark, passionately.

"Don't interrupt!" continued the Raven, calmly. "Such excitement is ill-bred, to say the least of it. As I was saying, your wings may be clipped, but in any case you may adopt our views; and I would add, that in the first place you had better give up that habit of singing; it is useless and unpractical; besides, none of us sing, and it therefore jars against our feelings."

"Very good indeed!" said all but the Lark, who murmured that he sang because he could not help it.

"That is nonsense," replied the Raven; "*we* can help singing, and of course you can, too. You may adopt some of our tones instead; I'm sure I shall be happy to teach you to croak."

"Or I to hiss," said the Goose; echoed in softer tones by the Swan.

"He might learn to quack, if he likes, the Ducks do it fast enough, so it can't be difficult," said the Drake.

"You hear these kind offers," said the Raven. "Think it over, and make yourself happy about it."

The Lark was almost heart-broken, for he felt so lonely among the self-satisfied birds; but he mustered courage to thank them for their offers, and at the same time to reject them. "If he did not sing," he said, "he must die, for it was his only solace, now that he was no longer free."

Louder still rose the storm of anger and scorn, till the whole party floated away in great state, prophesying evil things of the Lark; while the Raven, pausing till they were out of hearing, sent after them a croak of derision, saying to the Lark, before he hopped away, "If you wish to get on in the world, frankness like yours won't do, my friend! You must keep your fancies to yourself; I do; and see how all respect me. Do you think I don't want to fly? Of course I do; but I can't now, and so I make the best of it, and humour the whims of these foolish birds, who are too gross or too idle to use the wings they possess!"

The Lark said nothing, but when the Raven was gone, he broke out into a yet fuller burst of aspiration and desire, while the Child, who, lying in the sunshine, had heard all the birds' chatter, still lay and listened, and mused, wondering how it could be that creatures with wings could be content never to use them, but to stay on the dull earth, when the bright sky wooed them to its joys. Then, as he mused, he too longed for wings, that he might soar away into the fathomless blue into which he gazed. And with that, he felt that in this desire he must be like the Lark, longing for a freedom and a joy beyond his narrow life. Might it not be that he also had wings, which he had never used? Could it be that he had hidden wings, lying folded away, and might he not some day spread them and soar into the wide heavens?

Full of this new thought, he pondered till he was sure that it must be so, and now he knew why the song of the Lark was sad to him; why he turned from the endless surging of the great ocean; why the sighing of the night-winds made him look yearningly on the bright stars; was it not that each and all awoke the desire to spread these hidden wings of his? And might not this desire, now that he knew it, give him the power that he lacked?

That night, as the Old Woman gave him his supper, he ventured to say to her: "Have you any wings folded away under your dress? Don't you want to fly, like the Lark?"

"Nonsense, Child, eat your supper!" said the Old Woman. "What fancies do come into his head, to be sure!"

The Child was silent, but not disheartened. He thought that perhaps it was so long since the Old Woman had used her wings, that she had indeed forgotten all about them.

The next day when he went into the fields with the Farmer, he asked him the same question. The man only laughed, and bade him keep the cows out of the corn-field.

The Child felt that there was no help here. But he comforted himself with the thought that, until now, he had known nothing about the wings, and that, consequently, it might be quite possible for people to have them, and yet not to know of them.

Now, more than ever, he rejoiced in the Lark's song, and he questioned his darling bird how he might find his wings; but the Lark could not answer him, and could only sing of the joy of freedom, and of flight in the sunny air, till the Child felt he could no longer withhold from it the liberty for which it sighed; although very sorrowful to him was the thought of losing this his only comfort, for he knew that without the Lark he should be lonely indeed.

But at length, with tears of tender farewell, he opened the door of the cage, and bade the Lark go. For a moment it paused—its wings quivering with the thrill of its new-found freedom—and then it began its joyous ascent, singing, as it rose, a song such as the Child had never before heard, so deep and full was its rejoicing. As it died away in the far distance, the Child heard it cease with scarce a sigh, for deep in his heart, like a sweet echo of the music, was a calm assurance that one day he too should spread his wings and find himself free. Henceforward his desire was no longer a vague longing, it was a certain hope, and thus in giving up his dearest treasure he found a response to his questioning which continued possession would never have given, and he was content to think only gratefully, and not regretfully, of his lost joy!

A. E. R., 1866.

FLORIAN AND THE FAIRIES.

CHAPTER I.

PEONY.



ONCE upon a time there was a cottage, and in this cottage there lived an old woman and three little boys. Two of these were strong and ugly; one was called Wolf, and the other Bear. Their names suited them exactly, for they were very surly and disagreeable. Wolf had a quantity of red hair, and had such a large appetite that he would eat everybody else's share as well as his own if he could but get it; Bear, on the contrary, had black hair, very thick and rough—it tumbled all over his eyes, which were very small—his nose was short and his mouth was very wide. As for the old woman, she was as ugly as that celebrated old dame who persecuted the poor princess that was in love with Fiddlestick's-end, and who owned the wonderful mare that had a bell to every hair, and that, let me tell you, is saying a great deal. There was a third little boy though, and I have not yet described him; he was so pretty that nobody could believe him to be the brother of Bear and Wolf, and so Bear and Wolf hated him, cuffed him, and kicked him; he had long fair hair, and a skin as white as alabaster; his cheeks were usually of a tender rose-colour, but they were the colour of white roses just now, because he was so pale from being ill-used; his eyes were large, and round, and blue; his nose was—let me see, it was flesh-colour, unless the weather was cold, and then it was purple. His name was Florian, and he was made to do all the hard work.

One day Florian was chopping wood for the fire, that the old woman might boil something in a pot—what she did it for I can't say, for nobody ever ate what was boiled; which proves that she was either a very bad cook, or else the mess was not fit for eating. Florian was quite red with his exertions, when the old woman called Bear, and told him to fetch some water from the spring, as she wanted to boil down a preparation of what looked like a large hairy cactus.

Bear took up the pitcher, but instead of carrying it to the spring, flung it at Florian (luckily it missed him). "Here! you take the pitcher, and fetch up the water; do you hear, stupid!" cried Bear.

Florian dared not disobey, and, throwing down the hatchet, ran down the steep path towards the well. As soon as the pitcher was filled, he began to make all the haste he could back to the cottage, for he knew that the old woman would beat him hard if he had not chopped up all the wood she wanted.

As he was struggling up the steep path with his heavy load he heard a step behind him, and saw Wolf, who cried, "Stop there! what have you got?"

"Only water," said Florian. "Don't stop me, please."

"Stop you?" said Wolf, with a wicked smile, "I would not stop you on any account; quite the contrary, I will help you to carry it."

So saying, Wolf seized one side of the pitcher so roughly that Florian let it go, and over it went, spilling every drop. Wolf ran off laughing at the mischief he had done, and poor Florian felt much inclined to sit down and cry. But he heard the old woman scolding, so he picked up the pitcher and ran back to the spring, which was quite hidden from the cottage by some bushes and rocks. There he sat down while the pitcher was filling, and cried so much that his tears would soon have made it overflow if he had held his head properly over it.

But I think I may as well tell you what you probably have guessed already—that Florian was crying more for his miserable lot than for only having upset his pitcher, and that altogether he did not belong in any way to these cruel people who ill-treated him. The fact of the matter was, that Florian was the rightful king of a large and beautiful country called Utopia. He remembered perfectly well having a kind father, who was a king with a crown on his head, and a beautiful mother, and a dear sister who loved him; and he and his sister Flora had lovely gardens to play in, full of flowers, and tame rabbits, and cockatoos. Altogether, they were as happy as the day was long, and everybody called them the little prince and princess. But, alas! this good king was driven out of his kingdom by a bad king, who killed him and his beautiful queen also.

Poor Florian was sent off to this dismal cottage, and as for Flora, nobody knew what became of her.

So you see Florian had quite enough to cry about.

Well, we left him sitting by the spring in great distress ; so miserable was he that he pulled out whole tufts of his golden hair, and tossed them about. One of these tufts fell by accident into the water of the spring, when all of a sudden, to Florian's surprise, there jumped out of the well a strange-looking fellow ; he was not very tall, but he was very thin and slender, and he was dressed in scarlet all over from top to toe. This queer little man stood bowing before Florian, and asked him : " Well, my little prince, and what may you please to want ? "

" Please, sir, who are you ? " said Florian, his blue eyes very round and big with surprise.

" I am the fairy Peony," said the scarlet man, " and I am bound to help any one of your family who calls me. "

" But I did not call you," said Florian ; " I never heard of you. "

" That's no matter, didn't you throw one of your curls into my spring ? consequently, here I am, ready to obey your orders ; and my companion, Scarlet-Runner, will fetch anything you want. "

Florian had recovered from his astonishment by this time, and said : " Oh, dear Mr. Peony, then pray take me away from this place, I am so unhappy, I want to get home again and see my little sister. "

" O-ho ! " said Peony, " that is not so easy ; you are in the power of the wicked Fairy Namby-Pamby, and she is stronger than I am, but I will tell you what I will do for you ; here is a wonderful plant which the Fairy Namby-Pamby has long wanted to have—take it to her with the pitcher, she will be so glad when she sees it that she will forget to scold you, and to-morrow evening she will send you with the pitcher to the well again. You will find me here ready at your call, and if you are then brave enough to do what I tell you, I may be able to help you. Good-night to you. "

And the sprite took a header into the spring, and disappeared at once.

Florian took up the pitcher, which all of a sudden had become as light as a feather, and hastened to the hut. What Peony had foretold came exactly to pass. The old fairy was so delighted with the plant, which she called a *Polyanthostromonoigon*, that she praised Florian and boxed the ears of Bear and Wolf. The next night she told Florian to take the pitcher and fetch the water with some more of the poly—

no, I can't write it again, it is too long. Away ran Florian, threw a tuft of hair into the stream, and in one minute out jumped his friend.

"No time to be lost," said Peony, "now do as I do, don't be afraid, take my hand; one, two, three, and away."

So saying, he took another header into the spring, and Florian was obliged to take one too. Plump, in they both went, and Florian thought it was all over with him; he shut his eyes and gave himself up for lost, when he found himself let down gently upon his feet, and opening his eyes again he saw that he was standing upon a grassy plain covered with wild flowers and fruit-trees, and nothing was to be seen of the dismal marshes and forests that surrounded the hut of the Fairy Namby-Pamby.

"Where am I?" he said, bewildered.

"Why you are in my country for the present," said his friend Peony; "and now what are you going to do?"

"Go back to Utopia directly."

"And what will you do when you get there, my prince? The people think you are dead, and if your enemy, King Gotho, gets hold of you he will put you to death immediately, that there may be no more doubt on the subject."

"But perhaps if I get there I may find out what is become of my little sister Flora."

"You are a good boy, prince, and I will help you as much as I can," said Peony, "but, meanwhile, it seems to me that you are tired and want rest. Come with me."

He led the weary Florian into a little grotto, and showed him a couch strewn with soft dry moss and lady-fern: he made him eat a delicious meal of fairy fruits, and Florian was too weary to resist, so the low murmur of rippling tiny waterfalls soon lulled him to sleep. Peony looked at him admiringly as he lay stretched out, all his silky hair floating about on the mossy couch. Peony stroked with his delicate fairy fingers the white eyelids and long brown lashes of the sleeping prince, but never waked him, his touch was so light; on the contrary, he gave him pleasant dreams and fancies, and after a time he woke quite refreshed.

Looking up, he saw his friend, and another scarlet elf who was sitting on a piece of rock, and was panting as if out of breath with running. This was evidently Scarlet-Runner, and Peony explained

that he had just come back from a longish run, having been round the world twice on a message.

"Well," said Peony, "now prince, I suppose you want to be off."

"Yes," said Florian, "only I don't know exactly which way to go."

"Listen to me," said Peony; "there is an old fairy who is quite as powerful as the wicked Namby-Pamby: she is good, too, in the main, though rather sour and uncertain in her temper, and her name is Aloesa. However, I think if you can reach her palace she will befriend you, as I know she was a great friend of your father's. But the way is very dangerous, and I fear you will fall into the power of your old enemy, Namby-Pamby, or of King Gotho."

"I don't mind the danger if I can but see Flora again," said Florian.

"Well," said Peony, "I will make you a present, and as long as you keep it you are safe from Namby-Pamby; but you must take care not to lose it." He took up a tiny knife which opened with a spring, and had a ruby blade and a hilt made of *mica*. "Scarlet-Runner brought this just now; he had rather a hunt for it, and that obliged him to go twice round the world instead of once. Now then, Scarlet-Runner shall help you on your way; jump upon his back."

Florian thanked Peony very earnestly, and jumped on the back of the queer elf, who instantly set off at 41,500 miles an hour exactly: his speed was so great that Florian soon got quite dizzy, and when he stopped he found himself in a wood through which ran a narrow path.

"I cannot help you any farther," said Scarlet-Runner; "you must now speed on your way. Keep straight on, you won't miss it."

"I wish I could give you something in return for your kindness," said Florian; "but I have nothing."

"We don't want any reward, my little prince. Adieu. Be brave and honest, and we won't forget you."

So saying, Scarlet-Runner darted off, and was out of sight in the seventeenth part of a second. Florian stepped out with a lightened heart on the road towards the dwelling of the celebrated Fairy Aloesa. Here we will leave him for a short time.

CHAPTER II.

KING GOTH0.

THE wicked King Gotho, who had taken possession of Utopia, lived very comfortably in his new palace, and worried his subjects at his leisure. As for the beautiful gardens where little Florian and Flora had played, he spoiled them completely; he rooted up the beautiful flowers and sowed all the beds with potatoes, cucumbers, and mangel-wurzel; he ordered all the pet rabbits and cockatoos to be killed; he did not succeed here, however, for, most unaccountably, the very day after he gave this order the rabbits and cockatoos all disappeared, and the latter were seen flying off in a body accompanied by the love-birds, the green paroquets, and the grey parrots, all crying with one voice, "We belong to King Florian," till old Gotho was nearly deaf.

This incident put him into a very bad humour, so that he scolded his ugly daughter Tomata, and abused his wife Grumbilia.

"Well, but papa," said Tomata, "I don't see why you wanted to kill all the cockatoos, why didn't you give them to me?"

"To you, child? I tell you they ate all the plants in the garden."

There was some mystery about this garden, for the king grew in it nothing but potatoes and cucumbers and such like, and seemed very anxious that there should be enough of the latter, but what he did with them nobody knew.

One day the king was sitting in his private study, twisting his thumbs and drinking bad beer, when there was heard a bang at the door; it was so loud a bang that he jumped a yard high, and at the same instant there darted in through the open window a little old woman mounted on a wild goose. It was the Fairy Namby-Pamby. The king recognised her directly, and made her several profound bows.

"Won't you take some refreshment, ma'am?" he said. "I am sure I am quite overpowered by the honour."

The king would have gone on for ever so long in this sort of way, for he was dreadfully afraid of the fairy, only she interrupted him.

"You will be much more overpowered by the news I have got for you, so you had better be silent. Young Florian has escaped."

"Escaped?" cried the king.

"Yes, escaped; got away, gone; don't you understand?"

"Yes, to be sure, I understand, madam. But I really thought your Highness was so powerful that he couldn't have got away."

"Then you thought wrong," said the Fairy. "Somehow or other he has obtained the assistance of that horrid little wretch Peony, and has given me the slip, and now if he takes refuge with the Fairy Aloesa, it is all over with you, King Gotho."

"Oh dear me! but can't you, mighty Namby-Pamby, get him again into your power?"

"And why should I give myself the trouble? Where is the plant polyanthostromonoigon that you promised to get for me?"

"But please, your Mightiness, I have taken the greatest pains, searched high and low, and sowed no end of seeds, and I have never been able to grow any. I assure you, I have not been idle."

"Well, well," said the Fairy, "I will be lenient this time." (The fairy reflected that if she could but get Florian back she might be able to procure more of the wonderful plant.) "I must have twenty-four of those plants, and I don't mind if I tell you why. When I get them I shall be able to boil them down into a thick soup, which after I have drunk it will make me as powerful (and ten times more so, indeed), as the Fairy Aloesa, whom I hate. But now the difficulty is how to catch the little criminal."

"Very true," said Gotho.

"Hold *your* tongue," said Namby-Pamby. "I shall summon my confidant at once, for there is no time to be lost." So saying, she twirled round thrice and muttered some mysterious words, whereupon there bounced into the room an ugly being, dressed in a parti-coloured suit of dingy blue and brick-dust red. He made an uncouth bow to his mistress, and stood awaiting her orders. Namby addressed him solemnly:

"Colly-moddle, I have a job for you. Find Florian and fetch him back."

"Yes, ma'am," said Colly-moddle.

"Take any disguise you like, and take Bear with you."

"Yes, Mightiness. But where shall I find the lad?"

"Why, if I knew that, I should not send you to look for him, stupid. Now be off, and bring him back to Swampy Hut."

"Yes, Mightiness." And Colly-moddle turned a summerset and disappeared out of the window like a projectile or a velocipede.

"That's a clever fellow," said Namby, "and will do our business for us, I have no doubt. Now I shall wish your Majesty a good morning. I shall call again when Florian comes back."

CHAPTER III.

JUVENILIA.

FLORIAN stepped out manfully on his way; you must know that Peony had furnished him with a comfortable little suit of clothes, and a little wallet to carry provisions. Florian, however, made his meals chiefly off the wild fruits he met in his way, and at night he slept in a grassy dell, with the moonlight glinting on the soft green moss and fern, while the wind was hushed and the air so still that not a leaf moved. Early next morning Florian went on, on, through the woods and glades, till the little path opened into a wider road, and soon after noon he came to a town. This town had a wall, not a very high one, and the wall had a gate, which stood open, and was guarded by two sentinels; but such odd sentinels! They were two little boys with fat cheeks, and they were about the height of little boys of six years old.

As soon as they saw Florian, they commanded him to stand and say what his business was, and one of them cried, "Guard, turn out!" in a surprisingly shrill voice. In a minute, out scuffled a quantity of little boys, dressed like soldiers, their officer following. They immediately exclaimed, "Mercy, what a tall man!" for Florian was a head and shoulders taller than any of them.

The officer put his two fat arms akimbo, and after staring up into Florian's face for a whole minute, tried to assume a very fierce expression, and said:

"Giant, where do you come from, and where are you going to?"

And instantly burst into a peal of silver laughter, in which the whole guard joined. So Florian could not help laughing too, which at once put the whole thing on a pleasant and cheerful footing. But the little man repeated the question.

"Well," said Florian, who was rather puzzled to describe where he

came from, "I am going to the kingdom of the Fairy Aloesa, and I came originally from Utopia."

The little guards looked doubtfully at one another, for they had never heard of either of those names, but they looked at Florian, and seeing that he was pretty and gentle, and moreover, that he seemed tired and hungry, and being withal very good-natured little people, they settled to let him come in.

"Suppose we take him to the palace and show him to the king," suggested one wise little man.

This was unanimously approved of, and Florian encouraging the idea, they immediately sent him off with a detachment of little soldiers. Florian remarked that it was a pretty little town, but all the houses were low and adapted to the size of the people, for everybody he met was short, and round and chubby, and, instead of walking gravely along like men and women, generally ran along hand-in-hand, laughing and talking. Presently they came into an open square, with a long low building at one end, beautifully carved and ornamented in white stone; through this square approached a small procession. First came two little soldiers on horseback, then two more little soldiers on foot, then a drummer—but such a fat chubby little mortal as never was seen; he carried an immense drum, which he beat with all his might.

Immediately behind him rode a little boy, gorgeously dressed in crimson velvet and ermine, a velvet cap on his head, and a long white feather in it. He had a little sceptre in his hand, and he rode a prancing piebald pony, beautifully caparisoned. He was followed by several running pages, and some more infantry. Florian's guards, who were very talkative, immediately told him that this was their king, Wee-wee, and that he was the nicest king that ever was; the little drummer, they said, was his favourite musician, and always played to him during his dinner and on State occasions. His name was Dub, but he was so fat and rosy that he was called Apple-cheeks, for *shortness*. They also informed him, that his Majesty's favourite air was the "Dead March" in *Saul*, which the queen however considered rather monotonous.

Meanwhile, the procession came up to where Florian was standing, and the king, surprised doubtless at seeing so tall a man, checked his horse, and asked the guards who their prisoner was. They explained,

and the king desired that Florian might be taken to the palace at once, that he might question him.

Florian was accordingly trotted off to the palace, and was led into a little room, where he was left alone. Presently the door opened, and in peeped two very minute pages, but who disappeared again the instant he moved. In a few minutes the same pages threw open the door, and cried out, "There he is!" but whether this exclamation applied to Florian or to the king, who now entered the room, it is impossible to say. His little Majesty was very affable and polite, and in a short time Florian had told him his whole story. Wee-wee was prodigiously impressed with it, and charmed to find that Florian was a king as well as himself. He asked him to stay at the palace, and took him immediately to his private apartments to present him to the queen. As he entered the room, Wee-wee cried, without ceremony, "Here, Tiny, here's a visitor, King Florian, come to see you. He has been driven out of his kingdom, poor fellow!" So saying, Wee-wee, who had taken leave of his royal dignity for the present, went head-over-heels over the head of the sofa, thereby narrowly escaping demolishing his son and heir, Prince Thumbkin, but for the presence of mind of his royal dame, who, catching hold of the child's leg, pulled him adroitly out of harm's way. The heir-apparent was so alarmed, however, that he began to roar lustily, and it required the united efforts of all their three majesties to pacify his injured feelings.

After this was done Florian was properly presented to Queen Tiny, who was a very pretty, round-faced, plump, little person, and entered into lively conversation with her guest. It was soon interrupted by a very loud gong, as of many fat well-cushioned little fists thumping it all at once, and the king saying that this meant "dress for dinner," Florian was led by a troop of little pages (owners of the fat fists) all singing, laughing, tumbling over one another, to a magnificent apartment, from whence he was shortly summoned to dinner, which the company ate in a fine hall. Just behind the king stood Apple-cheeks, who drummed away on his big drum without ceasing all dinner time. To tell the truth, Florian thought this rather tedious. After dinner there was a ball, but nobody seemed to dance any particular figure, and indeed the chief amusement of the guests seemed to be who could laugh and shout the loudest. They certainly were very good-humoured, but they made a fearful uproar, and Wee-wee, seeing that Florian was

tired and not inclined to join in the fun, took him into a smaller room to supper.

"You think this is a funny place, this kingdom of Juvenilia?" said Wee-wee, "but we are very happy here, and to-morrow, when you are rested from your travels, you will be able to join in our pastimes."

Florian thanked the king, and said that he was much obliged to him, but he wished to proceed on his journey as soon as possible.

"And how do you mean to get to the kingdom of the Fairy Aloesa?" said Wee-wee.

Florian said he did not know, but he had a friend who would help him.

"And who is that?"

"His name is Peony, sire."

"Oh, I know him—the little red man and his fleet little comrade, Scarlet-Runner. I am related to the fairies, in fact, though distantly. Well, in a week you shall depart: if you will stay at my court for that time, I will try and help you on your journey."

Florian agreed readily to this, and Wee-wee seemed much delighted. The week was one continued round of festivity; the little people romped and frolicked all over the palace gardens, ate strawberries, cream, ragouts, oyster-patties, woodcock-pies, apricot-tarts, every delicacy you can think of; the king and his court rode out hunting on beautiful ponies, and Florian was mounted on a lovely cream-coloured little steed, with a white tail that swept the ground, and sky-blue caparisons. Florian was amused, but he often thought of his little sister Flora, and his kingdom of Utopia, and was resolute in his determination to leave these delights.

At last the day before his departure arrived, and Florian thought that Wee-wee's manner was suddenly changed; from having been a wild, frolicsome boy, laughing and singing all day long, he had grown quite thoughtful, and even sad.

Late in the day he took Florian by the hand, and led him into a small room looking out on the broad gardens and fountains. He sat down, and sighed deeply, then said to Florian: "Well, what do you think of my palace?"

"I think it is very pretty," said Florian.

"But you wish to be gone—well, I don't wonder at it; but I am sad because I fear I shall never see you again."

"Oh, yes," said Florian, "when I get my kingdom back, I shall come and see you, dear Wee-wee."

Wee-wee shook his head, and said, "You cannot; don't you know that it is once in seven years only that a stranger can reach this country, and having once been here he never can return. Listen," continued Wee-wee, "I like you; you are an exiled king, as I am, and I will tell you my history. I, my queen, and my subjects, are all under the enchantment of a wicked fairy; her name is Namby-Pamby."

Florian started at the name of his old enemy, but Wee-wee went on: "Several years ago my father had the misfortune to offend the Fairy Aloesa, who is, you know, of rather a hot and capricious temper. This was discovered by the wicked Namby-Pamby, who seized the opportunity, and at my father's death sent Gotho with a powerful army to seize my dominions. I, and my little army, fought with desperate fury, but, not having the assistance of Aloesa, we were defeated; my brother was slain, and I was supposed to have met with the same fate, and all my subjects destroyed. But instead of that, Namby-Pamby transported me and the remainder of my subjects to a dismal morass, where she hoped we would die miserably. She was, however, disappointed; some kind fairy taking compassion on us, endeavoured to mend our condition as far as she could, and we found ourselves in this lovely country, but all changed into children, with the capacities, the pleasures, and intellects of children of seven years old. We never grow any older, only once every year comes a day on which I recover my memory and my feelings, and weep over my misfortunes; this is the day, and that is why you have seen me so sad to-day."

Florian was much affected by this recital; he assured Wee-wee of his affection and friendship, and asked if there was any way of breaking the enchantment.

"Yes, kind prince," said Wee-wee, "there is one way, but it is vain to tell it; you will never find it."

"Oh, but do tell me?" urged Florian.

"Well," said Wee-wee, "there is a plant called *Polyanthostromonoigon*, which is supposed to have wonderful virtues; the Fairy Namby-Pamby is very anxious to obtain it, but there is a method by which it may be rendered as deadly to her as it is now excellent and wholesome."

"What is that?" asked Florian.

"First of all you must find that particular sort of Polyanthostromoignon which has seven leaves on a plant, neither more nor less; you must then rub it with the hilt of a dagger of which the blade must be made of a single ruby, and the hilt of mica. You must mash the plant with this, which will squeeze out the juice; you must then boil it, put the juice into a phial, and give it secretly to the fairy: she will drink it, and her power will be gone for ever."

Florian promised his royal friend that he would do his best to discover this plant, and the king, after thanking him warmly, added:

"I have one piece of advice to give you; go straight on, and do not suffer yourself to be beguiled out of the road, or else you may come to harm. You must keep travelling onwards till you reach the city of Prince Rosebud, who will, I doubt not, assist you on your journey, as I have heard that he is very good-natured."

Whereupon Wee-wee and Florian embraced one another tenderly, and the next morning Florian set out on his journey. The king rode with him as far as the gates of the town, Apple-cheeks walked on in front, drumming with all his might, the little sentry at the little gate cried with a very shrill voice, "Guard, turn out!" and Florian parted from Wee-wee, and went on his journey.

The king had lent him a little black pony to carry him to the confines of his dominions, and he trotted merrily on along a narrow green path winding through an impenetrable forest. For a long time the pony went on, never tired, never resting; at last they came to a stream with a little bridge over it; here the pony stopped, and Florian could not get him to pass over it. So Florian guessed he had got to the frontier; he got off, patted the pony, and caressed him, while the little beast tossed his head as a sign of farewell, and then turned round and trotted away through the forest back to its owner. And Florian trudged along on foot quite bravely.

[*To be continued.*]

HARRY'S HORSE.



HE baby lies in her mother's arms,
Quiet and pale and thin;
But the little head is once more raised
As Harry comes bounding in.

A wooden horse in his hand he holds,
Dark grey, with a long black mane;
And an eager, longing look lights up
The pale little face again.

"No, baby dear, I will hold it close,
But I cannot give it to you;
I'm afraid you would let it fall, and break
My horse, so pretty and new."

But the pale little eager face still pleads,
Outstretched is the small hand still;
He stands for a moment, then holds it out,
"I'll lend it baby, I will!"

That day is past, and he finds it again
Where the baby had thrown it aside;
Her coral red, with its silver bells,
Still fast to the bridle tied.

There's a touch of paint off the bright green stick,
And a chip off the horse's ear;
But, oh! not that to the boy's blue eye
Brings the quickly gathering tear!

And while Harry lives he will still be glad
That he lent her his horse that day;
For the baby has gone where never again
Can she ask with his toys to play.

L. M. A.



HARRY'S HORSE.

MAORI LEGENDS.

THE STORY OF THE MANUKAU.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



It was a fine night, so we enjoyed our al-fresco evening meal squatting round the fire. A primitive party we must have appeared to any New Zealander, half as philosophically minded as the “*darkly grand*” beau ideal of the late lamented Lord Macaulay. Unfortunately, there was none such in the neighbourhood. So for want of him, I must myself give a little description of our meal. It was, like those who ate it, very simple and primitive. My table furniture was as follows: a clean towel for a table-cloth, spread on the cover of our provision box; a tin quart pannikin for a goblet; a largish clasp-knife; an iron spoon and fork, and the unusual luxury of a pewter plate. Our *meat* was a sort of thick paste made of boiled flour and water, to which the two natives added sugar; I, salt, and a small rasher of bacon. Such was the supper, and its accompaniments, and very grateful were we all for it. When the meal was finished, all the vessels, &c., which had been used, were carefully washed, and put on one side to be ready for the next morning’s breakfast. None of us three felt the least inclination to “turn in.” So I said to the old man Honè:

“You were telling me the story of the Manukau, and had got to some shallow fishing-grounds; you were going to conduct me, in mind, to some other scene; go on, like a good fellow!”

“I can’t; my tobacco is done. How can any man tell a story worth hearing, without his pipe in his mouth?”

“You cunning old fellow! Well, fill up your pipe with that, and go on with your story.” While I spoke I threw him a piece of uncut tobacco sufficient for two or three pipes. I was rewarded with a grunt of acknowledgment, and the single word, “Kapai.”* He cut, rubbed in his hands, and filled his pipe with a portion of the “weed,” and having taken a few awfully big puffs, settled himself to his story. Here

* Kapai—literally “It is good!” This is the nearest word approaching to our “thank you,” which was in the Maori language.

young Niko interrupted his old friend, by saying in nearly the words of the latter :

"I can't; how can any man listen to a story, *not* worth hearing, without his pipe in his mouth?" The mocking tone of voice, and the comical expression of Niko's face, made old Honè throw a piece of firewood at him, and made me throw him a piece of tobacco about as large as I had given the story-teller, greatly to the disgust of the latter; "for," said he, "I earned my piece by talking."

"I earned mine much more laboriously, by listening to *you*," quickly answered young saucy Niko. There was an angry look in old Honè's eyes; so, to keep the peace, I flung my rug down in the space between the belligerents, and in a short time the old fellow went on with his story. I suppose I may omit the recapitulation of the former part of the legend? Taking permission for granted, I will pick up the thread of the tale from where the last chapter ended.

"It was bad for that great chief, 'te Waharoa,' that he had brought *two* wives with him. One would have been well enough; she could pull in his fishing-line for him, if the salt water of the great sea got cold; it might have numbed his fingers. She could have taken the fish off his hook for him, if it was one of that kind which has sharp bones sticking out of its fins, and which might chance to pierce or scratch the hand of the fisher. Yes! it would have been right enough to have had *one* wife with him to do these things—but *two*! Still, my ancestor was a *very great* chief; and so in his luxury he determined to have his two wives. Now you must hear what turned up from the having these two, who were his two favourite wives amongst the many in his household, and between whom there was a good deal of jealous rivalry, as to which one really possessed the chief affections of their lord.

"Listen then!* Pakeha! Englishman! And you shall hear. Up came the stone with the hole in it, which did duty as an anchor; the fishing-lines were pulled in and rolled up, and put in the nose of the canoe. The strong male slave took his baling instrument and sat in his place, to throw out the water when the waves dashed any in; the four women took their places, and their paddles; and the chief also resumed his own seat of dignity in the stern, near the tall carved post

* Whakarongo mai, literally "cause yourself to listen," is a very usual way of drawing the attention of the audience, and is frequently used by the native orators or story-tellers.

which rose up behind him, and so they went in search of a more favourable fishing-ground, and a more favourable fishing-ground they did reach; not, however, where they expected, nor quite so soon, as you shall hear.

"Mania, piqued at Poto's acquiescence in her husband's whim, would join neither in the paddling song, nor in its chorus;* but in a frightful, sulky, bad temper she pulled her paddle with all her might. For, listen, O Englishman! our women are not like yours; *our* women can get angry sometimes; and then—O! o! o!"—a very prolonged O! of experience, accompanied with a very intelligible shrug of the shoulders, made Niko laugh aloud. Old Honè, to my delight, only looked dignified, and took no further notice of Niko's mirth, than to say, "Niko, *you* are not married yet!"

"Mania plied her paddle so vigorously, that it gave more work than he liked to my ancestor with his long steering paddle, and he did not like work (O what a *great* chief he was!). So he called out quite angrily to the four paddlers, 'Now then! pull steady, there! Some one' (the sly old fish-hawk knew very well *who* the '*some one*' was) 'Some one is pulling so hard, that the head of the canoe is turned round! Stop that nonsense, and pull steady; can't you?'

"On this Poto, whose paddle was on the opposite side to that of Mania, handled it with such dexterity, that between the two the canoe flew over the waters. All on board were thinking of other things, and did not notice the way they were making. When all at once the old chief exclaimed, 'The wind blows cold on to my back; it must have changed; the stars have gone; and—and—and I don't know where we are!' Poor fellow! poor fellow! Up started all the other five occupants of this frail little bark. Anxiously they looked up at the sky, and round about the horizon;—darkness everywhere. Too true! they were all convinced they had overshot the mark. Then the two wives gave tongue with much loudness; then, also, the two slaves gave tongue, but not so loudly as the two wives; it would not have been the correct thing for them to do so; and they didn't. *They*

* "Uncle Tom" wishes to state, for the information of the English reader, that it is customary with the Maories, when paddling, to sing some song, most frequently extemporized to suit the occasion of the voyage. For a war expedition it would be of a very different character from that which would be sung on a friendly visit. At the end of each verse the paddlers joined in a chorus, "Tena! Tena! Tohia! Tohia!" There! There! pull now! pull now!

knew what a very great chief their master was, and so prudently held their tongues in moderate subjection. But Mania and Poto were very loud in their bewailings, especially Mania, who threw against the teeth of Waharoa, 'that *she* knew how it would turn out, when he said he would go in the darkness of night to the deep sea fishing-grounds; and all to please that ugly chit of a girl, Poto!'

" 'Silence you two!' growled out my ancestor; and seeing (or rather *hearing*, it was too dark to *see* much) that they didn't stop howling, he bestowed such a whack on Mania's face with his long paddle, as sent her down all in a heap into the bottom of the canoe, and effectually stopped *her* noisiness for a season. He did not give himself the trouble to find out if he had killed her, or only rendered her speechless.—Oh! my ancestor was a great chief!—but held a short council with the rest; who fearing lest that heavy steering paddle should come upon *their* pates, held their peace also, and only spoke in answer to their lord's questions. The wind rose to a storm; the waves beat high, and 'slapped over' into their canoe, and the strong male slave at the nose had to bale very hard to keep them from sinking. Yes, the wind rose; the waves beat high; the sky was dark; there was no landmark to guide them; no star above to point to them the way they ought to steer. Nothing to show them where they were; for we did not then know anything about St. Paul's invention of the compass;* and so my ancestor, his two pet wives, his two favourite dogs, strongest male slave, two plumpest and prettiest of his female slaves were tossed all that night, and driven before the wind; their paddles were only of use to keep the nose of the canoe *straight*; for if they had fallen into the trough of the sea, they must have been swamped.

"Many days and nights passed in this way. They ate the raw fish they had caught, and gave some to the dogs; they ate the uncooked Taro, and sweet potato; they drank sparingly of their water in the

* I was positively asked by a Maori a few years ago, though it sounds uncommonly like an old "Joe Miller" jest, "How long before St. Paul's shipwreck the compass was known as a means of directing a ship's course?" I answered of course, "The compass was not found out by us until long after St. Paul! What *do* you mean?" "I only mean this, that either *you* or your Bible tell a great lie; *that says*, St. Paul *fetch'd a compass* before he could get to Rhegium!" The interrogator had been taught to read English, and read from the English version of the Testament. If he had referred to his own Maori translation, he would have found that the ambiguity was there avoided.

calabashes; they slept for a short sleep by turns, first one, then another; and so they lived for——O Englishman! how wise *your* forefathers must have been, if you ever had any! *Ours* did not know of *weeks* and *months*. My ancestors knew of *day* and *night*; and of *the turning* of the year, when the gods, by their priests, taught them to bury the sweet potatoes, that they might dig up food from them when the sun came round again. So I cannot tell you how many days they were thus driven before the wind, and I will leave you to guess how very unpleasant it must have been for Waharoa. The two favourite wives scolded each other, for Mania had regained her speech, but she did not speak to my ancestor, for she knew that great chief still held in his hands the terrible, long-hafted steering paddle. The two pet female slaves, youngest and prettiest of their master's household, scolded each other in an undertone; the two best of his dogs barked at each other; and the chief, te Waharoa, growled at each and all in turn, hardly excepting even the cunning Poto in his growlings. And Hoko, the strong male slave, uttered curses, not loud (oh no! he knew better than to do that!) but very deep. He did not seem able to rejoice in the fact, that his lord had told him to 'cheer up!' that if the canoe should go down he of all its living freight had the least cause for sorrow; for that he (the master) would leave a message that he (the slave) should be made free.*

"Was not my ancestor a very great chief?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIGHT OF LAND; THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE;
THE FINAL FEAST!

"WELL, and so on they went; seeing nothing by which to direct their course, or to show whither they were going, and could only do their best to keep the canoe 'head on' to the waves. They were all tired, and cramped, and hungry, and thirsty. At length, one glad evening,

* King Solomon tells us in the words of the preacher, "The thing that hath been is that which shall be," and that "there is no new thing under the sun." I remember in an old school-book ("Analecta Græca Minora" I think it was), there was a jest to the same effect: a wealthy scholar telling his slave not to weep at the prospect of the vessel's foundering, for that he had just made his will in his tablets, and had made him free.

the clouds lifted, and these poor things, whose heart had been so dark within them saw a gleam of hope. What was that in the horizon? Clouds?—clouds, which so often vex the voyagers by sea from their likeness to land? Or, could it be *land*?—true land? Oh! how the hearts of my ancestor, of his two wives, of his three slaves, and perhaps of his dogs, go ‘*pita-pita*,’ like the flutter of a bird’s wing when it is hovering. At last the sun set; and oh, joy! the cloudy land-like appearance did not go away, but the sun went down behind it. Land it was, most surely! The moon was well up; all the darkness of the storm had passed over; and now they paddled joyfully on towards the longed-for land of rest. But when they neared the coast a disappointment awaited them. *What* a country it was! What they saw first by the light of the moon was only a coast of high and inaccessible cliffs; with no place to put into, and no beach to run the canoe upon! But still it was *land*, and they paddled by the shore; and before the moon set and the light had quite died away, they discerned an opening in the high cliffs. They boldly ran their canoe in, and discovered themselves to be in a fine, spacious, and apparently land-locked harbour. At the command of te Waharoa, the male slave sounded with the long line which had the anchoring stone tied at the end of it. He found the bottom, made fast the line to the canoe’s nose, and then all the party began to prepare for a good, safe, and quiet sleep. But the chief rolled himself up in his mat, and gave one more command that memorable night. ‘You Hoko! you slave! mind you keep awake, and keep a good look-out too! or I’ll eat you!’ You know, Englishman, our forefathers used to eat slaves. And so all had the chance of a peaceful rest, except the strong male slave, who was ordered to keep awake.

“When all was quiet—a quiet unbroken save by the heavy snores of my ancestor (he *was* a chief!)—by the quieter snores of the two wives—by the *sotto voce* grumblings of the strong male slave—and by the whinings of the two dogs, who *smelt* the land, and longed to be on it;—the following conversation took place quietly between Hui and Kawe, the two prettiest and plumpest of the female slaves, who did not go to sleep as soon as their master and mistresses, for were they not slaves?

“*Hui*: What a jolly good thing it is to be once more at anchor; and when the sun appears to-morrow in his place for rising, we shall go ashore. But what frights we must be! after so many long days and

nights of horror, of toil, of fasting! What will the young men of the place think of our looks?

"*Kawe*: O Hui! how can you talk so! Perhaps we shall all be cooked and eaten; or, perhaps, we may be even eaten raw!

"*Hui*: They won't eat *us* anyway, *Kawe*. They may eat the old chief, and his two hags of wives, and Hoko, the strong slave at the nose of the canoe. My word! *Kawe*, how he growls! It is just as well for his peace of mind that the chief is snoring, like a great brute of a pig, as he is.

"*Kawe*: Perhaps we should growl, too, Hui, if we had, had to keep watch, after all the days and nights that he has had to bale out the water, and keep the canoe from swamping. Poor fellow! I'm quite sorry for him. Hard lines, his!

"*Hui*: I say, *Kawe*, perhaps, after all, there mayn't be any men at all on this new land?

"*Kawe*: Hush! (and she spoke still more in a whisper than before) Hush! I don't much care about men; but Hui, there are gods and spirits without number. Hark! listen! don't you hear them? and so the two girls crouched at the bottom of the canoe; and, awe-struck, listened to the sound of the fluttering of countless wings, as they supposed, of the gods and spirits of this new land. There was, indeed, on all sides a strange, mysterious sound, like the sough of the wind when it blows through trees made leafless* by a fire; just like the '*whio*,' or whistling noise that the old Maori gods used to make when they came to visit the earth; that was before your Christians' God came to this country, and drove into the darkness of night and oblivion all the Atua Maori (or native deities).

"*Kawe* was the first to break the awful silence; she whispered softly to her lighter-hearted sister slave: 'O Hui! what *shall* we do? Let us make an offering to the unknown Gods of this new land. Have you got anything of value about you?'

"'Not I, faith,' answered Hui. 'Who would bring any finery with them into a fishing canoe?'

"'O, I have my coral necklace,' said poor *Kawe*, with a sigh; for the coral necklace was a love-token from a youth of her own land, who

* The trees in New Zealand are indeciduous. The natives burn a piece of bush when they are making a new plantation. It is to this that the old story-teller alludes to above.

would be no more seen by her;—‘I will give *that* to the Gods!’ and, without more time for thought, she broke the string which bound the beautiful coral round her neck, and cast the much-loved ornament into the sea, accompanying the offering with a deep, heart-breaking sigh, and the faintly spoken words of the old song:

‘O ye gods! why do ye eat out our hearts!
Take my heart, my liver, my life!
Take this offering from me, Kawe,
And be ye propitious to our party!’

“The two girls, exhausted by their long, wearisome voyage, and feeling easier at having performed the act of homage and propitiatory offering to the gods of the new land, fell asleep. I dare say, if the truth was known, we should find that Hoko, who ought to have kept watch all the rest of the night, went to sleep also in his place at the nose of the canoe, when he saw there was no one left awake to tell his lord of his neglect of his command.

“Well, the morning broke: Hui was the first to awake. Her exclamation, ‘Auetai! e!’* was loud enough to waken up the living, sleeping bodies in the canoe. Her exclamation was involuntary. No wonder she had made it. Countless birds, of all sorts and sizes, were flying about and above them, or resting on the placid water of the smooth harbours. ‘*There* are your gods, Kawe!’ she said, pointing derisively to the birds; ‘He manu kau! They are only birds!’

“‘O, but see, Hui! the gods have accepted our offering, and have hung coral necklaces on all the trees!’ So saying, she pointed to the land nearest them. There grew the Pohutukawa-tree, with its fantastic gnarled branches, its dark-green leaves, its bunches of beautiful crimson flowers. To these crimson flowers Kawe pointed. The great chief asked for an explanation, and got from Hui a sort of ‘Punch’ version of last night’s talk and deeds. He looked approvingly at Kawe, the prettiest, not the plumpest of the two female slaves, and he condescended to say; ‘This harbour shall be called “Manukau”—*only birds*—in memory of this day. Come! let us go ashore: there are no men there, for there are no smokes from cooking fires.’

“I could tell a great deal more,” said my old travelling comrade;

* “Auetai! auetai e!” are ejaculations of astonished surprise; something like a young English lady’s “O la!” “Goodness, gracious me.”

"but it is time for us to go to sleep, so I will shorten the rest. The harbour, as you know, is still called Manukau, even by you English; and now you know the 'reason why.'

"The canoe was beached. The great chief, my ancestor, strolled about (not going out of sight or hearing of his party, lest there *might* be enemies; was he not a *great* chief?); and his words, which he spoke to himself were as follows:


"'We are hungry: there are fish and birds in the harbour, and cockles in the muddy sand of the beach. But, pah!—what food to appease the hunger of a great chief! Let's see! I'll give my wife Mania (she's such a vixen! but rather too old to eat)—I'll give her to be Hoko's wife, that I may keep up the breed of slaves. I'll keep Poto; and I'll marry Kawe, to be my second wife in place of Mania. As for Hui,—she seems *fat*; at all events, she's saucy! What a *nice* girl she is! *Nice* girl!' he repeated, as he walked back to his people. Then he said to her: 'Hui, go on the beach, and gather cockles for a feast.' He did not look at her whilst he spoke, but just caught sight of her as, thinking his back was turned, she made a most unlady-like gesture, putting out her tongue at him, with a horrid grimace. And so, while his two wives, and his prettiest female slave, and his strongest male slave, were all busy—some in building roofs for their shelter, some in trying to bring fire by rubbing two sticks together—Hui picked up a basket, and went on the shore to gather cockles for their meal. Then my ancestor took a green stone club,* and stepping quietly after the girl down to the beach, waited beneath some bushes until he saw she had nearly gathered a sufficient number of cockles;—and then he went softly behind her, and with one blow from his club laid the poor thing dead on the mud! . . . 'She's not fallen off much in flesh considering our late privations!' he muttered, standing over her body. 'She *was* a nice thing! I hope she *will* be a nice thing!' . . . So he went back to his party; gave his screw of a wife, Mania, to his slave Hoko; married Kawe for his own second wife; and, for a feast to celebrate these double nuptials, they, between them, ate up Hui, with cockle-sauce. So you know now the story of the Manukau. Hallo! Niko! Why—the miserable!—the fool!—the—the—the—has fallen asleep while *I* was talking! Niko!—I say! Niko!"

* One of the insignia of chieftain-ship was the "*Mere Poenamu*," or green stone club, spoken of in text.

Thinking that there might be a quarrel between the two, I put a stop to further proceedings by shaking the ashes out of my pipe, and lighted my candle and retired to my tent. Just before I put out my light, the old man Honè pushed his head in at my tent-door, saying: "Pakeha! Englishman! Was not my ancestor a *great chief*?"

UNCLE TOM.

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE PORCUPINE.

“ET out of the way!”

That was what the hedgehog said as he passed down the rabbit-warren; and away scampered all the rabbits, for they knew they would get pricked if they stood in his way.

This made the hedgehog more bumptious and disagreeable than he was by nature even;—and he was quite bad enough by nature.

“Get out of the way!”

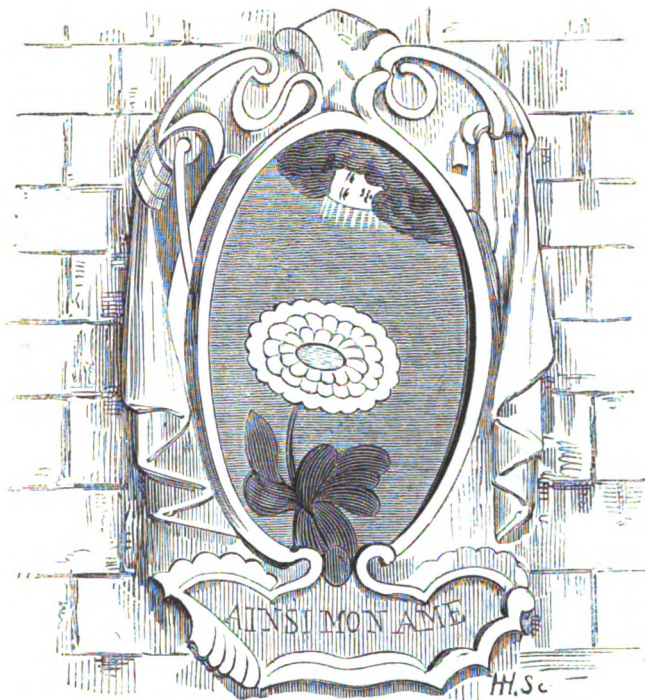
He said it again as he came where the porcupine was sitting in the middle of the path. The porcupine neither stirred nor replied, but only shot out one of his sharpest quills, which stuck into the hedgehog and wounded him so severely that he went lame ever afterwards.

Now no one got out of his way, but all derided him—even the rabbits, for they knew he could not catch them to *avenge* himself.

(Of course all this happened in ancient days, when everything was true that was put in books.)

So if any one is by nature of a cowardly, hedgehoggish disposition, he should learn to curb it, for his own sake, if he has no better reason, and not be prickly even to rabbits, for they can laugh when one is disabled. As for porcupines, you see what they do; and there are always plenty of them: sometimes they lurk in holes so that you cannot see them; but they can shoot their quills even from holes.

H. B. F.



"THUS, O MY SOUL!"*

"**THUS**:" does the word need comment? would some one have it explained?



Thus turns the little earthly flower, day by day, to its distant lord; not discerning him by sight, but seeking after him by the surer instinct of its inner being.

Thus turns the little earthly flower, day by day, to its distant lord; not discerning him by sight, but seeking after him by the surer instinct of its inner being.

. . . O heavenly light,—Light of Light—so distant, yet so near; present yonder, as a mighty power which none can fully comprehend; present in our hearts by influences—life-giving, divine—which all may follow if they will; touch the mountains, pierce the valleys, descend upon thy human flowers; draw us as Thou would'st have us drawn—*thus* after Thee.

And thou, my soul, follow where that Light leads. As the sun its maker, as the flower its master, so thou thy God.

Thus, O my soul!

EDITOR.

* *Ainsi mon Ame!* The emblem figured above, with this French motto, was the original "sign" on Child's Banking House, and is still preserved within the building.

The Spring.

Words by LL.B.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

The hy - a - cinth and

daf - fo - dil, Are shining in the bed; Untouch'd up - on the window-sill, The

Robin leaves his bread; Soft breezes o'er the common blow, The cop-ses bud a -

gain; The streams are flush d with melt-ing snow, And ear - ly fall - ing

CHORUS.

rain. The cuc - koos and the thrush-es sing The Spring! the

8va.

Spring! the cuckoos and the thrushes sing The Spring! the Spring!

2.

The sun has gone, the last warm ray
Is fading on the lea:
The crocus closing with the day,
Ensnares the laden bee,
Pale mists along the meadows lie,
The beetle takes his flight:
The black rooks wander o'er the sky,
And call the hour of night.
Chorus. The cuckoos, &c.

MARCH MEMORANDA.



Haste, blustering March! Upon thy dreary way
Rush bellowing past, with breezes rough and keen,
And biting frosts, for none desire thy stay,—
Thou foe to faltering age, thou nurse of spleen!

Fierce as the god whose name thou bear'st to-day,
As erst in Rome, thou too with altered mien,
Canst tune thy rugged mood to moments gay,
Painting the red-brown buds with palest green.

Now the young lambs sport gaily o'er the meads,
And primroses lift up their starry heads
On mossy banks, beneath the hedgerows bare;
And purple violets, from their lowly beds,
With fleeting perfume load the genial air,
—Like words of love—most precious as most rare.

H. S. E.

A.D. 1757, March 14. Execution of Admiral John Byng.

The ironical French phrase, "*pour encourager les autres*," is now in constant use when any one has been ill-treated after doing his duty; but many of our young readers probably know nothing of the origin of the sarcasm, and will be astonished to hear that the words were put by a satirical Frenchman into the mouth of a (supposed) witness of the unjust execution of an English admiral.

This was John Byng, son of a sailor

father, George Byng, who was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Byng and Viscount Torrington, and died First Lord of the Admiralty in 1733. His fourth son, John, seemed destined to follow in his father's footsteps, and entered the navy young; passed in the usual manner through the subordinate ranks, and subsequently distinguished himself on several different occasions. Having reached at last, as his father had done before him, the rank of admiral, he was (1756) sent in command of a squadron of ten

ships of the line to the Mediterranean for the defence of the Island of Minorca, then attacked by the French. He was to save the blockaded capital, Mahon, and to destroy the much larger French squadron commanded by M. de la Galissonnière. The two fleets encountered each other on the 20th of May—and Byng retreated. Some say he was forced to retreat, but whatever may have been the cause of his defeat, he was, on his return to England, tried by court-martial for cowardice: the accusation against him being that he had not come to close quarters enough with the enemy before firing upon them—that he had, in fact, kept too far off to do them much mischief. Some said he had avoided bringing the French squadron to a decisive action in consequence. The trial lasted a long time and ended by a conviction, and the dreadful sentence that the admiral should be shot on board his ship. A strong recommendation to mercy was subjoined, however, as the utmost that could be proved against the unhappy man was that he had not done his utmost against a foe superior in strength. Unfortunately, however, the ministry of the day, alarmed at the thought of what would be *their* share of blame for having sent out so small a squadron to attack a much larger force, turned a deaf ear to the recommendation to mercy, and confirmed the sentence of death of the court-martial. Poor Byng was shot at Portsmouth, March 14, 1757, in sight of the fleet, meeting his cruel fate with the calm resignation of a Christian and a gentleman.

Here was a fine subject, of course, not only for grief and shame at home, but for satire from the very nation who had triumphed at Minorca. In a tale, very popular in its day, by a French writer,

more popular than a Christian land ought to have suffered him to be, appeared the following ironical account of poor Byng's execution:

"Chatting in this manner we landed at Portsmouth, where the shore was lined by a vast concourse of people, all watching attentively a stout man on his knees, with his eyes bandaged, on the deck of one of the ships. Four soldiers, placed opposite him, fired each three balls into his head in the most composed manner in the world, after which the whole crowd dispersed, apparently quite satisfied. 'What does all this mean?' exclaimed Candide, 'what demon is at the head of affairs here?'

"He inquired further who the stout man was who had been killed so unceremoniously. 'He is an admiral,' was the answer. 'And why has the admiral been killed?'

"'Because, was the reply, 'he didn't kill people enough. He attacked a French admiral in battle, and people say he didn't get near enough to him.'

"'But,' observed Candide, 'the French admiral was as far from him as he was from the French admiral!'

"'That's true, certainly,' answered the other; 'but in this country we think it a good thing to kill an admiral, now and then—to encourage the rest'—(*pour encourager les autres*)."

It is well for a nation which dares to face and own its sins. History and biography have done for Byng justice which the passion of the hour did not accord to him. The extreme severity exercised towards him is now always mentioned as a subject of deep regret, and it has even been disputed whether he deserved any punishment at all! Alas for the fallibility of human judgments!

TALK UPON BOOKS.

"THE Little Corporal," Chicago, Illinois. From July 1865, to January, 1868.—



A child's paper from the far west of North America! How our "forbears" would have stared to hear of such a thing! But now that men have almost put a girdle round the earth, it scarcely rouses a moment's surprise even to see "Chicago, Illinois," on an illustrated child's newspaper!

This periodical appeared first at the close of the late sad American war; but English children are more concerned to know what it is now, than what gave rise to it then. And we can in all conscience assure them we think they will derive a quite new pleasure from the perusal of its pages; as it contains (as a matter of course) allusions to scenes and customs of which we English folk know but little till we "set off on our travels," as it used to be called. Now, it is not every one, even in this wandering age, who is able to "set off on his travels" at all; and to those who are not (among whom we ourselves are numbered), it is delightful to *hear* something of the wonders, beauties, and varieties we are debarred from seeing.

Indian, as well as Yankee customs, manners, and ideas, are wafted to us on these sheets. Tales of blue birds we do not know, of fire-flies we never see, of rattlesnakes we never tremble at. For "The Little Corporal" gives not only tales of various lengths, but information of every kind, besides amusements interminable—games, rebuses, &c., not to mention pretty songs for the young folk, sometimes single, sometimes in parts, the poetry of which is often both characteristic and sweet.

To those who have friends in Canada and have heard thrilling descriptions of "sleighting parties," will not the following verses fall pleasantly on the ear?—

"Away, away! our hearts are gay,
 And need not breathe, by night or day,
 A sigh for summer pleasure;

The merry bells ring gaily out,
 Our lips keep time with song and shout,
 And laugh in happy measure.

"Away, away! across the plain
 We sweep as seabirds skim the main,
 Our pulses gaily leaping;
 The stars are bright, the track is white,
 There's joy in ev'ry heart to-night,
 While winter winds are sleeping."

We have *italicized* the last line to attract attention to its truthfulness. The lowest temperature in those regions is not annoying *till the wind rises*.

This is a pleasant way for English children to learn something of America and all belonging to it—Indian life, manners, animals, &c., and many other matters we cannot specify here. We recommend "The Little Corporal," therefore, as a very desirable addition to a juvenile library. It will not supply the place of other periodicals, but it will add a perfectly different stock of information and amusement to English publications of a similar sort.

If any of our young readers (in their *teenhood*) wish to be interested, instructed, and directed, on the subject of our early Church History, let them at once beg papa and mamma to present them with Mr. E. H. Hudson's "Queen Bertha and her Times." (Rivingtons, London, &c.) Bertha, granddaughter of Clovis of France, and wife of Saxon Ethelbert of England, was our first Christian queen; and round her deeply-interesting personal history, Mr. Hudson has gathered facts relative to the ancient British and Anglo-Saxon churches which cannot fail to enchain attention, and do good, wherever read. The book is thoroughly wholesome; but it is also as full of romantic charm as a work of fiction. References to the sound and comforting pages of Dean Hook's "Archbishops of Canterbury," and to honest old Sharon Turner's "Anglo-Saxon History," testify to the first fact—a perusal will confirm the second.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

“**R**AMINAGROBIS” is warmly thanked. But *Aunt Judy* must see some more. This is but the overture to the performance if she understands it aright. As to its being “un peu trop ‘slow’ pour plaire aux jeunes lecteurs de nos jours,” *Aunt Judy* must remark that the word *savant* would be more appropriate. But because there exists in the mental temperament of the present day a sort of craving for exciting food, is that a reason for encouraging the morbid appetite in the rising generation? A *little* of the old-fashioned learning, and old-fashioned habit of thinking too, might serve to sober down this passion for the horrible, and would not lower the tone of society or of conversation.

The proposal made by “Raminagrobis,” that the “Aunt Judy’s Cot” should benefit by the contribution to “Maga,” is thankfully assented to. When the time comes “Raminagrobis” will observe a donation in the subscription-list under that name.

The note and MS. of “A Young German,” have, by inadvertence, been neglected, and an apology is due. The MS. is *too real*, if the “Young German” will understand the phrase. It is, in fact, clearly a life-story, with a necessarily imperfect conclusion; most interesting, therefore, to all acquainted with the circumstances, but hardly fit for the public eye. The MS. will be returned if an address is given.

Aunt Judy will bear the request of “Subscribers from the first” in mind. She cannot promise more at this distance of time. She is gratified to hear of the successful performances of *Abon Hassan*, and thinks the notion of the Army being represented by “*the two babies*” an excellent one.

The following fresh donations towards

the establishment of “Aunt Judy’s Cot” are gratefully recorded here:

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. F. W. Dixon	0	10	0
Rev. E. C. Alston, Dennington	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Dawson, Driffield,			
<i>(annual)</i>	0	5	0
Ditto, children	0	5	0
Proceeds of a Children’s Penny			
Reading, per ditto	0	8	0
Amy and Ernest, Lewes	0	7	0
Lily F——	0	1	0
“Vectis” Yarmouth, Isle of			
Vectis	1	3	0
Miss Mary Ann Palmer	0	0	6
Constance	0	5	0
Esther	0	5	0
“Fritz”	0	1	0
Miss Millicent Villiers, Bedford			
Villa, Bath	0	2	6
From Chelsea	0	1	0
Gertrude F. Palmer	0	2	0
“An offering from a school of			
little Welsh girls”	0	3	6
C. E. P., Retford	0	5	0
Elizabeth	0	2	6
Mildred	0	1	0
“Fire Fly,” Manchester	0	1	0
Janie, Mary, and Edward, 18,			
Wilton Crescent (<i>annual</i>) . .	0	10	0
Master R. H. Gubbins, The			
Oaks, Leamington, collected	0	5	6
Master Charles Gubbins	0	3	0
Rose Ellen Rendel	0	5	0
Isabella Wilkin (<i>annual</i>)	0	2	6
Constance, Rosehill, White-			
haven (<i>annual</i>)	0	1	0
Florence and Mary	0	3	0
Catherine S. Jones, Clanacombe			
House, Kingsbridge, Devon	0	5	0
Little Emily, Bournemouth . .	0	2	0
F. Dixon	0	10	0
Miss Muriel A. Tidd, Herne			
Hill	0	5	0
Amy and Ada, Maidstone, pic-			
tures of their own painting .	—		

	£	s.	d.
Oliver and Hilda, Chichester	0	5	0
M. A. E., Tunbridge Wells	0	10	6
Clara, Surbiton (and a collecting-box for the Cot)	0	2	6
Florence	0	2	6
T. and A., Cirencester	0	4	6
Ada M. Barker, Boughton Lodge, Newton-in-Cartmell	2	0	0
S. F., Marlow	0	2	6
G. S. L., Langleybury, Watford	0	5	0
Florence and Armitage Ledger, Roundlay, Leeds	0	5	0
Miss Loxdale, Castle Hill, Aberystwith (<i>annual</i>)	1	0	0
Miss Rachel Clowes, Burton Court, Pembridge, Hereford	1	1	0
Master Charles Clowes, ditto	0	5	0
Edith, Alice, and Ada Cowie, 21, Stanley Crescent	0	3	6
A. R. T.	0	4	6
Judith, The High Beech, Holington, Hastings	0	3	0
L. H., Luffness, Drem., N.B.	0	2	6
Edith, Brighton	0	1	6
Julia and Robert A. Heath, 205, Adelaide Road N. W. (also a box sent for small contributions)	0	13	0
G. L., Hastings	0	5	0
E. D., Bath (<i>annual</i>)	0	10	0
Sophia Dora Spicer, collected	0	15	0
Ditto, proceeds of a home exhibition and sale of pictures	1	12	0
Theresa and Campbell Wynne	0	11	6
Caroe Marius	0	5	0
Mrs. Ringwood and children, Dungannon, Ireland (<i>annual</i>)	1	0	0

An appeal from the "House of Relief for Children with Chronic Diseases of the Joints," 19, Queen Square, W.C., has our sincere sympathy. Its supporters ask for a "smile from *Aunt Judy*," and may be assured that *Aunt Judy* feels for them; for where is there a village in England where chronic hip disease is not to be found? All too well one knows the large eyes in the wasted forms so peculiar to the little sufferers from this terrible disease. Cousin Hester's child (yet alive), a seven years'

patient of this description, still lingers on his pallet bed in the unfurnished room; but now, though recumbent, he is able to "amuse" his solitude by knitting useful worsted socks and stockings.

The children received into this house must have been "discharged from the Hospital for Sick Children," or have "failed to obtain admission there." It may be considered, therefore, an offset from the more general establishment, and worthy of all support, as a special effort made to meet a special evil; hip and joint diseases being of so protracted a character, and requiring special treatment. Donations of wine, cod-liver oil, and warm clothing are in these cases particularly desirable. The institution is but a year old, and though its patrons are influential and of distinguished rank, it needs to be more widely known and supported. Any special advocacy of it on *Aunt Judy's* part is of course impossible, but a smile and a good word shall not be wanting.

Once more *Aunt Judy* has to thank an unknown friend, "Sarah," for the kindest and most appreciating of letters. Can sweeter words fall on a magazine editor's ears than "this half year seems (if possible) to surpass those preceding it?" Moreover, our incognita has been at work for us, and *Aunt Judy* tenders her grateful acknowledgments for a bit of delicate handiwork, beautiful in itself and doubly valuable as a testimony of the regard which may arise between author and reader. To "Sarah's" "supposition" that it is silly to cry over books, *Aunt Judy* answers (for the statement was "twisted up into a sort of question" like Bruno's)—No! There is neither virtue nor wisdom in inensibility. Rather the contrary, if Aristotle, on Dante's authority, is to be believed:

"— quanta la cosa è più perfetta,
Più senta 'l bene, e così la doglienza."

"— the nearer each attains
A perfect state, a finer sense is given,
To thrill with pleasures, or to throbb with pains."



THE ESCAPE.


Frontispiece.]

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THE GIPSIES; OR, ELLIE AND WALTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHETLANDER.

“HAT made the near leader start so on the moor, Jarvis?” said Roger’s uncle, Lord Sandwich, to one of the postilions, on the day when Ellie had seen her cousin.

“Some gipsy girls, my Lord, on stilts; eight feet high or more. It was enough to have frightened any horse. He’s as quiet and gentle——” The man patted and stroked the horse very tenderly.

“Gipsies on stilts, did you say?” said Roger, colouring all over.

“Yes, sir.”

“If there are gipsies in the neighbourhood,” said Lord Sandwich, “the keepers must be on the look out. They will be setting night-lines, and fishing the preserved water, and doing all sorts of mischief.”

Later in the evening two or three other gentlemen came to Sandwich Hall to shoot, for a few days. Some of them knew Roger before; he was rather a favourite with them, and they noticed that he was much more quiet and thoughtful than he used to be. Lord Sandwich thought it much too sudden a change to be lasting, as he had been anything rather than quiet and thoughtful all the earlier part of the day.

Extraordinarily early, indeed as early as five o’clock on the following morning, a sportsman, thoroughly equipped in the very highest style of fashion, issued, on the back of a beautiful shooting pony, from the gates of the stable yard at Sandwich Hall. He took a bridle-road that led through the plantations, and which, after some time, opened upon the outskirts of Belton Moor. A single pointer followed the sportsman, who was not a man at all except in his own estimation, being none other than cousin Roger, who is now about fifteen years of age.

This pointer, being perfectly well trained, trotted after Roger as unconcernedly as if there was not a hare, pheasant, or partridge in these wide and well-preserved plantations. At last the road descended to the level of a bridge which crossed a splendid trout stream that rushed down from the moors, over rocks and through the deep copses, forming

pools where abundant trout loved to live and enjoy themselves till the hour of their fate and the angler arrived.

There was a very deep dell just below the bridge, down stream, and now Nell, the pointer, having been attracted by some object in that direction, instead of keeping close to her master, began to bark in a way that excited the wrath of cousin Roger, who called Nelly angrily back. The slanting beams of the morning sun streamed down upon the dell and showed a man, crouching amongst the ferns and brushwood. But his face was turned upwards and the light fell upon it, so that Roger was able to recognise the peculiar face of the fisherman who had tempted him, so unfortunately for Ellie, with his extraordinary skill in fishing at Moreton Chase.

Roger knew that he had no business there, and felt certain that he was taking up night-lines. But he did not interfere with him in any way, or appear to have seen him. The sight of him only confirmed Roger in his previous plan, whatever that might be. So he rode over the bridge, and, after going through what seemed to be never-ending plantations, passed through a gate on to Belton Moor.

The keen quick eye of the gipsy fisherman had also recognised the smart, jaunty, conceited-looking young Etonian. Coupling this unexpected sight with the story of the gipsy girls and Ellie the day before, he thought it just possible that Roger might have been in the carriage which had had its horses frightened by Ellie. Thus it was very likely that he had recognised Ellie, though she was so much altered. If he had not done so, still, as he was riding towards the moor, he might fall in with the tents, or, what was worse, with her and Zenobia, who was this man's sister, in their wanderings over the heath.

Considering that the risks that would be run if Ellie were discovered far outweighed the advantages that might be gained by the produce of the night-lines, he determined to go back to the tents.

Accordingly he crept quietly through the thick matting of brushwood, ferns, and brambles to a spot where the stream was passable by means of some stones and rocks in its bed. Scarcely, however, had he planted both feet firmly on the opposite bank which lay nearest the moor, than he found himself in the strong grasp of two burly fellows in velveteen suits, who were, in fact, no other than two of Lord Sandwich's gamekeepers. Under the guard of these men, who were

quite irresistible, Bertram Faa, the brother of Ellie's dear Zenobia, was marched off to the house of the nearest magistrate. This had the desirable effect of keeping him out of the way of cousin Roger in the design which led him so very early to the wild solitudes of Belton Moor.

Roger, well knowing that if the gipsy fisherman attempted to reach any camp his tribe might have on the moor, his fast-spirited pony would soon pass him, was only anxious about finding the right track to it, lest Bertram should take a short cut while he was riding aimlessly about, and get there first.

When he was fairly on the heath, therefore, he stopped and looked carefully round him. No one was to be seen, nor were either huts or tents visible. There was on one hand, at a great distance, a mound composed of the rubbish from some old disused mine. He remembered naming this to his uncle the day before, and his uncle had answered by saying that the mines hereabouts were worked out. Also he recollected that this conversation took place a little while after the unaccountable starting of the near leader. From there, then, the children on stilts must have come.

Roger lifted his bridle, and the pony darted off like wild-fire across the level moor. He dismounted, and laid his gun on the turf, and sought all round for some traces of the gipsy girls. Lying about were wreaths of heath and blue bells and broom, broken or unfinished, and fragments of flowers were to be seen at intervals in a certain direction across the moor. These traces did not extend very far from the line of the high road, but far enough to show Roger the probable direction which the children had taken. So he took up his gun and mounted his pony again, and proceeded slowly in as straight a line as he could, beginning with the track of the broken garlands, and guided by the sun. The morning grew very hot. There was no shade, and many times Roger seemed to have lost all traces of the gipsy children. Then, in some little sandy track, he saw from time to time long lines drawn in the ground. These he took to have been made by the children dragging the stilts after them. Then a fluttering bit of rag on a furze bush, or another broken flower, kept him on the track.

Who would have given Roger—cousin Roger—credit for so much keenness of vision, and such unwearying care and attention, as well as such patience under a burning sun on the 1st of September? Who,

above all, would have believed him capable of resigning the delight of shooting on the First with "Sandwich" and his friends for anything on earth? But Roger had suffered more for the part he had had in the loss of Ellie than anyone had believed. He had a very noble purpose before him now, and neither trouble or pleasure, or even danger that might be serious, was able to divert him from it. At last, when the sun was high in the heavens, he beheld to his great delight, far on the shadeless purple moor, a group of brown tents at a considerable distance before him. But now the danger that might accrue to Nell, the pointer, who had beguiled the way with "putting up" innumerable hares, rabbits, partridges, and even grouse, amongst the gipsy dogs, made Roger rather uneasy. At last he with some difficulty lifted Nell before him on the pony, and, thus encumbered with dog and gun, he rode up, with a short clay pipe in his bridle-hand, to the gipsy tents.

Women were moving in and out of the tents. Some old crones were sitting in the blazing sunshine. Two or three men were tying up brooms in the background. Children of every age were idling about. Most of the younger men and women were away, pursuing their trade of fortune-telling, poaching, or selling their wares at towns or villages around the moor.

A furious barking of countless dogs of every possible degree of mongrel greeted the pony, his rider, and Nell. Roger, with his gun under his right arm, Nell supported by his right hand, and his pipe in his bridle-hand, seemed a rather helpless individual in case of an attack from them. Shetlander, however, the pony, knew well how to defend himself, and a few skilfully administered kicks taught the rude dogs at least to keep their distance.

"Can you give me a light?" said Roger, holding out his pipe. "I left my matches at home."

One of the men brought a light out of a tent, and Roger gave him some tobacco out of his pouch with great trouble, on account of Nell, who did not like her position at all. The gipsy, pleased with the tobacco, said, "I'll drive these dogs away, sir; you can put your pointer down then. And if you like to rest and smoke your pipe here, you're welcome."

He brought out a whip and speedily sent the tribe of dogs away among the tents. They came, one by one, to peep at the stranger, but did not dare to advance again.

Roger had resisted every temptation on the part of Nell to induce him to shoot. He had wished to avoid awakening the suspicions of the gipsies by the report of his gun. He had thus no game to encumber him. With a disengaged and friendly air he dismounted, keeping the bridle of Shetlander over his arm, and his gun in his hand, and sat down in the shade of a tent with the man who had given him the light. Nell sat in a watchful attitude beside her master. Poor Nell! she would not have given him much help if he had been attacked. She was a peaceful beast, and would have made but a mouthful for the gipsy dogs.

Roger observed that Mr. Bosville's face, well remembered as having looked many times over a certain hedge near the high road at Langton, was nowhere to be seen.

And now we must notice one thing that he *had* observed besides this, which is very important to our history.

He had noticed two little girls about eleven or twelve years of age, more or less, who stood in the circle admiring, or at least wondering at, Shetlander, Nell, and himself. One glance of his quick eye showed him who one of these girls was; and the same glance convinced him that Ellie knew him, but did not dare to speak to him. Both showed great self-control for two such young people at this trying moment.

If Ellie had betrayed her knowledge of her cousin, great danger might have arisen to him, or at least she would have been removed out of the part of the country where it seemed she had friends. If Roger had spoken to her, the same risks would have been run.

Roger's part was a difficult one, and required great circumspection. He was liberal, as a first measure, with his tobacco, and, next, he took a great deal of notice of the children, bestowing a few pence on those whom he fancied belonged to the men, or the better-dressed women. One little urchin he talked to a good deal.

"What's your name, my man?" said he.

The boy did not understand him. The man who was smoking explained. His name was Sancho.

"I'm so sorry I can't understand you, Sancho; you're a fine fellow," said Roger, as the boy spoke to his father in the gipsy language.

"He says he should like to ride your pony, master," said the man.

"I'm afraid he won't stand quiet for you to mount," replied Roger,

"and you would very soon be off again, if you were once on! But I'll give you a ride when I have done my pipe, just round here, if you like."

Deliberately Roger smoked his pipe. He then divided the rest of his tobacco amongst the gipsies. "I never was amongst your tents before," said he. "I like to see life. I've seen a good deal in my time."

Then he mounted Shetlander, having previously strapped his gun very cleverly under the saddle to leave his arms free.

"Well, sirrah! are you to have a ride?" said he to the child he had noticed the most.

Persuading Shetlander with great difficulty to stand still, with the help of the gipsy, he took the child up before him and rode him gently round in front of the tents, evidently to the great delight of the people.

With a cheery, disengaged manner, he then took up another child, a girl about eight this time. Five or six times he went round with a different gipsy child before him, the children all looking on with the greatest delight, screaming and clapping their hands till they excited the dogs to the greatest degree. They barked and yelled in the wildest and most unregulated manner.

"Now it's your turn," said Roger at last, turning to Ellie and Zenobia. "I suppose these are your children," he added, turning to the man he had first spoken to; "they're so like you!"

"Yes, both," said the man.

"Now, each in turn," said Roger. Ellie, fearful of exciting suspicion, held back. Zenobia had her ride like the other children. Then Ellie got up with the help of Roger and the gipsy, and Roger guided the pony round the same space as before, in front of the tents.

When he arrived at the spot of the circle, the farthest from the huts, he said, "Hold fast by me; take hold of my coat."

Then Shetlander, most strangely, began to kick and jump about, and then, followed by Nell, set off in a wild gallop, as if he were quite unmanageable, across the moor.

Swift as were the gipsies, fleet and savage as were their dogs, Shetlander and Nell, inspired by his example, were still fleet. Shetlander, that noble islander, quite outdid himself on this occasion. Whether Ellie's floating rags, or the yelling and shouts of the pursuers inspired

him with even more than his usual vigour, I cannot say. Certainly never before nor since has that best of ponies borne himself so valiantly.

But before long the noise of the gipsy chase grew fainter, and at last subsided quite.

While it was going on, a man was seen flying at the top of his speed through the gorse and heather; he shouted to the gipsies, and they stopped.

"Best not lose any time," said he; "Bertram Faa's taken up for poaching at Sandwich Hall. And I see a young gent yesterday evening in the village with the man that owns it; he's the same gent that Bertram kept about the flies, while I got Juanna. If he sees him, he'll know him, and we shall get into a cruel mess. Now, what were you hunting after?"

"Juanna's gone," said they; "a young gent's pony ran away with both. We cannot tell whether it was an accident or not."

"Pack up and away, then," said Bosville. "They must do without the stilts and the velocipedes at Leighford fair next October."

Lord Sandwich and his friends had returned home early from shooting, quite overpowered by the heat. After they had rested a little while, and heard of the adventure of the gipsy, who had been setting night-lines, and was caught with all kinds of poaching implements about him, they drove over to the magistrate's, where the examination of Bertram was going on.

They had returned from this gentleman's house, and were lounging about on the door-steps or the drive at Sandwich Hall, when a most curious and remarkable sight presented itself.

"What is this? Is it young Lochinvar and the fair Ellen?" said one gentleman, laughing.

"It is Roger's pony, Shetlander, I am sure!" said Lord Sandwich. "Now we shall hear why he went off so early this morning, instead of coming with us; the very thing he came down to Sandwich for."

Poor Shetlander, wearied out with his headlong career over the moor, at least in the first part of his flight from the gipsy tents, and with a long hot walk after the pursuit was ended, came slowly up with Roger, and a strange ragged figure of a gipsy girl, or at least a tramper, behind him.

Roger looked wearied, and was dirty, Shetlander having rolled

over, luckily after the pursuit was over, and luckily, also, on a patch of soft sand, without injuring himself or either of his riders. After this Ellie, as more convenient, mounted behind. Nell, with drooping aspect, trotted drearily after the pony.

"Oh uncle!" shouted Roger, "I'm the happiest fellow in the world!"

No sooner had Roger said this, than Lord Sandwich divined the truth.

"It's Ellie—my own cousin Ellie! She really was carried off by the gipsies!"

CHAPTER IX.

ZENOBIA IN CIVILIZED LIFE.

BEHOLD Ellie once more in her own home, with her own dear mamma, her kind papa, and Walter, at holiday-times. Miss Pratt, the hated tyrant of former days, was sought out and recalled, and Ellie soon showed how much she had missed her lessons by the earnestness and industry with which she resumed them.

Strangely enough, Miss Pratt did not seem to her to be at all tyrannical now. On the contrary, she appeared to Ellie to be gentle and good-tempered, and desirous of making her thoroughly understand her work.

Certainly Mrs. Stanmore had apparently no reason to love the gipsies, who had caused her so much misery. But she could not avoid seeing that Ellie, since her residence with them, had become more loving and more obedient to her, more attentive and reverent at church and at prayers, and that her character had become strengthened, so that she was not so easily led to give way to the persuasions of others, instead of to their reasonings. She was still but a young child, but there was certainly great hope that the misery she had suffered in being separated from her family, and the self-control she had been obliged to use, would bring forth good fruit as she became older.

Walter, too, was convinced that it was not good to have secrets with weeding-women, and even with cousin Roger, or any other cousins.

And his devotion to his Ellie was never worn away, even by the rough discipline of a schoolboy's life.

As to Lucy Simmons, as she was married, soon after Ellie's return, to

one of the under-gardeners, we consider her provided for, and she therefore will not reappear in these pages.

But some of Ellie's friends would not allow her to forget them. On the morning of Christmas Day, after her return to Langton Moss, Ellie rose up to the sweet music of bells. She had been busy with Miss Pratt and the school children till late the evening before, adorning Langton church with winter garlands. Ellie had been very expert, before she lived with the gipsies, in twisting up wreaths of flowers as well as in arranging them in various ways with needles and thread and pasteboard, and other helps, for the church or the school. In their simpler forms she had made great numbers of wreaths for the gipsies, who had sold them in the places near their encampments. We have seen how much her wreaths of heath and broom were admired by the gipsies, and how some of them, broken and thrown away, partly in a quarrel, by the gipsy girls, partly in unsuccessful attempts to bind them together, had guided Roger to the camp on Belton Moor.

The church looked beautiful that Christmas morning. Ellie thought she had never really felt the happiness of that blessed day so much as now. She wished all the world were as happy as she was! And when the poorer villagers came for their dinners to the Moss, and wished her a merry Christmas and a happy new year, she thought how sad it was that there were so many, even in this land, who did not know why Christmas should be happy, or why there was a Christmas at all.

No wonder that her thoughts turned to the gipsies. For, though there was neither drunkenness nor cruelty amongst those who had stolen her, revenge and theft and deceit and quarrelling showed that there was no religion amongst them. And, though little Ellie had tried her best to lead those she talked most with to listen to her words about Him who was the example of all goodness, only Zenobia could be brought to attend to her at all.

As she went to the afternoon service with Miss Pratt, all her thoughts were turned to Zenobia; she prayed very earnestly for her, and even reproached herself because she could not banish her from her mind during the sermon.

She started so as nearly to upset Miss Pratt as she came out of church, for there, just outside the church porch, stood Zenobia herself and her mother, who was also the mother of Bertram the fisherman.

"My dear, dear Zenobia!" exclaimed Ellie, embracing her gipsy friend very warmly, to the astonishment of the villagers, who naturally thought that Ellie must hold every gipsy in hatred and horror.

Zenobia's mother said that her daughter had been most unhappy since Ellie's departure, and that she had at last yielded to her wishes and travelled a long way to bring her to see her own young lady. Bertram had been in prison for poaching, and the tribe had dispersed for awhile, for fear of getting into trouble about the little *Busnee's* affair. They were to meet soon at a seaport, which Mrs. Faa did not name, to embark for Spain, where they had been some years ago, before most of the young people of the horde were born. Zenobia did not like to leave England, where her dear young lady lived, so, if the *Busnee* lady liked to have her for company, she might live with her. She would not be troubled with the tribe, as they would be far over the sea.

The enthusiastic Ellie was so delighted at this proposition that she was quite astonished at Miss Pratt's coldness and want of sympathy with her. To have Zenobia with her, and teach her, and keep her a Christian, and have her baptized in the church, would be so delightful, and then she should really think she had done good by being among the gipsies.

So Zenobia and her mother accompanied Ellie and Miss Pratt to the Moss, there to lay the extraordinary proposal before Colonel and Mrs. Stanmore.

I certainly do not think that Ellie's papa and mamma were very prudent in their decision on this occasion. Ellie's earnest prayers, and the great comfort Zenobia had been to her, overpowered their own persuasion, that great difficulties and ultimate disappointment might attend the execution of this plan.

Mrs. Faa, who was a woman of very good family among the gipsies, seemed rather to think that she was conferring a favour on Juanna, as she called Ellie, in providing her with a companion, and she stood rather on her dignity when she was told that, though Zenobia would be instructed by Miss Pratt, she would only be received as an attendant upon Ellie. However, she gave way on this point, and condescendingly threw in, as a sort of makeweight to the bargain, her consent to Zenobia's going to church, adding:

"And you may teach her what Juanna has been harping about so

long—about your Holy Book, and all that. For my part, I have not listened to her; I stick to the ways of my people.”

At last the affair was concluded; Colonel Stanmore said that he should not allow any gipsies to come to Langton Moss on pretence of seeing Zenobia, and he should give her to her mother again, if he found that she and her tribe had not gone to Spain.

Ellie went to bed that night, that Christmas night, in a state of inexpressible happiness. Colonel and Mrs. Stanmore, on the contrary, felt a very unpleasant sense of uncertainty, and a consciousness of having acted imprudently. Still it might prove that they had gained a devoted attendant and friend for Ellie, and they wisely determined to hope for the best.

Zenobia found her bed extremely cold and uncomfortable, and of course it was difficult, at first, to teach her to take her meals in what Mrs. Stanmore's maid called a Christian-like manner. But she was quick and clever, and these little drawbacks were soon overcome.

Miss Pratt, however, found that it was nearly impossible to turn that quickness and cleverness to any account in book-learning. Zenobia's faculty of attention had never been brought into play, and it was the most difficult matter in the world to make her think of the same thing for two minutes together. Miss Pratt was very persevering, and Ellie seemed to think that her own honour as well as the welfare of her friend was concerned in her being taught at least what the humblest English school-child learns.

So the two were indefatigable in their attempts upon Zenobia, but the progress they made was so slow as to be very disheartening.

But Zenobia delighted in music. There her attention was awakened and kept up. She would listen to Mrs. Stanmore, Miss Pratt, or Ellie, for hours, if they would play or sing to her. Here, then, seemed to be an opening. An attempt was made to teach her music. Alas! the drudgery of learning the first rudiments of that art bid fair to disgust her with it altogether. But after she had overcome the mechanical difficulty of laying her hands on the piano, and using her fingers properly, she was able to find out every air by ear, and soon more difficult pieces of music followed. There seemed a prospect of her acquiring a great power of execution in this way. Another object, however, soon attracted all her attention.

Mrs. Stanmore possessed a guitar. As soon as Zenobia saw this, she

seemed almost frantic with delight. She said that her father had had one, but it was broken. He could play upon it, and she remembered both words and music of several of his songs and airs. She suffered herself to be taught how to make the notes; indeed, with this she really took pains, so great was her desire to play. As soon as the weary lessons were over, off she went to her room with the guitar, and very soon she was able to find out the Spanish airs she knew, and all those she had learnt at Langton Moss. Her singing was rough and rude, of course. She had, however, a noble, rich voice, which gave promise of high perfection when it should be trained. Ellie was as proud as possible of this growing accomplishment of her young friend; and in a few months Mrs. Stanmore made Zenobia a present of a new guitar, and promised that she should have a master when the family went to London.

So much for learning. As to Zenobia's appearance, it went through all that improvement that material comfort, stopping short of luxury, always gives. Her lean face and figure became rounder. She grew fast, and her complexion, not being so constantly exposed to sun and wind, and much more frequently so to the beneficial effects of soap and water, was rich and healthy. The long thin fingers were well able to master her favourite instrument. She had a splendid head of glossy black hair, and in all respects she had in their best form the peculiar personal endowments of her race.

Ellie had no reason to think that her Christian lessons had been thrown away on Zenobia. She was truthful and honest, obedient, and never, for some time at least, cross. Her want of attention could scarcely be considered disobedience. She really could not command it. She liked to listen to and talk to Ellie about the duties of Christians, and to hear of *Him* who taught them to us.

But here was the end of the bright side of Ellie's romance. Zenobia could not be taught any sort of order: books, clothes, everything, were in confusion always; and these untidy habits, and her utter dislike to needlework of any kind, soon made it plain to Mrs. Stanmore that she would be a very inefficient maid for her daughter; while her disgust, if not incapacity for learning, made it equally impossible that she should ever be educated for a governess. Certainly the Stanmores were not of that grandly romantic cast of people who give large fortunes to stray protégées, and introduce them into society. They

meant to have given Zenobia the opportunity of earning her own living in either the capacity of a nursery governess—a superior one, if she showed talents—or, if not, as a lady's maid. After some months' experience of her, it seemed as if she might earn her livelihood as a musician, perhaps as a first-rate singer, and for this end they gave her the advantage of excellent masters when they went to London.

But something else lay behind. Zenobia found that she did not dine in the dining-room when Ellie dined there, but with the housekeeper. This did not happen for some time; but when it did, a very dark cloud lay on Zenobia's brow. She constantly, after awhile, showed a great dislike even to attempt to assist Ellie in dressing; and when the latter drove out with her mother, Zenobia was so cross all the day after, that Miss Pratt would not have her in the schoolroom, and the housekeeper found her quite unbearable in her domain.

When they went to London, the housekeeper was ordered to take her about to see "the sights." But Miss Zenobia Faa soon preferred devoting herself to her guitar and her singing. She said, "If I'm not to go with Miss Ellie, I shan't go at all. A likely thing that a Faa should go out with you, a common servant! We are never servants to anybody."

Poor Ellie had not been able to teach the young gipsy the Christian virtue of humility.

At last, one day Ellie, being then about fifteen, was invited to an archery meeting with her father and mother. Zenobia stood like a statue gazing at the pretty white muslin dress trimmed with green, and the hat and feather, and the neat little jacket that her friend wore. When they drove off, Zenobia clasped her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"To see her—her go out to grand parties, and I, come of the Faas, to remain in this dull house, dressed such a figure, with servants and governesses!

One evening, a servant came into the drawing-room to say that a dark-looking man, probably a gipsy, had been seen lurking about the premises; indeed, he had been impudent enough to stare in at the kitchen window.

"Where is Zenobia?" said Mrs. Stanmore.

Ellie was in the schoolroom. The servant thought Zenobia was there too. But she was not. Colonel Stanmore ordered the shrubberies to be searched.

"I'm certain, sir," said one of the servants to Colonel Stanmore, "that I saw the same man that looked in at the window when I was living at my lord's at Sandwich Hall. He was taken up for poaching; he was a good-looking young fellow. His name was Bertram Faa, and I suppose he was Zenobia's brother."

Colonel Stanmore's search was vain; so was Ellie's; so was all search. Zenobia had departed, it was believed, in company with her brother. She had taken her guitar and some music with her, but nothing else—except the Bible that Ellie had given her.

"Oh," said Ellie, in the midst of her tears, "I am so glad she has taken her Bible; and, you see, she has stolen nothing! Perhaps, after all, it has pleased God that I did good by being kept amongst the gipsies, and the good seed may ripen yet."

L. S.

[*Concluded.*]

ZOOPHYTES.

IF any of our readers (sea-residents or sea-visitors) have interested themselves in our dry papers on Zoophytes, they will remember our fanciful classification of them into—

1. Altogether soft-bodied polyps, or polyp masses (sea-anemones, dead man's hand, &c.).
2. Soft-bodied polyps, enclosed in sheathing covers (Sertularias, sea-mats, coral of coral-reefs, &c.).
3. Soft-bodied polyps, lying in a cell-bearing substance surrounding a horny or stony skeleton, as our flesh covers our bones.

And they will know that only the last remain to be spoken about: and, inasmuch as there are very few British species of the sort, a few words will suffice.

Their formation is, of course, precisely the reverse of that last described. There the *envelopes* were hard, and the *enclosures* soft. Here the *enclosures* are hard, and the *envelopes* soft! But whether inside or outside, the soft pulpy part is always the life-originating; and, accordingly, we find the fleshy overcoats of zoophytes No. 3 breaking out at intervals, more or less distant, into polyp-cells, each of which

contains a living animal, having an individual life of its own, though connected with a social system by links it cannot break! . . .

The polyp-cells in these zoophytes are seen at a glance. They either form wart-like lumps on the surface of the *polypiferous* overcoat, or are sunk into it, so as to cause little pits or holes. And sometimes they are scattered about irregularly, sometimes ranged down each side of the stems, like rows of buttons, or sometimes down one side only; for Nature loves to vary her patterns, as much as a young lady her fancy-work. So, also, sometimes the polyp-warts are of the same colour as the general overcoat, while at others they are quite different—one lilac, the other yellow, for instance—forming a quaint and pretty contrast.

The best known of all this race is the red coral of commerce, but of it a sufficient description was given in one of our early numbers. It is enough to say here, that the stony skeleton in that case is the red coral of which trinkets are made; the polypiferous overcoat, with its cells and their silver-white inhabitants, having (when taken from the sea) died, dried up, and turned to dust, which the stroke of a handkerchief sufficed to remove!

But this is a foreigner. There are no corals proper in England. There are, however, a few *Gorgonias*. These have not stony but *horny* skeletons, and the one commonest on our coast—*Gorgonia verrucosa*—(the *warty* *Gorgonia*)—is tree-like in growth, only like a tree trained against a wall, all the branches growing *flat-wise*, not sticking out. It grows from a few inches to nearly a foot in length, and spreads as much in width—stem and branches about as thick as a smallish quill pen. It is a creamy-white outside; the skeleton-stems within, black. And scattered irregularly over the surface, rise roundish cell-warts, wherein lie our little friends, the polyps, secure enough from harm, till curious man fishes them up from the deep water rocks on which they grow, to ornament his museum, and, let us hope, to furnish both head and heart with wholesome matter for reflection.

The *Gorgonias* are difficult to get at, from the fact of their growing in such deep water; but the dredger finds them, and they are occasionally thrown ashore after storms. In this case, however, they are apt to be imperfect; for although the fleshy overcoat of *Gorgonia verrucosa* is much thicker and firmer than that of the red coral, still the wear and tear of tossing on the beach among gravel and rocks is apt to work it off, and you may sometimes find a skeleton so entirely denuded

of flesh that only the initiated can believe the little black horny tree was ever a lovely milk-white Gorgonia, worthy a place in a glass-case! More than once, indeed, have we had such skeletons sent us from the Cape of Good Hope (a grand place for Gorgonias!), the Mediterranean, Ireland, &c., the senders not having a suspicion of their treasures ever having been in a different condition.

Oh those Gorgonias! Let us be proud of the few we have, as connecting our seas with those warmer ones where the lovely race abounds gorgeous with tints worthy of the sunnier skies—scarlet, crimson, lilac, and yellow overcoats being as common there as white. The forms there, too, are endless: now they spread into a curious and complicated network, arranged in fan-like layers: now they wave to and fro in the water, like plumes of magic feathers, delicate and majestic as those of the bird of Paradise itself.

Let those who think we exaggerate go look at the specimens under glass in the Coral Room at the British Museum. They will have to lift up their eyes to see them, however, as they are placed above the coral-cases. Will they not lift up their hearts too, in beholding these deep-sea mysteries of creation, so wonderful in their compound life, so beautiful even in death, so unaccountable in what, to our ignorance, seems their purposeless perfection, hidden as they are, for the most part, from all eyes capable of acknowledging their loveliness—as we think; unable as they are to rejoice in it themselves—as we suppose. They are pitiful students of Nature, indeed, who can investigate without loving; admire, and not adore. “All thy works praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints give thanks to thee.”

With this account of Gorgonias, as representatives of our third class of zoophytes, we conclude this brief, unscientific answer to the question, *What is a zoophyte?* We remember to have often made Dr. Harvey smile, by asking him to *help a lame dog over a stile*, when we wanted him to make a scientific statement intelligible to our unlearned ears. If *any* one similarly circumstanced has been in the least degree assisted by what we have written, it is all we have to desire, and more than we are perhaps entitled to expect. Still, “so many men—so many minds,” is a proverb as applicable to the young as the old, and among our young readers there may be a few who are really glad to know *what a zoophyte is*.

EDITOR.

THE DYING CHILD.

(From the Danish of Hans C. Andersen.)

OTHER, I am tired; I long to sleep so!

Let thy bosom be my sleeping-place:

Only promise me thou wilt not weep so,—

For thy tears fall burning on my face.

Here 't is cold, and there the clouds are fleeting;

But in dreamland there are sunny skies;

And the angel-children give me greeting,

Soon as I have closed my wearied eyes.

Dost thou see that angel coming, mother?

Dost thou hear the music of his wings?

White they are; they shine on one another;

Beautiful from God the light he brings!

Rosy wings are coming, too, from heaven;

Angel-children wave them as they fly:—

Mother, shall I live till *mine* are given?

Or, before I get them, must I die?

Mother, wherefore dost thou look so earnest?

Wherefore dost thou press thy cheek to mine?

Wet it feels, and yet like fire thou burnest:—

Surely, mother, I shall still be thine!

Thou hast promised me thou wouldst not weep so:

If thou sobbest, I shall sob with thee!

Oh, I am so tired; I long to sleep so!—

Mother, look! the angel kisses me.


H. W.

* * * The above verses are mentioned in the author's "Story of my Life," as having been written at Helsingör, and as being the most approved and most widely circulated of all his poems. In the translation now given the original metre has been preserved.

FLORIAN AND THE FAIRIES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAIRY ALOESA.

 WAS drawing towards evening, and getting chill and cold. All of a sudden Florian saw walking before him a man carrying a bag on his shoulder.

"Good evening, young master," said he, with a sort of surly nod.

"Good evening," said Florian, who did not like his looks, and tried to walk on; but the man kept close at his side.

So they walked on for a long time till evening darkened into night, and Florian began to get tired and hungry. At last the stranger spoke again. "Where do you sleep to-night, young sir? it is like to rain, I think."

"I shall sleep, then, under a tree," said Florian, hastily.

"My cottage is hard by now," observed the other; "you'll find a fire and a bit of supper, if you are not too proud to accept a poor man's hospitality," said the man.

Florian looked at the man, and thought there could not be much danger in his going for one night into a labourer's cottage; and, as he was beginning to get very hungry, he consented.

"Here, I will carry you, then," said the man, and before Florian was aware he had caught him up and perched him on his shoulder. Florian did not like this, and remonstrated; but the man only laughed, and turning down a side path he tapped at the door of a dirty-looking hovel. It was opened by a person whom Florian too well knew; for there he saw the ugly face and little eyes of his old enemy Bear. Florian screamed and tried to escape, but it was too late, and sorely did he repent having forgotten the good advice of Wee-wee. One thing he remembered—the knife Peony had given him; but, alas! it was gone.

Meanwhile, however, Bear was cutting all sorts of uncouth antics about his prisoner, for, as you will have guessed, he and his comrade Colly-moddle had been searching for Florian, and they were delighted to have trapped him. Presently Colly-moddle and Bear consulted together, and then the former took some of the cold white ashes that lay on the hearth and flung them at Florian. "Be changed into a bird;" he cried, and Florian suddenly found himself changed into a lovely little white cockatoo, with a yellow crest. This made him very miserable; he was put into a cage and sat there, all his feathers ruffled up and his beak buried in his downy breast. He thought now that it was all over with him, and gave himself up for lost. His cruel captors gave him nothing to eat or drink, and occasionally Bear danced round his cage laughing at his woes. Next morning Colly-moddle and Bear took the cage and proceeded through the forest. They walked all day, and towards sunset they got to a town, one of the handsomest Florian had ever seen. The houses were all built of white marble, polished quite smooth; there were large gardens in front of each house, and down the wide broad streets were planted standard rose-trees, so tall and branching that they looked like oaks. When they came into the market-place, they were met by a gentleman in a scarlet cloak, who was accompanied by a page dressed all in scarlet from top to toe, and several armed retainers; the gentleman rode a beautiful prancing black horse, and seemed to be a great man. Florian looked at him, and fancied he had seen him before. As soon as the gentleman caught sight of the cage, he exclaimed:

"What a beautiful bird! Ho, fellow! what will you take for him?"

"He is not for sale," said Colly-moddle, who, though a fairy, knew he was not on friendly ground, and did not dare take off his disguise.

"Not for sale! How dare you contradict me? I want the bird and the knife that is stuck in that boy's girdle," pointing to poor Florian's knife, of which Bear had obtained possession. He made a sign to his companions. In one minute the scarlet page had snatched the knife from Bear, giving him a blow that knocked him headlong on the earth, while his master, drawing his sword, just administered a tap to Colly-moddle, stretching him senseless at his feet, and, directing his page to take up the prize, the whole party went on their way. By this time, however, a crowd had collected, and just as the gentleman

and his page had obtained possession of the bird, some of the Royal Guards came up and seized it in the name of the king. Florian's deliverer, who, you will have guessed, was no other than Peony in disguise, seemed perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, and gave up the cockatoo to the Guards, who took him to the palace.

It was the most gorgeous palace that Florian had ever seen, and he was carried through long suites of apartments, till a door made of ebony and silver on one side, and ivory and gold on the other, opened, and he found himself in a lovely little room, the walls of which were panelled with ivory. The curtains and all the furniture were of rose-coloured silk; between the ivory panels were lovely paintings representing gardens with trellises covered with climbing roses; while little fountains played about the room into marble basins, and the marble pillars on which one end of the room was supported were twined with moss-roses and sweet-briar. The most delicious perfume of every sort of rare flower filled the air, and the carpet was green and soft like the softest moss.

Reclining on a sofa was a young man reading a large book. His dress was of white satin and silver tied with rose-coloured ribbon; he was perfectly handsome; his eyes were large and dark grey; his long brown curls were confined on his brow by a diadem of gold studded with emeralds and pink pearls; he wore a pink and green ribbon round his neck, to which was hung an order composed of diamonds in the form of a rose. It was in fact the Order of the Rose-Diamond, conferred by the Queen of all Fairy-land for distinguished merit.

By the side of this dazzling being was sitting a lovely girl. Her hair was golden, and floated in silken masses far below her waist; her eyes were of the deepest violet blue; her dress was all of white gauze; while over her head descended a veil of the thinnest violet gauze, which covered all her slender form. She leant her pretty head upon the shoulder of her lord, and Florian saw before him, as he rightly guessed, King Rosebud and his lovely Queen Violet.

As soon as Florian was brought in, the queen sprang to the cage and cried, "What a lovely cockatoo!"

Florian, pleased at the compliment, put up his bright yellow crest and hopped close to the wires.

"He must be hungry, poor bird!" said Violet. "Rosebud, my love, come and look at him."



QUEEN VIOLET.

But Rosebud, being busy, would not look up at first, so the queen opened the cage, and the cockatoo hopped upon her hand, rubbed his head against her cheek, and said as plainly as possible, "Poor Florian, poor Florian!"

The queen was delighted, and when supper was announced to their majesties, Rosebud came to look at the bird. He contemplated him for some time in silence, then asked a page how he came there. The page related what had taken place, how he had been taken from a gentleman in a scarlet cloak. The king looked perplexed, and said, "The Fairy Aloesa has something to do with this."

He then took the bird on his hand and carried him into the supper-room. The king and queen always supped quite alone together, and when the servants had left the apartment Rosebud said to Violet, "See, my lady queen, how discreetly your new favourite partakes of the food I give him: he is no foolish bird, but a prince like myself." So saying, he poured into the hollow of his hand three drops of a particular wine, muttered some strange words, and, sprinkling the cockatoo with the liquid, Violet was surprised to see a handsome boy standing before them. Rosebud, however, only smiled, and Florian, kneeling gracefully on one knee, kissed his hand, and thanked him for having restored him to his natural shape. Rosebud bade him rise, however, and said, "My fairy lore enabled me to discover that you were a prince in disguise; your further history I have yet to learn. Meanwhile, however, sit and eat, for you must be hungry."

Florian was indeed hungry, but he also was rather awe-struck by the cold politeness of Rosebud, and, though Queen Violet looked compassionately at him, he did not dare speak, and ate in silence. Supper over, the king summoned a page, whom he desired to tell his minister of state that he should transact no more business to-night; then led the way into the rose-coloured room which Florian had already seen, and gravely desiring his guest to be seated, bade him relate his history.

Florian did so, and the king listened attentively; but when he came to his visit to Wee-wee, he started and seemed agitated. When Florian spoke of Peony, he smiled and said that he knew that active fairy well. When Florian had finished, Rosebud remained for some time silent. At last he said: "You wish to proceed on your journey to the court of the Fairy Aloesa?"

"Yes," said Florian boldly, "I do; and I hope your Majesty will help me to reach her palace."

"I can only do so on one condition," said Rosebud, "and that is, that you make no attempt to assist Wee-wee."

Florian looked grave.

"But I promised," he said; "and, besides, he has been kind to me."

"That can't signify," replied Rosebud; "you had better attend to your own interests first. Think of your little sister."

"Oh, where is she?" cried Florian; "do you know how I can find her? do tell me."

"I know, and will tell you, if you consent to give up all thoughts of Wee-wee."

Florian hesitated one moment when Rosebud said this; but his good heart prevailed, and he said:

"No, I won't break my promise, and if your Majesty won't help me except on those conditions, I shall go on my journey alone. Farewell, my lord. I thank your Majesty for the favours you have conferred upon me, but I cannot stay any longer in your palace if you want me to break my word."

So saying, Florian threw his wallet over his shoulder, and, making a profound bow to the lovely Queen Violet, he was about to take his departure.

Rosebud smiled as he reclined idly on his silken couch.

"You had better accept my offer, little King Florian," he said. "You will offend the Fairy Aloesa."

"I don't believe she will be angry with me for being grateful," said Florian, sturdily.

"No more she will," cried a voice, which seemed to come from the ceiling.

Florian gave a great start, and lo and behold! there floated down from the ceiling a little old fairy. Florian stared at her in great astonishment, mingled with fear, as she alighted gently on the carpet. She laughed not ill-naturedly: "Ha, ha, my little prince! you did not expect to see the Fairy Aloesa appear so suddenly, did you? Never mind; you are a brave boy, and I am pleased with you. Fie, Rosebud! you were going to carry the joke too far." As the handsome king knelt to kiss her hand, she patted his head, and kissed the cheek of the little queen. "Entertain him well," she said, glancing at Florian; "he shall

see his sister soon, but not quite yet. Come hither, my boy; wilt thou dare to encounter a danger?"

"That I will, madam," said Florian, stoutly; "if it is to find my sister and rescue my friend."

"Thou wilt stay here then with my Prince of Rosebuds and my Queen of Violets, till I return and tell thee what thou hast to do. Now, Rosebud, open the window. Adieu, children!"

She stamped on the floor, and there appeared by her side a car drawn by a minar and a mocking-bird, harnessed tandem; in she jumped, away flew the birds, and in a trice she had disappeared. This scene passed so quickly that Florian had hardly time to recover from his surprise when Rosebud approached him, and, taking his hand, kindly said to him: "Forgive me, little prince, for trying you as I have done. I see you are an honest boy, and worthy of my friendship. To-morrow I shall have some things to explain; it is now too late."

Rosebud then embraced Florian, and led him to a gorgeous chamber fitted up with every luxury, where six young pages were ready to wait on him, and supply him with all he wanted.

Next morning, as soon as he was dressed, there appeared two lovely children, rather younger than himself, to conduct him to the presence of the king. These were Prince Mayflower and Princess Lily, the children of Rosebud and Violet. The king, who looked handsomer than ever, bade Florian be seated, and said: "Perhaps you are not aware that I am the favourite nephew of the Fairy Aloesa? I have, or rather had, a brother, but my father and he unfortunately incurred the displeasure of Aloesa, and the Fairy Namby-Pamby, seizing the opportunity of the quarrel, deprived my father of his kingdom and his life, and my brother Hyacinth was left to perish in a morass. The Fairy Aloesa, however, grieving for his fate, transformed him and his subjects into children, and placed them in a city where they are certainly happy, but where, on a certain day of the year, they remember their former condition, and earnestly desire their liberty. This the Fairy Aloesa herself cannot restore to them until a prince of Utopia shall have destroyed the power of Namby-Pamby by the means which my brother described to you."

"What!" exclaimed Florian; "do you mean that Wee-wee is really your brother Hyacinth? But where is the magic plant?"

"It is a peculiar species of polyanthostromonoigon, and when you have found it, you must brave many perils before you can give it to Namby-Pamby."

"I will go and look for it all over the world," said Florian, jumping up.

"Not yet," said Rosebud; "you must wait patiently; if you were to go now, you would instantly be discovered and taken by the slaves of Namby-Pamby. You must stay here and have patience."

CHAPTER V.

THE MAGIC PLANT.

So Florian remained with Rosebud and Violet for a good while, and he had masters and tutors, and learned every science under the sun, botany, geology, astrology, political economy, besides the multiplication table enlarged, all the languages, and the music of the spheres. This was quite necessary, for, during his residence with Namby-Pamby, he had forgotten everything he had ever learnt before:

And it does not do for kings
Not to know these common things.

Still, every night when Florian went to sleep, he cried for his sister Flora, and longed to see her again. One evening, Florian was making a bed of roses for the little Princess Lily, when he heard a fluttering, and what should he see but a little green parrot, which settled on his shoulder. It had a dove-coloured head, with a ring of scarlet round its neck. Florian recognised it in a moment as a favourite parrot which belonged to him when he lived happily with his parents in Utopia. He accordingly kissed and fondled it in great delight, and the parrot ruffled its feathers and seemed delighted to see him. Presently it flew off his shoulder, and seemed to beckon him on. Florian, curious to see where the parrot wanted him to go, followed him; on and on he went, through thickets and woods, till the parrot stopped, and began pecking away at the earth. Florian, much amused and puzzled, got a stick and began to dig also, when, lo! what should he

find but a tiny plant with seven leaves upon it! He immediately guessed that this must be the plant he was in search of, especially as the parrot gave a cry of delight, then, after receiving from Florian a parting caress, he spread his wings and flew away. Florian was overjoyed, and ran home as fast as he could to tell Rosebud of his good fortune. Rosebud was enchanted at the sight of the plant; he immediately took a handful of a curious powder from a little gold box he always carried about with him, and threw it into the fire. In a moment there was a tinkling as of a fairy bell heard, and there stood once more the Fairy Aloesa. She smiled upon Florian, praised him for his patience, and told him that the time was come for him to act. "And as for you, Rosebud, your patience, too, shall be rewarded. Your brother Hyacinth will ere long be restored to you. But first to business." So saying, she took the wondrous plant, which she told Florian to rub with the hilt of his knife. When he had done so, she squeezed out the juice, boiled it on the fire, and poured it out into a little phial, neatly labelled with "One table-spoonful to be taken twice a day till further orders."

"Now, Florian," she said, "have you the courage to carry this into the presence of your enemy, King Gotho?"

"Yes, I have," said Florian.

"Very well; then put on this disguise."

She produced a fur-edged robe, which she made Florian put on, then placed a fur-cap on his head, and a black wig over his fair curls; a little pair of yellow boots completed his costume, which was that of a wandering merchant.

"Now listen," said Aloesa. "King Gotho is dreadfully afraid of the Fairy Namby-Pamby. Tell him that if she drinks the contents of this bottle his power will become infinitely greater than hers; you must also take with you a bundle of these plants, which are sham polyanthostromonoigons. You must introduce yourself as a magician, and offer them for sale to the king. If you are brave, and do not betray yourself, all will go well; for the moment that the king and that bad fairy have drunk this, their power to do mischief will be gone for ever."

"I am quite ready," said Florian.

"Stop, my messenger will convey you to the gates of the city."

The fairy whistled softly on her ivory whistle, and Scarlet-Runner

jumped nimbly into the room. Florian did not require to be told twice to leap on the little man's back; but first he knelt down and kissed his protectress's hand with the deepest gratitude, and warmly embraced his friend Rosebud, and the next minute he was gone—actually on his way to Utopia at last. So now we will go back for a little while, and see what Gotho and Namby-Pamby were about.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAPPY MEETING.

THESE two personages were, as you may suppose, immensely disgusted when Florian escaped from Colly-moddle and Bear, and obtained the protection of Rosebud. But still Namby-Pamby did not much care, for she thought she was quite as powerful as Aloesa, and would somehow recover possession of Florian. So she boxed the ears of Bear, and beat Colly-moddle, and cooked wonderful messes, and urged King Gotho never to stop looking for polyanthostromonoigons. So you see the remarkable part of this curious story is that this wonderful plant was as dangerous in one way as it was wholesome in another. And this was just what Namby-Pamby, with all her cunning, never found out.

One evening Gotho was digging away in his garden, in order to plant a new sort of cucumber, which he was quite sure would turn into a poly—et cetera this time, when a domestic came running out, crying :

"Please, your Majesty, the guards have found a strange lad outside the city gates, and they have brought him into the palace."

"What for, blockhead?" said the king, who was cross; "cut off his head!"

"But, please your Majesty, he has got some strange plants to sell."

"Oh, indeed! that alters the case; and why didn't you say so before, simpleton?"

So the king put on his crown, which he had taken off while he was digging, and, cocking it over one ear, he presented a very royal and majestic appearance indeed in the eyes of the seller of plants. This person was, in fact, Florian himself, little as you may think it. Luckily the king did not recognise him; to be sure he had never seen him

before, which perhaps was the reason. Florian first of all showed the king his plants, and as soon as Gotho heard what they were he was so delighted that he then and there danced a hornpipe. But Florian then said he had something much more valuable to give him, but he could only let him see it on his promising the strictest secrecy.

Gotho, who was a great goose, promised directly, and upon his sending away all his attendants, Florian drew out of his vest the little blue phial.

"Now, sire," said Florian, "I know certain little secrets about your Majesty; you are in great fear of the Fairy Namby-l'amby, who tyrannises over you."

"Hush! take care," said the king, looking round him in some alarm; "she may be behind the door, listening at the keyhole."

"Don't deny it," said Florian. "Well, if you can secretly slip a little of this liquid into her tea or her barley-water, when she is not looking, you will at once destroy all her power over you, and you will be free for ever, and never have to dig for polyanthostromonoigons any more."

"Dear me!" said the king, "is that really true? And what reward shall I give you, most excellent merchant?"

"The only reward I wish for is that silver whistle that hangs round your neck."

Now this whistle was a magic whistle, and was used principally for summoning fairies, and the curious part of it was that the person who used it could always summon the fairy he liked the best. The king hesitated at first, but he was so anxious for the phial that he consented. He, however, determined not to let the merchant go till he had tried the effect of the wonderful juice; so he ordered him to be shut up in a room of the palace, and kept there for the present. Florian was rather nervous lest his plan should fail, but there was nothing to be done but to keep quiet. The window of the room looked out into the garden where he used to play with his little sister, but now he saw nothing but ugly cucumbers and potatoes where formerly he had played on the green grass.

Meanwhile Gotho had summoned the Fairy Namby-Pamby, who, as it happened, was staying in the palace on a visit, and she soon came into the room, Bear and Wolf with her.

The king had spread out a handsome collation for her, and stood waiting her arrival in the state dining-room. The fairy happened to

be in a bad humour, so the first thing she said was, "Well, you seem very much pleased with yourself, old Gotho."

"Yes, and I hope your Mightiness will be pleased with me, too," said Gotho.

"Hum! why should I? I don't suppose you have got me any polyanthostromonoigons yet."

"Don't be too sure of that, madam," answered Gotho, who was no longer afraid of the fairy, and therefore not so respectful as formerly.

Namby looked surprised, and when the king pressed her to sit down and eat, she looked round and said, "There now! there is Bear gone away, he is always so bashful. Wolf, go and look for him, can't you? and don't be so greedy."

For Wolf had been making the most of his time, and devouring all within his reach. At this critical moment King Gotho had seized his opportunity, and poured the contents of the blue phial into a glass of cherry brandy, which he now offered to Namby-Pamby.

She immediately drank it up, to Gotho's great joy, but hardly had she done so when there was heard a great scuffling outside, and in rushed Bear and Wolf dragging between them poor Florian.

His wig had been pulled off, his golden hair streamed on his shoulders, and the wicked fairy recognised him directly.

"Ha! how is this?" she cried, starting from her seat. "King Gotho, how did the boy get here?"

"Mercy," cried Gotho, who had been staring at Florian with his mouth wide open; "why, it is the merchant who sold me the plants and gave me the——" Here he suddenly stopped, afraid to mention the blue phial.

"Speak, wretched boy," cried Namby, shaking Florian violently; "how did you come here?"

"I came with the hope of recovering my kingdom," said Florian, boldly; then glancing round he descried the empty blue phial which Gotho in his fright had let fall, and felt sure that all was safe.

"Kill him; strike off his head," cried Gotho, loudly, fearful lest Florian should betray him.

"And the plants?" cried the fairy, in a shriller tone than ever.

"They are good for nothing," said Florian, exultingly.

The fairy's rage now knew no bounds. "You shall be punished," he at length hissed out. "You shall be carried to a desolate morass,

where you will wear out your life miserably. Ho, fairies! where are you? perform my bidding."

She stamped on the floor with violence, but lo! nothing appeared. She looked round in surprise and alarm. Profound was the silence: even Colly-moddle was not to be seen, and Bear and Wolf ran away shrieking with fear. At this moment the air was suddenly darkened by what seemed a cloud of birds; it came nearer and nearer, and in one minute there flew into the hall an immense number of cockatoos, parrots, and paroquets, screaming with one voice, "King Florian is come! King Florian!" At the same instant the doors of the hall were burst open, and there came in a gallant procession: two handsome young men with their swords drawn rode up the centre of the hall on beautiful horses, and Florian at once recognised his friend Rosebud. But who was the noble youth by his side? Florian stopped not to inquire, but in a moment was in Wee-wee's arms, a baby-king no longer. Meanwhile Gotho had made no attempt to defend himself, but was speedily made prisoner by the soldiers of Rosebud.

As for Namby-Pamby, she was so choked with rage and spite that up to this moment she had not been able to say a word. But now she found her voice, and shrieked out, "You have no power over me, and I will be revenged on you yet."

But Rosebud had meanwhile sprung from his gallant black horse; lifting Florian into the saddle, and laying his hand on the charger's mane, he said, in a clear, silvery voice: "Your threats are vain, madam; your power is at an end. Behold Florian, rightful King of Utopia; behold Hyacinth, who in your malice you thought to have consigned to a miserable death, and whose enchantment Florian has now broken." And Hyacinth, no longer Wee-wee, sprang forward and clasped his brother's extended hand.

"One more triumph," pursued Rosebud, "you shall witness, and then return to your swampy morass, never more to leave it."

Rosebud then turned to Florian, and told him to sound the silver whistle that was in his belt. "Florian," he said, "your patience is at length rewarded; your sister will be restored to you." As he spoke, a thick blue mist filled the hall, and hid everything for a moment from their view. It cleared away, and in the middle of the assembly appeared a car, drawn by two milk-white doves, and attended by the two little scarlet men, Peony and Scarlet-Runner. In it sat the Fairy

Aloesa, no longer in the form of an old woman, but arrayed in all her fairy splendour; yet Florian hardly saw her, for by her side, asleep, lay the most beautiful little girl that ever was seen.

"Flora!" exclaimed the enraptured boy; she woke at the sound of the remembered voice, and the brother and sister were clasped in one another's arms.

The Fairy Aloesa looked graciously upon them, and said:

"Florian, your trials are now over; if I could have saved you from what you have suffered, I would have done so, but I had only power to protect one of you; I therefore chose your sister, though I never ceased to watch over you; but now the power of your enemy is at an end, and you are henceforth under my especial care. Learn from your own sufferings to be a good and wise king."

After this moral reflection Aloesa kissed the brother and sister affectionately, while they endeavoured to express their gratitude; nor did Florian forget his kind friends Peony and Scarlet-Runner, whom he embraced with great affection.

The fairy then held out her hand to Rosebud and Hyacinth to kiss, and, assuring them that they should not be forgotten, stepped into her car, and, waving her ivory wand, the mist again gathered over the scene. When it cleared away, Aloesa, the little scarlet men, and Namby-Pamby, in short, all the fairies, had disappeared.

Here my story ends; for I think I need hardly tell you how Florian was received by his subjects with bonfires, and illuminations, and all sorts of rejoicings; and how Hyacinth was restored to his own kingdom; and how the wicked Namby-Pamby was exiled to her swampy cottage with Bear, and Wolf, and Colly-moddle, and never could do any more mischief; and how Rosebud, Hyacinth, and Florian were such staunch allies, that England, France, and Turkey, in the days of the Crimean war, were a perfect joke to them; and how, in process of time, Florian married Rosebud's daughter, Princess Lily, and Flora married his son, Prince Mayflower. I say, I need not tell you all this, because of course you have guessed it already. And so we bid you heartily, farewell!

[*Concluded.*]

DISCONTENT.



THE flowers of the fields were sighing
For the chequered shade of the wood :
" 'Twould be sweeter far to be lying
Where the waving beeches stood."

The flowers of the wood were pining
For the open fields and the breeze :
" We never can see the sun shining
Here, stifled among the trees !"

The flowers of the hedge were bleeding,
As they shrank from the cruel thorn :
" What a life is this we are leading !
We wonder why we were born !"

The cglantine ask'd, complaining,
" Oh, why must I always climb ?
'Twould be pleasanter far remaining
On the hill-side, like the thyme."

And the rock-plants murmur'd weeping.
We wish we'd been born in mould :
" We are, oh ! so tired of creeping,
And the stones are so hard and cold !"

But the mosses refused to grumble,
They were so content with their state :
They said : " It was well to be humble,
And not so well to be great."

And the ivy exclaimed : " What weakness !
You silly, dissatisfied folk !
Take refuge from grief in meekness,
And cling to some dear old oak."

But the sunflower call'd to them, smiling :
" Oh, foolish flowers, every one !
All the hours that you've been reviling,
You might have look'd at the sun !"

A. H.

THE PORTER'S SON.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Translated from the Danish.)

TIME goes on. Whether one is busy or idle, Time is equally long, though not equally profitable. To George it was profitable, and never seemed long, except when he thought of those at home: how were they getting on, upstairs and downstairs? Well, tidings were sent of them: and so much may be wrapped up in a letter—both the bright sunshine and the gloomy shade. The shade of death lay in the letter, that told him his mother was left a lonesome widow. Emily had been an angel of comfort: “she had come down below, she had,” wrote mother. As for herself, she added, she had got leave to take father’s post at the Porter’s lodge.

The General’s lady kept a diary: every ball was entered in it, every party she had been to, and every visit she had received. The volume was illustrated with cards of diplomatists, and other grandees. She was proud of her diary; it increased in growth, season after season, during many great headaches, but also during many bright nights—that is to say, Court balls.

Emily had now been to her first Court ball. The mother was in pink, with black lace—Spanish; the daughter was in white, so clear, so fine! green ribbons fluttered, like bulrush-leaves, in her curly yellow locks, and she was crowned with a wreath of white water-lilies. With her sparkling blue eyes, and soft, rosy lips, she resembled a little mermaid, as beautiful as one could imagine. Three princes danced with her, one after another. Her ladyship had no headache for a whole week.

But the first ball was not the last. It was getting too much for Emily; and so it was well that summer came, with rest and change of air. The family was invited to the castle of the old Count.

This castle had a garden worth seeing. One part of it was quite in the old style, with stiff, green alleys, where one seemed to be walking between tall green screens, pierced with peeping-holes; box-trees

and yew-trees stood clipped into stars and pyramids; water sprang from great grottoes, set with cockle-shells; stone figures stood all round about, of the very heaviest stone, as one could plainly perceive by the faces and draperies; every flower-bed had its own device—such as a fish, an heraldic shield, or a monogram: this was the French part of the garden. From this part one came out, as it were, into the fresh, wild wood, where the trees could grow as they pleased, and were therefore great and splendid. There was a green turf, inviting one's feet to tread on it, well-mown, well-rolled, and well-kept altogether. This was the English part of the garden.

"Olden times and modern times!" said the Count: "here they meet with loving embraces. In about two years the house itself will assume its proper importance. It will undergo a perfect change into something handsomer and better. I will show you the plans, and I will show you the architect; he is coming here to dinner."

"*Charmant!*" said the General.

"This garden is paradisiacal!" said her ladyship; "and yonder you have a baronial castle."

"That is my hen-house," said the Count; "the pigeons live in the tower, the turkeys on the first floor, but in the parlour reigns old Dame Else. She has spare rooms on all sides; this for the sitting-hen, that for the hen and chickens, while the ducks have their own outlet to the water."

"*Charmant!*" repeated the General, and they all went to see the fine show.

Old Else stood in the middle of the parlour, and beside her stood the architect—George! He and little Emily met—after so many years—met in the hen-house.

Aye, there he stood, a comely figure to look at: his countenance open and determined, his hair black and glossy, and his mouth with a smile that said, "There is a little rogue behind my ear, that knows you, outside and inside!" Old Else had taken off her wooden shoes, and stood in her stockings, out of respect for her illustrious visitors. The hens clucked, the cock crowed, and the ducks waddled along, rap, rap. But the pale slender girl, the friend of his childhood, the General's daughter, stood before him; her pale cheeks flushing with the rose, her eyes opening eagerly, and her mouth speaking without uttering a syllable. Such was the greeting he received; the prettiest

that any young man could desire from a young lady; unless, indeed, they were of the same family, or had often danced together; but these two had never danced together.

The Count grasped his hand and presented him, saying, "Not a complete stranger, our young friend, Mr. George."

Her ladyship curtsied; her daughter was about to give him her hand, but she did not give it him.

"Our little Mr. George!" said the General. "Old house-friends, *charmant!*"

"You have grown quite an Italian," said her ladyship; "and you speak the language, no doubt, like a native."

Her ladyship could sing Italian, but not speak it, added the General.

At the dinner-table George sat at the right hand of Emily. The General had led her in; and the Count had led in her ladyship.

George talked, and told anecdotes, and he could tell them well. He was the life and soul of the party; though the old Count could have been so too, if it had suited him. Emily sat silent; her ears listened, her eyes shone, but she said nothing.

They stood, she and George, among the flowers in the verandah behind a screen of roses. It was left to George again to begin speaking.

"Thanks for your kindness to my mother," said he; "I know that, on the night of my father's death, you went down and stayed with her, till his eyes were closed. Thanks!" He raised Emily's hand, and kissed it; he might fairly do so on that occasion. She grew blushing red; but pressed his hand in return, and looked at him with her tender blue eyes.

"Your mother was a loving soul; how fond she was of you! All your letters she brought me to read, so I seem almost to know you. I remember too when I was little, how kind you were to me. You gave me pictures——"

"Which you tore up to pieces," said George.

"Nay, I have still my own castle left—that drawing of it."

"And now I must build it in reality!" said George, and grew quite hot himself as he said it.

The General and his lady, in their own rooms, talked about the Porter's son. Why, he could express himself with knowledge, with refinement! "He is fit to be engaged as a tutor," said the General.

"Genius!" said her ladyship; and that was all she said.

Again and again, in those fine summer days, did George come to the castle of the Count. He was missed when he did not come.

"How much more God has given to you than to us ordinary mortals!" said Emily to him. "Are you grateful for that, now?"

It flattered George, that this fair young girl should look up to him, and he thought she had rare powers of appreciation.

And the General felt more and more convinced that Mr. George could hardly be a genuine child of the cellar. "Otherwise, the mother was a right honest woman," said he; "that sentence I owe to her epitaph!"

Summer went; winter came; and there was more to tell about Mr. George. He had received notice and favour in the highest of high places. The General had met him at the Court ball.

And now there was to be a ball at home, for little Emily. Could Mr. George be invited?

"Whom the King invites, the General can invite!" said the General, and drew himself up a good inch higher.

Mr. George was invited, and he came. And princes and counts came, and each danced better than the other. But Emily danced only the first dance, for in the course of it she turned her ankle, not dangerously, but enough to give her pain; and so she had to be prudent, and stop dancing, and look on at the others. And there she sat, looking on, while the architect stood by her side.

"You are giving her the whole of St. Peter's at Rome," said the General, as he passed, smiling like benevolence itself.

With the same smile of benevolence he received Mr. George a few days afterwards. The young man came to thank him for the ball, of course. Was there anything else to say? Yes, indeed, astounding—amazing—raving madness, that was all! The General could scarcely believe his own ears. A "pyramidal declamation!" an unheard-of proposition! Mr. George asked for little Emily as his wife!

"Man!" said the General, and he began to boil, "I cannot understand you! What is it you say? What is it you want? I don't know you. Sir! Fellow! you choose to come and break into my house! am I to stay here, or am I not?" And he backed out into his bedroom, and locked the door. George stood alone for a few moments, and then turned on his heel. In the corridor he met Emily.

"My father answered——?" she asked, with a trembling voice.

George pressed her hand. "He ran away from me,—a better time will come."

There were tears in Emily's eyes: in those of the young man were courage and confidence; and the sun shone in upon them both and blessed them.

In his bedroom sat the General, boiling more and more; boiling over, and sputtering out "Lunacy! Porter-madness!"

Before an hour was past, the General's lady learned it all from the General's own mouth, and she called for Emily, and sat alone with her.

"Poor girl," she said; "to think of his insulting you so, insulting us all! You have tears in your eyes, I see: they are quite becoming to you. You look charming in tears. You remind me of myself on my wedding-day. Go on crying, little Emily."

"That I must, indeed!" said Emily, "unless you and papa say 'yes!'"

"Child," cried her ladyship, "you are ill! you are delirious! and I am getting my dreadful headache! Oh, the miseries that are coming down upon our house! Do not let your mother die, Emily; then you will have no mother."

And her ladyship's eyes were wet: she could not bear to think of her own death.

Among other announcements in the *Gazette* might be seen: "Mr. George, appointed Professor, 5th class, No. 8."

"What a pity his father and mother are in the grave, and can't read it!" said the new porter-folks, who now lived in the cellar under the General. They knew that the Professor had been born and bred within the four walls.

"Now he'll come in for the title-tax!" said the man.

"Well, it's no such mighty matter for a poor child!" said the wife.

"Eighteen rix-dollars a-year!" said the man. "I call it a good round sum."

"No, no; it's the title I'm talking of!" said the wife. "You don't suppose he'll be bothered by having the tax to pay? He can earn as much over and over again, and a rich wife into the bargain. If we had little ones, good man, a child of ours, too, would some day be architect and professor."

Thus George was well mentioned in the cellar, and he was well

mentioned on the drawing-room floor: the old Count took good care of that.

It was the old set of childish picture-drawings that introduced his name. But how came these to be mentioned? Why, the talk turned upon Russia, upon Moscow: and thus one was led right up to the Kremlin, of which our friend George made a drawing once, when he was little, for the little Miss Emily. What a number of pictures he used to draw! one the Count especially remembered—"Little Emily's Castle," with scrolls showing where she slept, where she danced, and where she played at "visitors coming." The Professor had great ability. He might live to be an old veteran privy counsellor—that was not at all improbable: aye, and build a real castle for the young lady before he died—why not?

"That was a strange burst of vivacity," remarked the General's lady, when the Count was gone. The General nodded his head, thoughtfully, and went out riding, with his groom at a respectful distance behind him, and he sat prouder than ever on his high horse.

Little Emily's birthday came, bringing cards and notes, books and flowers. The General kissed her on the brow, and her ladyship kissed her on the lips. They were patterns of parental affection; and they were all three honoured with high visitors—two of the princes. Then there was talk about balls and theatres, about diplomatic embassies, and the government of kingdoms and empires. There was talk about rising men, about native talent; and this brought up the name of the young professor, Mr. George, the architect.

"He is building for immortality!" it was said; "meanwhile he is building himself into one of the first families."

"One of the first families!" repeated the General, when he was left alone with her ladyship: "which one of our first families?"

"I can guess which was alluded to," said her ladyship; "but I don't choose to speak, nor even think of it. God may ordain it so, but I shall be quite astounded!"

"Astounded!" echoed the General. "Look at me, I haven't a single idea in my head!" and he sank into a reverie, waiting for thoughts to come.

There is an unspeakable power bestowed on a man by a few dew-drops of grace—grace from above—whether the grace of kings, or the grace of God; and both of these combined in favour of little George.

But we are forgetting the birthday.

Emily's chamber was fragrant with flowers, sent by her friends and playmates: on her table lay fine presents, tokens of greeting and remembrance; but not one from George. Gifts from him would not have reached her, but they were not needed; the whole house was a remembrance of him. From the very sand-bin under the stairs peeped a memorial flower, even as Emily had peeped, when the curtain was in flames, and George rushed up as first fireman. One glance out of the window, and the acacia-tree reminded her of the days of childhood. Blossoms and leaves were gone, but the tree stood in hoar frost, like a vast branch of coral; and full and clear between the branches shone the moon, unchanged though ever changing, the same as when boy George shared his bread and butter with baby Emily.

She opened a drawer and took out the pictures,—the Kremlin of the Czar, and her own castle,—keepsakes from George. They were looked on and mused upon, and thought after thought kept rising. She remembered the day when, unmarked by father or mother, she stole down to where the Porter's wife lay breathing her last; she sat by her side, held her hand, and heard her dying words, "Blessing—George!" The mother was thinking of her son. But now, to Emily, the words seemed to bear a deeper meaning. In good truth, George was with her on her birthday.

The next day, as it happened, was another birthday, the General's own, for he had been born the day after his daughter—naturally earlier, many years earlier. Again there came presents; and among the rest a saddle of a peculiar make, and comfortable and costly; there was only one of the princes who had the fellow to it. From whom could it have come? The General was in ecstasy. It bore a little ticket. Now, if this had said, "Thanks for yesterday," any of us could have guessed whom it came from, but the ticket said, "From one whom the General does not know."

"Who in the world is there I do not know?" said the General. "I know everybody," and his thoughts went paying visits in the great world. He knew them all there, one and all. "It comes from my wife!" he said, at last. "She is making fun of me! *Charmant!*"

But she was not making fun of him; that time was gone by.

Once more there was a feast; but not at the General's. It was a fancy ball given by one of the princes: masking was allowed there.

The General went as Rubens, in a Spanish dress with a small ruff, as upright as his rapier. Her ladyship was Madame Rubens, in black velvet, a high bodice, terribly warm, and her neck in a millstone, that is to say, in a large ruff. She looked the image of a Dutch painting of the General's, the hands in which were especially admired, and were thought exactly like those of her ladyship.

Emily was Psyche, in muslin and lace. She was a floating tuft of swan's-down; she was in no need of wings, and only wore them as the Psyche badge.

It was a scene of pomp and splendour, lights and flowers, magnificence and taste. One had hardly time to pay attention to Madame Rubens and her beautiful hands.

A black Domino, with an acacia flower in his hood, danced with Psyche.

"Who is he?" asked the General's lady.

"His Royal Highness," said the General. "I am quite sure of that. I knew him at once by his hand-salute."

Her ladyship doubted.

General Rubens did not doubt. He drew near the black Domino, and wrote royal initials on the palm of his hand. They were not acknowledged; but a certain hint was given in return: the motto of the saddle!—"One whom the General does not know!"

"Yet something I do know of you," said the General; "it was you who sent me the saddle."

The Domino waved his hand, and disappeared among the others.

"Who is the black Domino you have been dancing with, Emily?" asked her mother.

"I did not ask his name," she answered.

"Because you knew it! It is the Professor. Your protégé, Count, is here," she continued, turning to the Count, who stood close by; "the black Domino with the acacia flower."

"Very likely, your ladyship," he replied; "but still, there is one of the princes in the same costume."

"I know that hand-salute," said the General. "From the Prince I received the saddle! I feel so sure of my man, that I would ask him to dinner."

"Do so," said the Count; "if it's the Prince he will be sure to come."

"And if it is the other he will not come," said the General; and made his way to the black Domino, who stood talking with the King. The General offered him a most respectful invitation, together with hopes of better acquaintance. The General smiled in full confidence, he knew so well whom he was inviting, and he spoke aloud and distinctly.

The Domino lifted his mask; it was George!

"Does the General repeat his invitation?" he asked.

The General drew himself an inch higher, assumed a stiffer bearing, took two steps backwards, and one step forwards, as if dancing a minuet; and all the gravity and expression he could muster, *all the General*, in short, stood in his fine features.

"I never retract my offers—the Professor is invited!" and he bowed, with a sidelong glance at the King, who might certainly have heard the whole of it.

And thus the General gave a dinner, at which his only guests were the old Count and his protégé.

"My foot under the table!" thought George; "the foundation-stone is laid." And so it was indeed; and it was laid with great solemnity on the part of the General and her ladyship.

The man had come and gone; and as the General was quite ready to confess, had behaved like a member of good society, and had been vastly agreeable; the General had often found himself repeating his "*charmant*." Her ladyship also talked of her dinner; talked of it to one of the highest and most highly gifted of the Court ladies, and the latter begged an invitation for herself, next time the Professor came. So he must needs be re-invited. And invited he was, and came, and again he was "*charmant*;" he could even play at chess!

"He is not from the cellar," said the General. "Most undoubtedly he is some scion of nobility—there are many such noble scions—and that is not any fault of the young man's!"

Mr. Professor could enter the King's house, and so might very well enter the General's; but strike root there—no! Who could talk of such a thing?—Why, the whole town, that was all.

He did strike root, and he grew. The dew of grace fell from above. There was nobody, therefore, astonished that, when the Professor

became State Counsellor, Emily became *State Counsellor*. "Life is tragedy or comedy," said the General: "in tragedy they die; in comedy they win each other."

Here they won each other. And they won three sturdy boys, though not all at once.

The sweet children rode on sticks from room to room, whenever they came to see grandfather and grandmother. And the General rode on a stick behind them, "as groom for the small State Counsellors!"

Her ladyship sat on the sofa and smiled, even if she had got her bad headache.

So far did George get on in the world, and much farther too; or else it would not have been worth my while to tell the story of "The Porter's Son."

II. WARD AND A. PLESNER.

POPULAR TALES FROM ANDALUCIA,

AS TOLD BY THE PEASANTRY.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

DEATH AND JUAN HOLGADO.



YOU must know, gentlefolks, that once upon a time there was a man called Juan Holgado, than whom no man could have been so named with less propriety; for, as you know, we call a man "Holgado" when he is comfortably off and living at his ease, while this poor fellow morning, noon, and night, was always hungry, and always in want. However, if he had nothing else, he had always a bushel of children as voracious as sharks.

One day Juan Holgado said to his wife, "These youngsters are a pack of gourmandisers, and among them I have no chance of getting a mouthful; to-morrow I will dine, and eat a hare all to myself." So his wife, a kind-hearted creature, anxious not to vex him, sold a dozen of eggs that her hens had just laid, bought a hare, cooked it nicely, and said to him next morning, "There are your provisions: a stewed hare

and half a loaf of bread ; take them out with you to the fields, and much good may they do you." Juan Hologado did not wait for a second bidding ; he took his dinner, and set off. After he had put the distance of a league and a half between himself and his home, he seated himself in the hollow of an olive-tree, commended himself to our Lady of Solitude, took out his bread and his earthen pot, and began to eat. Well, how it came about he could not tell, but all of a sudden he saw opposite him, clothed all in black, the very ugliest old woman he had ever beheld ; her face was more yellow than parchment, her eyes were hollow and dead-looking, like a lamp without oil, her mouth like a basket ; and as for nose, she had not a vestige of such a thing.

Juan Hologado did not thank his stars for the favour of this companion, fallen upon him, as it would seem, from the skies ; but what was he to do ? he was no heathen, and must ask her to share his meal. And the old woman desired nothing better ; she replied that she could not be so uncourteous as to refuse him ; she seated herself close by him, and began to eat. But, good Christians, it was not eating ; it was devouring ! What jaws she had ! in a trice the whole hare was stowed away between them. Juan Hologado thought to himself, " I had sooner have watched my boys eating up this hare than this horrible old woman. But it is my fate."

When the old woman had finished, leaving not so much as the tail of the hare, she began :

" Juan Hologado, I found your hare very relishing."

" I thought as much," he replied.

" I desire to requite your courtesy."

" May your ladyship live a thousand years, then !" quoth Juan Hologado, smiling in scorn, as he thought, " What good can this old hag possibly bring me ?"

" I shall do so," she replied ; " I have lived a few thousands already, for you must know that I am no less a person than Death."

Juan Hologado gave a start.

" Be not dismayed, Juan Hologado, for I have no errand with you at present, save to repay your kindness ; I wish to give you a piece of advice, viz., to turn doctor ; you will thus be respected in the world, and earn a mint of money."

" My good Lady Death, I desire no favour of you save that you

should kindly forget all about me for a good bushelful of years. As for the profession of a doctor, it would not suit me at all."

"Why not, man?"

"Because I have never studied."

"In your case, that does not signify."

"Lady, I know neither Greek nor Latin."

"No matter for that either."

"Lady, I know nothing of geography."

"It is not necessary."

"But, your ladyship, I can only count up one."

"It's all the same."

"But, your ladyship, I can't write, my hand shakes so, nor can I read, for the black letters dazzle my eyes."

"Have done, I say, have done!" cried Death. "I tell thee what, Juan Holgado, thy head must be cannon-ball proof! Have I not been repeating to thee for the last hour, 'It does not matter, it does not matter?' Do you think I would give a fig for the learning of all the doctors in the world? Do you think I come and go at their whistle? When the world was first peopled there were no doctors, and therefore everything went on comfortably; as soon as doctors were invented the race of Methuselabs came to an end. I tell you, you're to be a doctor, and if you refuse I will carry you off as sure as the clock strikes. Now, will you attend and not contradict me again?"

"Very good," replied Juan Holgado, who took no pleasure in this prolonged colloquy with grim Lady Death, and felt much more inclined to give her a box on the ear than to take her advice.

"Well, whenever on entering a sick-room you see me seated at the head of the bed, say boldly the patient must die, and there is no remedy. But if I am not there, then make sure that the invalid will recover, and then you may prescribe cold water."

And herewith the grim lady prepared to take her leave.

"Good madam," quoth Juan Holgado, "pray excuse me if I do not say *Au revoir*, and let me hope that your grace may be able to overcome the desire to see me again, for it is not often that I dine upon hare, I can assure you."

"Have no fear, Juan Holgado," replied Death. "So long as you see your house in good repair, be sure I shall not knock at your door."

Juan Hologado went home and told his wife of his adventure, and she, who had more wit than he, assured him he might believe all that the old woman had said, since nothing could be more true and more certain than Death. And she went publishing everywhere that her husband was such a clever doctor: he had only to look his patient in the face to know whether he would live or die.

One holiday, when a party of girls, as merry and noisy as timbrels, were gathered together at the door of a house, Juan Hologado chanced to pass by.

"Ah!" cried one, "here comes Juan Hologado, who sets up for a doctor in his old age."

"Yes, isn't it ridiculous?" quoth another; "it is like offering one soupe maigre at Easter!"

"And for people to believe in him, too, when it is all sheer affectation; and to get folk to call him 'Don Juan,' when 'Don' suits him about as well as a high-crowned hat fits a mule."

"Suppose we play the old fellow a trick?" proposed one of the girls. "I will pretend to be ill, and we shall see what he will do."

No sooner said than done. The girls left at the door the basket of figs they had been eating, and in a minute one of them was lying down groaning and moaning, while the others, scarcely dissembling their mirth, flew off to call Juan Hologado. The latter came accordingly, and on entering noticed on the threshold a large heap of the skins of Indian figs in the basket. In the bedroom the first person he descried was his friend, Death, who was seated at the head of the bed looking very grave. "This is a bad case," pronounced Juan Hologado.

"But what is the matter with her?" asked the girls, who could hardly keep from laughing.

"She has eaten too many Indian figs," was the reply. Juan Hologado took leave, and two hours later the poor girl died. After this you may imagine how Juan Hologado's fame increased.

He soon began to gather up his money by handfuls, without well knowing what to do with it. His children had titles before their names, wore stars in front, and keys* behind; for his own part, he cared nothing for decorations, but he grew so rosy and robust it was a

* Honorary royal chamberlains wear, as a sign of their office, a key on the flaps of their coat-pocket.

pleasure to see him: his face as round as the sun, his legs as stout as columns.

All this time he was mighty careful about his house, always keeping as his lodger a bricklayer ready to set right at a moment's notice everything amiss, for he remembered Death's promise not to knock at his door while his house was in good repair.¹

Well, years passed on, quicker and quicker, like stones rolling downhill. At last they came with a vengeance: one robbing him of his hair, the next depriving him of his teeth, a third bending his spine, and a fourth incommoding him with lameness. One day he felt unwell, and Death sent him, through a bat, a warning, which was not received at all graciously. Another day an owl hooted at him, to signify that Death would soon pay him a visit; Juan bade the owl go and hunt for mice. At last he was seized with a fit, and a dog howled at his door, announcing that Death was close at hand; Juan Holgado flung his crutch at the dog. But where was the good of that? he grew worse, and Death's voice was heard demanding admittance. Juan bade his people bar the door; but she entered through a crevice. "Señora Death," said Juan, very sulkily, "did you not tell me you would not visit me while my house was in good repair? So I have always kept it, as you may see; and therefore, in spite of your messages, I did not expect your ladyship."

"How?" exclaimed Death. "Has not thy strength forsaken thee? thy hair fallen off? Have not thy teeth dropped out? Is not thy body thy house?"

"I did not know it, please your grace," pleaded the sick man; "and I trusted your word so implicitly that your arrival has taken me by surprise."

"All the worse for thee, Juan Holgado," replied Death, "since he who is always prepared can never be either dismayed or taken by surprise by my arrival. But you men are blind indeed when you cannot see that Life brings you suffering and Death brings you rest!" *

C. P.

* These tales are from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero.

[Concluded.]

JIMMY.



NEVER knew a dog his age
 So gifted and so modest,
 He merits eulogistic page,
 For capers quite the oddest.
 So charmingly he'd stand and beg,
 No one command forgetting,
 And actively on nimble leg,
 He'd take to pirouetting.

 He'd wisdom other dogs beyond,
 He'd most amazing antics;
 He'd bravely breast each stormy pond,
 His miniature Atlantics.
 And all along the dusty road
 He'd run his eager courses,
 About our holiday abode,
 And bark around the horses.

 And oft I think a dog must know
 As much as many mortals,
 He'd hurl defiance at the foe
 That ventur'd near our portals.
 He'd never take his milk or bread
 Till thirty-one was counted,
 But watch'd with a sagacious head,
 Upon a footstool mounted.

 Sure in dog-nature we may find,
 A lesson worth the learning:
 For dogs are faithful, true, and kind,
 Some right and wrong discerning.
 They hold obedience to be
 A virtue o'er all others;
 There's something there to learn,—that we
 Obey papas and mothers.

 At last there came a dreadful day,
 When James and I were parted;
 I guess'd the words that he would say,
 And I was broken-hearted.
 I left the town wherein he lives
 With eyes by sorrow blinded;
 And envy him to whom fate gives
 A friend as faithful-minded.

C.

A SCRAMBLE FOR A SCALP.



IN the year 1850 I was quartered with my battalion of Guards at Chichester for the summer months, and obtained leave of absence from July of that year to January, 1851, for the purpose of visiting the United States. I had previously made arrangements with a friend, an officer in another regiment of the Guards, to make a trip with him on the prairies, and try our luck at buffalo hunting; a sport of which we had read much in Ruxton's "Life in the Far West," and of which Catlin's pictures had given us vivid representations.

It is not my purpose now to recount to you any of the adventures which befell us in the pursuit of these magnificent animals, which are properly called bison, although generally known as buffalo in North America; but rather to describe to you the very narrow escape which my comrade had from death, at the hands of some Indians, when found wandering away from camp alone. We will call him C. He is still an officer in the Guards, was of the same age as myself, very active and courageous, a man capable of enduring much fatigue, and not given to repining after the comforts of civilised life at home, such as beds, fires, varied dishes, and fragrant wines. No, our life on the prairies was indeed of a widely different character; and we thoroughly enjoyed its excitement and independence.

We had nothing to shelter us from the weather except a small tent lent to us by the American officer commanding at Fort Snelling, on the Mississippi, and drawn from the national stores there. It was, when pitched, shaped like the pointed roof of a Gothic building, with an upright pole at each end four feet in height, supporting a ridge pole about seven feet long; and whilst one end of the tent was open for ingress and egress, the other was filled in with canvas, and the sides of it were pegged down into the ground. Our cooking apparatus consisted of two small kettles, of which the lids had been lost on our second day's march, in crossing a river; and we lived upon buffalo-meat, ducks, geese—in fact, whatever our guns and rifles provided for us; whilst we carried a small store of flour, tea and sugar and ammunition. Our beds consisted of a waterproof blanket or sheet for each, to lie

upon, and our coverings were another ordinary Mackinaw blanket, and one or two buffalo robes. We always slept in our clothes, with our rifles ready loaded by our sides, under the "clothes," the saddles of our horses forming our pillows. At starting we had a small stock of brandy, but this was all stolen by the Indians before the adventure which I am going to narrate took place. All these robes, the tent, pots, and ammunition, were carried in a Red River cart, which we bought at St. Paul's, Minnesota; it is so called from being the sort used by the half-breeds at Red River, and is constructed entirely of wood, so as to be easily repaired wherever wood is found.

I need not now detail to you our voyage across the Atlantic to the port of Boston, and the subsequent journey to New York, up the Hudson to Albany, and thence to Niagara; how we steamed along Lake Erie, and finally reached Chicago, by crossing Michigan. Thence by rail and coach we arrived at Galena, on the Mississippi, where we picked up a steamer which conveyed us to St. Paul's. Here we fitted out for the trip, and finally, at Sank Rapid, set our foot for the first time on the prairie, in one month exactly from the day of our departure from London.

From the Mississippi at Sank Rapid we struck about north-west across the prairie, for Fort Garry, a Hudson Bay Company's fort at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red River, where we replenished some of our stores, and thence we travelled through the Sioux, or Da-co-tah country, until we reached Turtle Mountain, where my companion had the narrow escape now the subject of this paper.

Our party consisted of C. and myself, two French Canadians, whom we had engaged at St. Paul's, and a half-breed (half Chippeway, or Ojibbeway, and half French), whom we had met on the American and British frontier before reaching Fort Garry.

Perhaps, however, it may interest some of my readers to know the way in which buffalo are hunted on the vast prairies of North America, and the dangers which attend the hunter. First of all, the animal ridden is a small Indian pony, some thirteen or thirteen and a half hands high, wiry, and able to endure much fatigue and prolonged hunger. The saddle is made of two pads, connected by leather, which fit on either side of the back-bone of the horse, and from the sheet of leather depend the stirrups, passing under the pads. The hunter then, on horseback, rifle in hand, approaches the herd, or single animal,

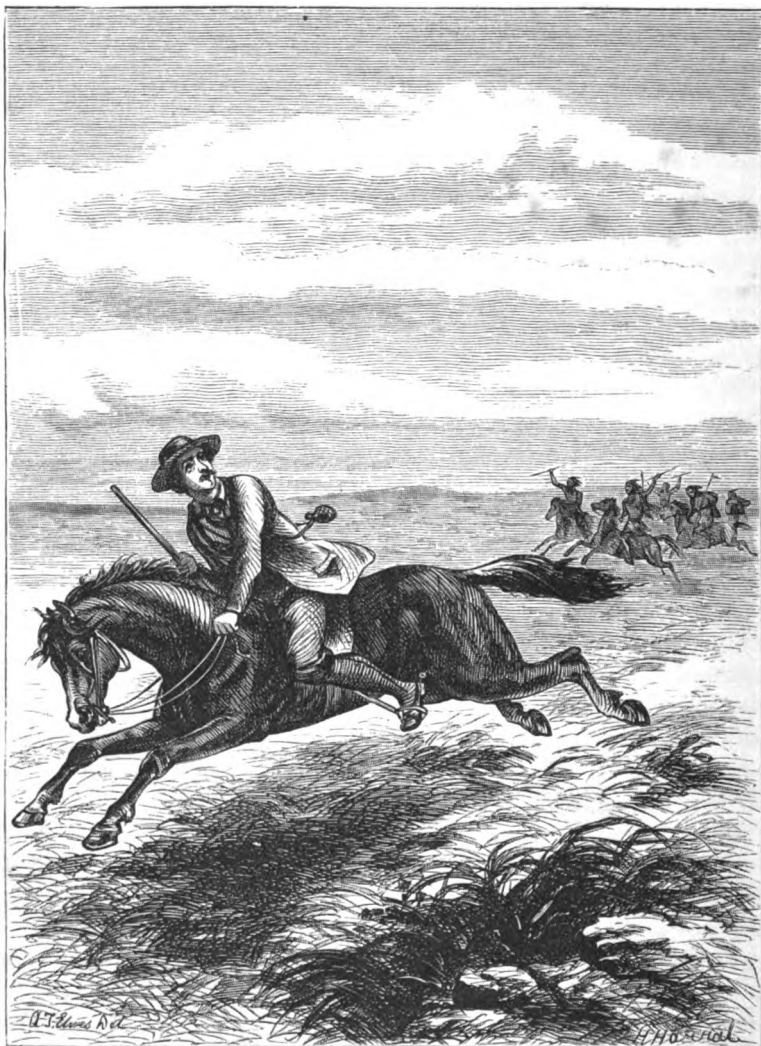
up wind, hiding himself as long as possible by every inequality of the ground from the sight of the great beasts, as they graze or lie down, unconscious of danger, in the long grass of the prairie. When it becomes impossible to get any nearer to the animals, without coming into their sight, the only plan is to ride straight at them, and then to chase as hard as you can whilst they gallop away; for these animals always run when they see men. Gradually your little pony gains on the unwieldy-looking creatures, although they have an advantage over you when the ground is swampy, inasmuch as their feet do not sink so much as the horses' hoofs. You then proceed to single out some particular beast for your pursuit, and endeavour to ride up on the off-side—both parties probably going at full speed. When the pony's head is about on a level with the buffalo's shoulder, and you are some four or five yards off, you drop your rein, guiding the pony by your feet in the stirrups; you rise, throw your rifle forward the full length of your arms, not allowing the stock to touch your shoulder, and you fire into the vital part of the animal, either just behind the shoulder or through the blade, according to your position at the time. Directly the shot is fired, a well-trained pony will sheer off from the buffalo to some yards' distance, and then you proceed at once to reload. This is done, if you have no breechloader, by pouring a very uncertain amount of powder down the barrel of your rifle, taking a bullet either out of your mouth or pouch, and then ramming it down. The half-breed trappers always carry smooth-bore guns, and the bullets for these weapons are so much smaller than the bore of the gun, that they drop down on the powder without being rammed, but by simply tapping the gun on the saddle, a sign understood by the pony, which directly takes you close up to the buffalo again. The chase is then renewed, either with the original animal, if he be only wounded, or with some other of the herd. Great danger is run by the hunter where the prairie is full of pitfalls, caused by the holes made by badgers, skunks, and prairie dogs, which are likely to trip up the surest-footed pony, and give one severe falls, as I found out by personal experience.

Well, to come to my story of adventure, C. and I, one evening before camping at the base of Turtle Mountain (or Montagne de la Tortue, as the half-breeds, viz., half Canadians, half Indians call it), ran some buffalo, and I killed one, which I proceeded to cut up at once by

removing the tongue and undercut of the fillet; the meat I tied on to the thongs of my saddle, placed there especially for that purpose, and I rejoined the camp before nightfall. C. came back shortly afterwards, having killed his buffalo in three or four shots, and after a long chase. This had delayed him so much that he lacked time to cut up his animal; so he marked the spot as well as he could by its bearings with Turtle Mountain, and he rode homewards to the camp, intending to go on the following morning, and get the meat for home consumption.

I may say here that buffalo meat is excellent, like game-flavoured beef, moderately fat; and also that the marrow-bones when roasted, not boiled, at a camp-fire, and sucked at after a hard day's work, are not to be despised. A curious fact connected with these animals is, that the only way to tell if their bones are full of marrow and good to eat is to cut out a small piece of the fat near the tail. If this becomes cold and hard directly, then the marrow-bones are worth being taken, otherwise they are not fit to eat.

C. and I cooked our dinners, laid down on our waterproof sheets, and rolled ourselves up in our buffalo robes, after smoking several pipes of Cavendish tobacco—unfortunately without spirits either hot or cold to accompany them—and we slept most soundly. The following morning C. went out and fetched his pony, which was picketed near the camp, saddled it, took his rifle and hunting-knife, and then off he started to look for the dead buffalo of the previous evening, cut it up, and bring home some of the meat. I remained in camp, and as my wardrobe was rather dilapidated from constant hunting, and the limited number of clothes I had with me, I proceeded to mend my trowsers, which were worn through just where it might naturally be expected they would first give way. This I could only do by shortening the legs of the garments; however, the end justified the means in this case. These repairs, and other necessary work about one's rifles, guns, &c., occupied the morning very pleasantly; and about mid-day I went up the hill behind our camp where a small bluff, or headland, projected from it over the vast grassy plain. I took my telescope with me, as every traveller in those wild regions should always do, when spying out either the fatness of the land or the possible surrounding dangers. Far and wide my eye fell over the gentle undulations of the prairie, but no deer or buffalo could I see. No, instead of quietly feeding



A SCRAMBLE FOR A SCALP.

game, I discovered my friend C., some three or four miles from camp, galloping at the top of his horse's speed towards us, and five Indians in hot pursuit of him. Knowing his danger, I of course ran down the bluff as hard as I could to the camp, and holloed to the men to make haste and come to the rescue. I then ran for my pony; which was picketed at a short distance from our tent, but he was difficult to catch, or had drawn his peg out of the ground; at any rate, I could not get hold of him, so I gave him up, and, seizing my rifle, darted off as hard as I could to meet my friend. The men also turned out with their guns, and soon afterwards C. rode up, both he and his pony looking much distressed; C. was as white as a sheet, and his pony was completely blown. The Indians sheered off on seeing us ready with our rifles, so no shot was fired, for they never came within range.

I then asked C. what had happened, and I give you his story of the affair. On leaving camp in the morning, he had gone in search of the dead buffalo of the previous night. He soon found the carcass, and, wishing to bring home the meat, he got off his pony, tied the animal to the horns of the buffalo, as you are always taught to do in the Indian country, and straightway began to cut off the pieces of meat which he wished to bring back to camp. Whilst so employed, he thought he saw another herd of buffalo not far away, so he finished cutting off the meat, and rode towards the new herd on murderous thoughts intent. He stalked the herd for some distance, until he thought himself tolerably near, when he looked round the corner of a hillock, and then to his horror found he had been carefully approaching five Indians, who were congregated round a dead buffalo, their horses close by, and the men occupied in cutting up the beast. Before he could turn to flee out of sight, the Indians discovered him. They were of the Sioux or Da-co-tah tribe, and at war with the whites. Instantly they jumped on their horses and gave chase, fired, no doubt with the noble zeal to hang a white scalp in a Sioux lodge. Off went C. as hard as his little pony could carry him, the Indians shouting behind and brandishing their guns in the air, as they became excited by the chase, whilst he was thinking of the probability that existed of his scalp returning to camp, or dangling at the saddle-bow of one of these bloodthirsty savages.

C. supposes that he was five or six miles from camp when the chase began, and he recollected well throwing the cover away from his rifle,

in preparation for a fight, should his pony fall, or the Indians catch him through the superior speed of their animals.

Imagine the horrible feelings of a young fellow galloping away from five wild red-skins, who not only desire to kill him then and there, but have, further, the sportsmanlike anxiety to strip his scalp, and hang the dearly-beloved trophy in some filthy lodge, where it will gradually dry up, and remain the most valued heir-loom in the family of the "Big Snake," or the "Screeching Eagle," or some other no less happily-named Sioux. Their horrible shrieks ring in his ears, whilst he anxiously measures with his eyes the distance betwixt himself and his bloodthirsty pursuers; he endeavours to estimate his chances of escape, and longs for the protection of the camp, as Wellington longed for night or Blucher, knowing that if he falls he will be shot, or tomahawked and scalped in the course of a couple of minutes.

No wonder then that poor C. did look as if he had seen a ghost, or encountered something even much worse; nor do I believe that during his subsequent Crimean service he was ever much nearer a horrible death than during the few minutes which that pursuit lasted.

To conclude the account of this adventure we covered his return to camp with our rifles, as I mentioned in the earlier part of this story; and you may conceive that we kept a very strict watch in the camp during the night, fearing lest the Da-co-tah should either stampede us with an increased number of their friends after nightfall, or try to carry off our horses, and leave us deserted in the midst of the prairie. However, the night passed off quietly, and often since then, in the quiet homes of England, have C. and I talked over this memorable "Scramble for a Scalp."

WHARNCLIFFE.


EPIGRAM.

IF without God I live the Life He gave,
Then Life is Death—a Death before the Grave;
But if in Death I die, with God my friend,
Then Death is Life—a Life without an end.

L.


CAT "FOLK-LORE" IN "KEEPER'S TRAVELS."

(Communicated by "A Friend of 'Aunt Judy's Magazine.'")

“Y poor grandmother used to say that she often heard her great-aunt's uncle's cousin declare, that his wife's mother's grandfather, who was a farmer in the same village a long time before my grandmother was born, was coming home from market one night when it was very dark, and somehow or other he missed his way, and got among the ruins of the old abbey that are still standing by the side of the river (that I am sure of, for I have often seen them myself, and gathered blackberries under the great east window); and so, as the old man was groping his way among the ruins (and close to the chancel), what should he hear but an odd sort of a noise, and presently a great mewling and wailing, as if of I don't know how many thousand cats; and presently the moon shone out. And then he saw a great procession of cats coming towards him, all on their hind legs, and following a little coffin with a pall, and upon the pall a royal crown! And then, somehow or other (but what language they spoke in I don't remember), he heard the cats say that their king was dead, and that this was his funeral! But now comes the terrifying part! The old man, somehow or other, got safe home the same evening, and was sitting on one side of the fire, and his wife on the other; and so he began telling his wife what a strange sight he had seen, and how much he had been frightened; and all this while the old farmer's wife's Tom Cat (that she had had a long while, and that was always a capital cat for mice, but somehow had always a very strange look with him) was lying stretched upon the hearth, and seemingly fast asleep. But no sooner had old John (for he was always called old John) just said the words, that the cats were burying their king, than 'Then I am King of the Cats!' cried old Tom, with a sneeze, and a shake of the ears; and up the chimney he went in an instant, and the old woman never saw Tom any more!"



“THERE'S MANY A SLIP
'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.”

“T last, madam!” cries good dog Carlo, as he overtakes Mrs. Diving-Duck at breakfast; tail upwards, head downwards, picking her food out of the mud with her bill. Now he comes nearer and nearer; now he is close upon her; now he opens his mouth to seize her; but——

“Your servant, sir!” says she, and disappears under the water.

“Surely she was here just now,” whines Carlo, as he paddles round and round on the spot where she sank. “Surely she was here just now!”

Just now, poor Carlo, yes! but where now?

Yonder, half-way down the pond, pops up a tiny feathery form. Its bill is broad, its eye is bright—it swims prettily awhile on the surface; then the head goes down, the tail goes up—madam is at her breakfast again in the mud.

And here comes Carlo after her once more. Once more? it is for the twentieth time perhaps. Now at any rate he is sure he sees her—now for once the prize is within his grasp. “*At last, madam!*” . . .

Oh the numberless vain “at last” of sanguine men! Fortune is often painted as a goddess with her feet on the rolling globe. I would paint her as a diving-duck with the nobler animal in chase.

EDITOR.

Hymn of the Early English Church.

Translated from the Saxon by
Archdeacon CHURTON.*

Music by Lady GEORGINA M. WOLFF.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Lord, to me Thy min-sters are Courts of hon-our pass-ing fair;

And my spi-rit deems it well There to be, and there to dwell.

Heart and flesh would fain be there, Lord, Thy Life, Thy love to share.

2 There the sparrow speeds her home,
And in time the turtles come ;
Safe their nestling young they rear,
Lord of Hosts ! Thine altars near.
Dear to them Thy Peace—but more
To the souls who there adore.

* Aldhelm's version of the 84th Psalm.

APRIL MEMORANDA.



Oh! time of yore, to laughing Venus dear,
Who bidst the woods with love and song resound,
Come, fickle April, opener of the year,
With pansies bright and fair narcissus crowned.

Type of young love thou seemst, 'twixt hope and fear
Yet hovering, or like some trembling bride
Leaving her childhood's home with smile and tear,
Lingering, half-doubtful, 'twixt regret and pride.

Now burst the hedgerows forth in gem-like buds,—
And raindrops glitter in the azure sky,—
And the pearl-daisy lawn and pasture studs,—
And cuckoos tune their quaint, sweet melody;
While through the vault of heaven, careering, scuds
The fleecy cloud, or darkling scowls on high.

II. S. E.

A.D. 33. April 3. "In the first month, on the 14th day of the month," *i. e.* on the 14th of the month Nisan, or Abib, our blessed Saviour died upon the Cross. It was the day of the Jewish Passover, in-

stituted by Divine command; the day of the sacrifice in every household of the lamb without blemish, whose blood sprinkled upon the door was of old the token that the Lord was to *pass over* that door when


the destroying angel smote "all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast." Most of our young readers will have heard of all these things many times before they read this paper, and will remember that Moses was commanded by the mouth of God that this day should "be a feast to the Lord throughout all generations," should be "kept as a feast by an ordinance for ever." And it has been so. The Passover was the most solemn feast of the Jews. It commemorated their deliverance from Egypt, but not that only. It pointed to the deliverance of the whole world from sin by the sacrifice of the last Lamb that was ever to be offered up; "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." But after that had indeed been accomplished, there was, henceforth, to be no more "sacrifice for sin." Bloodshedding, as a religious act, was to cease for ever; the commemoration of it was to be a feast of bread and wine.

One fancies it would be very delightful if one could keep the days of our Lord's Birth and Crucifixion on their real anniversaries, as children and parents delight to keep birthdays and other domestic festivals. But there would very likely be danger in the apparent privilege. So strong in the human heart is the instinct of worship, and so much easier it is to the natural man to worship something of which his senses can take cognisance than an unseen spiritual God, that if we were positively assured of the precise anniversary days of our dear Lord's birth and death, the probability is we should get to reverence *them* rather than *Him*; to think some spiritual charm or virtue attached to them; to degrade Christianity to the level of magic. But all this is

rendered impossible by the fact that the month Abib itself, the first of the Jewish ecclesiastical months, was a *lunar* month. It depended on the revolutions of the moon, and it began when the new moon was discovered to have appeared; such appearance being reported by competent witnesses to the local authorities, who then officially announced the commencement of the new month by the twice-repeated word "*Mehûdash*," *i.e.* consecrated; a little reminding one of the captain's well-known "*Make it so*" on board ship in answer to the announcement of mid-day. From this, however, it is obvious that the Jewish Passover was, like our Easter, a movable Feast, depending, in fact, on the condition of the moon—incapable, therefore, of having a strict anniversary in a solar year, as the full moon never rises two years running on the same day of a solar month. Good Friday and Easter Day fall variously on nearly a month of days (Easter Day from the 22nd of March to the 25th of April). But though not strictly the anniversary days of our blessed Lord's death and resurrection, they are—as days set apart by the Church to commemorate those events—equally holy and should be equally dear to us. "On this day," says a French writer, "Jesus Christ died to triumph over death, and the epitaph of His tomb is not *Hic jacet*, here He lies, but *Surrexit, non est hic*—He is not here, He is risen." "The holiness of the Gospel speaks to my heart," says another. When it does this to us, each day and season will have its abiding interest for us, and we shall thank the holy men who in their wisdom appointed certain days for certain subjects of celebration, thought, and recollection.—ED.



AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

“ FRIEND of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*” sends us another version of the Cat “Folk-Lore” Tale from “Keeper's Travels.” We thank her much, and are glad to insert it in our present number.

“A Loving Niece” reproves us for our protest, in the January Number, against “making magazines an indirect vehicle for begging generally.” She pronounces it “a very legitimate way of showing forth the merits of such charities as appear (to the Editor's judgment) commendable;” and adds, that “many are willing to help, especially when small helps will suffice, but do not know perhaps how to give such help in a small way . . . and, besides, would like their judgment directed.” We thank our “Loving Niece,” who also calls herself our *constant reader and admirer*, and we may probably act on the hint hereafter; but in moderation.

“C. M.” asks what sort of clothing or work would be acceptable at the Sick Children's Hospital, and requests us to give our answer in “Notices to Correspondents,” as she thinks the information may be the means of furnishing useful and pleasant work to many besides herself. We forwarded this inquiry to the Secretary, and his answer is as follows: “In reply to your correspondent ‘C. M.’ I may say that *clothing of any kind* for girls and boys, from about four to nine years of age, is always acceptable. About one-sixth of our patients are usually convalescent, and therefore not confined to bed. For these children we are glad of articles of clothing—as jackets, frocks, or petticoats for the girls; small-size shirts, jackets, trousers, and cloth or stuff caps for out-door wear for the boys. Boots and shoes of every size for children are at present much needed. I need scarcely say that discarded toys and picture-books find a ready use and welcome here. Up-

wards of 700 children passing through our wards during the year need a continued stream of amusement.” In the capacity of *Materfamilias*, we venture to add on our own judgment that “the little shawls or flannel coats,” to be worn by the children in bed, cannot fail to be most acceptable. A lady's taste may do much here, for the sight of a few bright colours cheers the eye; and a breakfast in bed, even of those who are able to get up afterwards, may often be made less tedious by the possession of a pretty costume to sit up in. A knitted or crochéd shawl or jacket (loose-fitting, of course, for such a purpose) is almost sure to divert a child's attention, for a time at any rate. We will name muffetees and comforters, too, for cold weather; but different happy thoughts on the subject will strike different people.

“Know Nothing” asks the meaning of A.E.I. on lockets. It is a Greek word, whose literal meaning is *always*. It is used as a token of constancy.

“Lily's” question, “why boots and shoes are thrown after the carriage of a bride and bridegroom?” is not easy to answer. It has been asked in “Notes and Queries,” and discussed at some length. But the nearest approach to an explanation seems to be, that the slipper has been, from time immemorial, a symbol of authority in the East, and that the original custom with us signified the resignation by the father or guardian of his authority in favour of that of the husband.

In the story of Ruth, her nearest kinsman plucked off his shoe and delivered it to Boaz, as a public renunciation of all authority and right over her. And there are other instances.

Still there is a difficulty as to how *this* symbolism changed into the idea of *good luck* attending the throwing of shoes. Yet that is now the sole intention of those who

practise the ceremony. One of the correspondents of "Notes and Queries" shows that it is not connected with marriage only. "Some forty years ago a cattle-dealer desired his wife to 'trull her left shoe arter him,' when he started for Norwich to buy a lottery-ticket. As he drove off on his errand, he looked behind to see if she performed the charm, and consequently received the shoe in his face, with such force as to black his eyes. He went and bought his ticket, which turned up a prize of £600;" and the good man always attributed the luck to the blow from the shoe—all the more efficacious from its force.

With the deepest gratification and delight *Aunt Judy* announces that—thanks to the generous and ready offerings of many friends, young and old—her Cot at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children is established for, at any rate, *one year*. Moreover, a little patient is already reaping the benefit of the happy fact; a ten years old "Margaret," of whom the Lady Superintendent has sent the subjoined account, which cannot fail to please and interest the dear little contributors to her relief and comfort.

"49, Great Ormond Street,
"March 12, 1868.

"... As you so kindly consent to give some account of the first occupant of 'Aunt Judy's Cot' in the next number of your charming magazine, I send you a few facts, and hope they will give pleasure to the generous contributors.

"Margaret—for that is the name of our patient—is ten years old, has blue eyes, and brown hair; her father died two years ago, and her mother has since been obliged to work hard at such chance work as she can obtain during the winter in London, or in the country during the summer months at picking fruit, &c. There are three boys and two girls; one boy and one girl are in service, the two younger than Margaret sometimes go to school, and sometimes helped her to sweep a crossing near Russell Square. Soon after her father's death Margaret had hip disease, and was obliged to use a crutch, at times

two; the sight of her crutch perhaps made people notice her; certain it is that on one of those cold days we had before Christmas a kind lady did speak to her, and finding how miserably she was clothed, promised to make a warm garment for her, and bade her come at a certain time to her house for it. The poor child went at the time appointed, but the streets were frightfully slippery; she fell, and a cart or waggon passed over her. She was carried to the University Hospital, where she remained a month. When discharged some kind friends gained admission for her into this hospital, this accident having developed the hip complaint. She is now very bright and happy, and, having gone to school before her father died, can read, though not write. She likes learning hymns, and her latest additions are from Mrs. Alexander's sweet 'Hymns for Little Children.' Those beginning, 'Do no sinful action,' and 'All things bright and beautiful,' she sings (being very fond of singing) before going to sleep at eventide, and often, too, other little voices join hers, having caught the tune.

"On the Prince of Wales' wedding-day the little patients in the girls' ward drank tea from the tiny tea-service given by our gracious Queen, and Margaret, as the elder girl, poured out for the rest. This, she remarked, 'was much better than anything; she enjoyed it more than drinking her own.'

"MARY."

The additional subscription list, now printed, shows a surplus of several pounds over the necessary expenses for one year; and *Aunt Judy* has the promise of the contents of more than one savings-box set up by her young friends for the Cot. It is proposed, therefore, to carry this surplus forward toward the future maintenance of the Cot, and to keep open the subscription list in the hope that a sufficient fund may be raised to support an occupant for many future years. The annual sums already promised seem to warrant this arrangement.

The following are the fresh donations

received since the publication of our last number, for the "Aunt Judy Cot," and are gratefully recorded here :

	£	s.	d.
"The Children's Pennies"	1	0	0
Miss S. C. de Winton, Carmarthen	0	2	6
E. L.	0	2	0
"Norton Vicarage"	0	5	0
Four Children of Rev. J. Smallpeire, St. Bees, Whitehaven	0	3	0
"Highland Friends," Aberfeldy	0	5	0
Flory Saunders (also a parcel of old toys)	0	2	0
C. F. and E.	0	2	6
Miss Amelia Priestman, East Mount, near Hull	0	4	0
C. M., Birmingham	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Rhodes, <i>per</i> Williams, Deacon, & Co.	1	10	0
A. M., <i>per</i> ditto	0	5	0
Miss Marie C. Kilburn, Tweed Mount, Ventnor	0	3	0
Mrs. Cope, Queen's Road, Peckham (<i>annual</i>)	0	10	0
Helen, Ethel, Gilbert, and Austyn Cope, ditto	0	10	0
H. T. Sturt, Chetwynd Rectory	0	5	0
L. G. W.	0	10	0
"Fifteen troublesome Children," Brighton	0	14	0
Miss M. A. Boulton, Kew Park, Oxon (<i>annual</i>)	0	5	0
Miss E. J. Boulton, do., do.	0	5	0
Mrs. T. S. Cocks, Gt. Marlow	0	10	0
Miss A. C. Cocks, ditto (<i>annual</i>)	0	1	0
G. E. H., Richmond	0	2	6
"A Mother and Daughter," Penrith (<i>annual</i>)	0	1	0
C. E. R., Skipton	0	6	0
"Mary and Stella," Richmond (<i>annual</i>)	0	5	0
Mrs. Dodd, family and pupils, Plaisance, Tunbridge Wells	1	1	0
"Granny"	0	5	0
L. W.	0	2	6
Miss Sophia Dora Spicer (<i>ann.</i>)	0	5	0
Miss Parodi (<i>annual</i>)	0	5	0
B. C., Lichfield	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
"Rosalda"	0	2	6
"Judith and Minnie," Hastings, some primroses	—	—	—
"Pym," North Cray, two Story Books	—	—	—
Winifred and Monica, a parcel of valuable clothing, books, and toys	—	—	—

In closing the half-yearly volume, and concluding so many tales, *Aunt Judy* is happy to assure her young readers that the fountain is not exhausted. In the first place, as their dear friend Hans Christian Andersen says, "Fairy-tale never dies," and there will be tales of his during the next six months to prove it. Secondly, the hand that can pen a fairy tale can sometimes paint historical characters also. The author of "Florian and the Fairies" (Viscountess Enfield) has furnished us with a series of papers, "The Heroes of La Vendée," which describe a deeply interesting and exciting period of French history; the painful events of which are wonderfully softened in this case by the fact that it is the descendants of the heroes who are listening to the tale.

"Mrs. Overtheway," too, and "Little Ida," after whom so many loving inquiries have been made, are presently to appear and complete their course. Nor must we fail to mention four charming papers of "Talking Jewels" by Lady Scott. They are among the brightest and most graceful of our stories. "Last not least in love," we have secured for the young ones a set of "Lost Nursery Legends," supposed, of course, to be only *edited* by the young lady who sends them! We shall be disappointed, indeed, if these do not delight the little ones by the fantastic drollery of their interpretation of the old rhymes, such as :

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?"
&c. &c. &c.

These contributions are among the few we can name in advance. Numberless other papers crowd round us to be described; but a list would be interminable.

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